

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY



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ENGLISH
LITERATURE
VOLUME ONE





As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME ONE

With Introductions by
JOHN BUCHAN and HILAIRE BELLOC

With selected passages from the greatest books
in the language, including the writings of:—

JOHN GALSWORTHY
G. K. CHESTERTON
ALDOUS HUXLEY
D. H. LAWRENCE
H. G. WELLS



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INTRODUCTION

by JOHN BUCHAN

ALL of us, in whose lives books count for much, must now and then reflect upon the motive of our reading. I think that we shall conclude that the first and only motive is enjoyment; the only motive, for enjoyment, if it is properly interpreted, includes most things. What Goldsmith said of poetry is true of all good reading, it is "consecrated to pleasure." A narrow purpose of utility may be defensible in certain circumstances, but it is fatal to the perception of the true quality of literature. A book may be begun as a task, but unless it is finished as a delight we shall get little out of it.

Education might well be defined as the process by which we enlarge our capacity for enjoyment and open out new avenues of pleasure. As children we begin with what acts as a stimulus to the fancy and widens our imaginative world. As we grow older other powers of the mind come into play, and we ask also for something which does not merely feed the fancy, but quickens and disciplines the intellect. The scientific interest awakens. We need not only to be entertained and beguiled, but to know and to understand. We seek truth of fact in history and science, and truth of another kind in the dim world of the philosophers. We desire to trace the processes of other minds. But in every kind of reading the first requirement is the power of enjoyment. I am very certain that unless a book is read with gusto it need never be read at all. To get value out of literature we must bring to it an alert and enjoying spirit.

That is the personal side. If we inquire what is the purpose of literature in the widest sense, we shall decide that it is to "maximise" life, as the philosophers say. All of us have narrow fields of experience, and we are stunted souls if we remain within them. Literature enlarges our area both in space and time; it brings the past into the present and the wide world into our parish. Reading, said Bacon, makes a "full man," and a full man is one who has read himself into many spheres of experience alien to that in which he commonly dwells. He may live in a humdrum world, but in literature he can adventure in high places; he may move among commonplace folk, but books open to him the fellowship of the very great. Reading makes him at home in the world, and a member of a spacious commonwealth. It fits him for life, for it helps him to interpret it and to see it in just proportions.

It also develops his powers of criticism and judgment. He will understand his neighbours better just because he has the freedom of so wide a world; he will face his own difficulties more courageously because he has met the like already in another sphere; he has accumulated wisdom behind him as a buttress to his own philosophy. I have known men of great abilities who were ineffective in their work just because their minds were so poorly furnished with such knowledge; instead of beginning where their predecessors had left off, they laboriously did again what had been done already.

Enjoyment then must be the spirit in which we read, and the en-

largement of life our ultimate purpose. But the specific nature of our enjoyment changes. At first it is an unconscious thing. A child sees in *Robinson Crusoe* only a record of wonderful events which might by some happy fortune happen to himself, and he likes poetry because it excites him. Presently we advance further, out of what Keats calls the "thoughtless chamber." We begin to reflect upon the nature of what delights us, the specific causes of our pleasure, the exact way in which the effect is produced.

Take a sport like fishing. A boy begins as a raw adventurer. He discovers a natural aptitude of hand and eye. He learns to cast a delicate line and his instinct about the habits of trout develops. Very soon he comes to reflect upon the reasons for what he has been doing instinctively. He is interested in the fly-fisher's entomology; he becomes learned in weather conditions; he has theories about the different methods of presenting a fly and about the mysterious psychology of fish. He can give reasons now for what at first he did only by intuition and crude experiment. He sees his sport not only as an art, but as some sort of science. He has developed an interest in technique.

A man need not be a professed scholar to arrive soon at this kind of interest in his reading. The human mind will always concern itself not only with effects but with ways and means. The cardinal pleasures of reading are unchanged, its enrichment and interpretation of life; but there is an additional pleasure to be got out of a conscious reflection upon the methods by which these results are obtained. The interest in technique is not a substitute for the main purpose, it is a supplementary enjoyment, a new kind of appreciation. In its essence it is a comparative thing. The man, for example, who can see the craft of the English novelist developing from the eighteenth century classics, through the great romantics, to the more intricate psychology of our own day, has a better understanding of the purpose of fiction and a truer appreciation of individual writers. A great poem will not seem less great to one who understands its *provenance*. The songs of Burns will appear more wonderful to him who knows the crude old material out of which genius shaped them. Science becomes a handmaid to the enjoyment of art.

It is at this stage that a good guide-book is of high value. Nothing can be more fatal to the true purpose of literature than that it should be presented as a desiccated science, an arid table of "schools" and "movements" and "tendencies," a set of meaningless categories imposed arbitrarily upon a living thing. It is like the formal logic of the Schoolmen which killed the freedom of thought by regimenting it too strictly. But a history of literature, which is free from such pedantry, is a boon to every serious reader, for it will not only assist him in his study of technique, but will open to him new worlds of which he was unaware. It will broaden his field of appreciation by showing him his favourite types linked organically with much that he has never heard of, and it will quicken his critical faculty by wise juxtapositions. Such is the purpose, and such, I am confident, will be the effect of this excellent book.

HOW BEST TO USE THIS COURSE

MEMBERS of the *New University Society* who receive this manual, the first in their Course in English Literature, will be filled with pleasurable anticipation of what is in store for them, and at such a moment a word of explanation and advice may not come amiss. The plan on which this Course is arranged and the method by which the maximum interest and profit may be derived from it, are entirely new, devised expressly for the Society by scholars with wide experience.

The Course is designed primarily to provide many happy hours of pleasurable reading, so arranged that a critical appreciation of the great masters and a sound basis for further judgments shall be rapidly developed. It is based on twelve lectures specially prepared by experts, each dealing with one of the forms of literature—with the novel, for instance, the short story, the essay, poetry, or the drama. Each lecture begins with an analysis of the form under consideration, showing what an author who uses that form tries to do and how the reader can tell to what extent he has succeeded in his intention. This is followed by a study of the outstanding examples in the language, arranged in historical order so that members can trace the development of the form through the centuries up to the present day. Since the lectures are for purposes of study as well as for recreative reading, the text has been further elucidated by copious headings which make immediate reference possible to any particular point with ease, and which also serve to summarise the main outline of the argument. Each of the selected passages is chosen as among the greatest in English Literature, to ensure that the member's taste shall be formed from the beginning by a study of the masters themselves. These passages will be found to illustrate what has been said in the text and also to form an introduction to the writers from whose pens they come, for each is prefaced by notes which it is believed will prove especially valuable as miniature biographies compact in form and memorable in style.

Those members who wish to use this unique Course for recreational reading will derive the maximum benefit and interest if they link it up with the body of knowledge already in their possession. Thus a member who has some acquaintance with novels would be wise to begin the Course by studying the section on the novel. A member, on the other hand, who has delighted in stories of travel should choose the section which deals with travel literature. When they have decided where to begin the Course, members are strongly advised to turn first to the passages from famous works of literature given at the end of each lecture, and to read these through, preferably beginning with the passages by the best modern authors. In this way members will put themselves in a position to follow the lecture with intelligent and informed interest, and especially will be able, by the immediate reference to the finest

examples made possible by this method, to derive practical interest and full meaning from their reading.

The Society is confident that such recreational reading will lead at once to a desire on the part of members for a closer study of the rich contents of the manual, and to this end readers may with advantage turn next to the question papers which will reach them month by month. These questions, which are framed, as is the Course itself, by scholars with long experience, form an integral and most important part of the Course. They will at once co-ordinate the member's studies, test his knowledge and lead him to further and fuller interests. Each question is answered completely in the text, but an endeavour to think out each answer first, and to compare subsequently with the answer given, will lead to quicker development of literary taste and judgment and to richer enjoyment of the method employed.

Members may sometimes find they disagree with the answer given by the lecturer. We hope, indeed, that they will so disagree, for then the Course will have fulfilled its ultimate purpose, which is to provoke original thought—the purpose of all good teaching and all good writing. Members should nevertheless beware lest they disagree too hastily. The opinions expressed in the text are the result of years of concentrated study and deep thought, and are not to be lightly dismissed. Rather would we recommend that the lecture be re-read, perhaps even that one or more of the further courses of reading suggested at the end of each lecture be followed, before a final judgment is reached. In this connection it is as well to remember that the Society may always be consulted on any question of personal doubt or difficulty.

Finally, the Suggestions for Further Reading outlined in each lecture will point clear paths through the maze of modern and classic writing, which may be followed and developed according to individual pleasure and opportunity. We have no hesitation in assuring members that the Course in English Literature will give them many happy hours—hours made yet happier by the knowledge that in pursuing pleasure they are gaining also in intellectual stature, and, it may be, in wisdom.

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by NORMAN HEPPLÉ

<i>As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial</i>		Frontispiece
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"READING MAKETH A FULL MAN"

by GEOFFREY CRUMP, M.A. (*Camab.*)

IN an entertaining little book entitled *Literary Taste*, Arnold Bennett wrote these words: "The average person is bound to have read somewhere that the style of Sir Thomas Browne is unsurpassed in English literature. One day he sees outside a book-shop a copy of the *Religio Medici*, and he buys it by way of a mild experiment. He does not expect to be enchanted by it; a profound instinct tells him that Sir Thomas Browne is 'not his line'; and in the result he is even less enchanted than he expected to be. He reads the introduction, and he glances at the first page or two of the work. He sees nothing but words. The work makes no appeal to him whatever. He puts the book away. If Sir Thomas Browne is mentioned, he will say: 'Oh yes, very fine!' with a feeling of pride that he has at all events bought and inspected Sir Thomas Browne. But deep in his heart is a suspicion that people who get enthusiastic about Sir Thomas Browne are vain and conceited posers." Many of us can sympathise with this. Genuine lovers of literature have never been numerous, but at the present time there is probably more interest in books than ever before, and that interest is increasing. Few, however, have the time, or the knowledge, to find the books they want; and haphazard incursions into the works of celebrated writers are likely, as Arnold Bennett has pointed out, to prove discouraging.

The purpose of this book is to furnish a guide for those who want to read the best books, but do not know where to find them. It is, moreover, a guide to those who want to read primarily for pleasure, not for study. The first thing to do, therefore, is to examine this belief that what is commonly called "literature" is dull.

WHAT LITERATURE IS

LITERATURE is a record of the experience and imagination of mankind. It might fairly be described as "life on paper." Elsewhere in the same book Arnold Bennett said that "the makers of literature are those who have felt and seen the interestingness of the universe,"—that is to say, of life. "Whatsoever," as Sir Arthur Quiller Couch says, "engages man's activity of soul or body, may be deemed the subject of literature, and is transformed into literature by the process of recording it in memorable speech." The propositions of Euclid, the lyrics of Shelley, the learned dissertations of Bacon, the whimsical musings of Charles Lamb, all share this distinction, and it is a distinction that can be appreciated by any moderately experienced reader; it is easy to tell whether a book "engages man's activity of soul or body," and whether it is "recorded in memorable speech." If it fulfils these conditions it cannot be dull.

"Interestingness" is the basic condition of the existence of literature; books that cease to be interesting are soon forgotten. Life interests us through our emotions and through our intellects, and so do the writers of books—the poets, by appealing to the emotions, by exciting feelings of pity, sadness, delight, wonder, awe, or enthusiasm, the prose-writers by appealing to the intellectual faculties of reason, curiosity, and wit. Human interests are of course numerous and diverse, and a book that interests one reader may irritate another. But the supreme test of the value of a book to the reader is that it should interest him; if it does not, it is of no use to him, though it may be the most famous book in the world. "Literature" may be taken to mean that body of recorded experience that interests enough people to keep it alive. There is nothing in the ranks of literature that has not a reason for being there, and there is something there for every one. What we need is first to know what there is, and where to find what we want; secondly, to give the books that we try a fair chance; and thirdly, to sharpen our judgment so that we can recognise the best. If these conditions are fulfilled, literature becomes one of the most precious enrichments of life; and it is to further that end that this book is designed.

WHAT LITERATURE OFFERS

THE spirit of man desires truth, goodness, and beauty, and it is to books that we turn most of all to satisfy these needs. Perhaps it is the greatest value of literature that it purifies, and to some degree satisfies, these elemental cravings. Literature is the recorded experience, intellectual and moral and emotional, of the human race; and by assimilating this experience we come to recognise and value these three qualities for their own sake (not, for instance, honesty because it is the best policy, or goodness because it will purchase eternal salvation, or beauty because it happens to be rare or expensive). The instinct for truth, the desire for knowledge, drives every one to books at some time or another. All the knowledge in the world is stored in books, and not in learned volumes only. We can find out as much about life from the imaginative writer as from the scientist or the historian. Both kinds of writer have their faces turned towards the truth; the man of learning sees truth as a mighty pile of facts looming through the fog of imagination, but the man of letters, being primarily an artist, sees truth as an unscalable mountain of imagination, obscured in a mist of facts.

Our instinct for goodness, or in other words our interest in moral values, is also largely directed to books. We are all of us concerned with the problem of good and evil though that does not imply that we find ourselves greatly interested in moral treatises and so-called "improving" books. The intensive study of morals is not popular; yet it is true that morals are the concern, often the principal concern, of writers on almost every subject. Philosophy, religion, good and evil, social behaviour, human relationships, the laws of nature, are the chief pre-occupation of our greatest writers—poets, prose-writers, and dramatists alike. To many this is the main interest of literature. "Poets," said Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Literature,

however, is not merely a mine of information ; it is an art. It captures the interest not only by what is said, but by the way in which it is said ; for great books appeal to the intellect through the emotions, by embodying fine thought in beautiful form. All effective pieces of writing are works of art, and the more we read, the more we come to demand, not only interest, but symmetry of form, and language that is pleasing and memorable.

THE GOLDEN GIFT OF LAUGHTER

TO these three qualities, information, moral interest, and competent execution, a fourth may be added—namely, laughter. Laughter may spring either from the brain or from the heart ; it may be provoked either by wit or by humour. The best comic writers succeed in blending the two, but the distinction is clear if we compare, say, the comedy of Oscar Wilde with that of Shakespeare. Wilde's brilliant and absurd dialogue would be funny whoever spoke it, and we remember his epigrams independently of their context. But Shakespeare's comic characters, although they say amusing things, are enjoyed and remembered for what they are rather than for what they say. There is no lack of wit amongst English writers, but the English pride themselves on possessing a sense of humour that is peculiarly their own, and certainly it is one of the greatest glories of our literature. Foreigners say that it is a myth, and indeed it is almost impossible to analyse and explain. It is perhaps a certain quality of critical yet sympathetic awareness of the peculiarities that make every human being interesting as an individual. But definitions are dangerous ; and those who read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Mr. Pepys, Jane Austen, or Dickens, not to mention scores of less famous writers, cannot fail to be aware of this element in their work. Matthew Arnold said that the outstanding characteristic of the best English poetry was its "high seriousness," and it is perhaps because this is balanced by such a keen sense of fun in other kinds of writing that the reputation of English literature stands so high.

We are grateful to an author who makes us laugh, and we are grateful to an author who makes us think, or wonder at his skill. But writers who aim at one of these qualities only can seldom sustain much interest. A book that tries solely to be funny generally ends by being as dreary as a recital of dry facts, a moral dissertation, or a mere wallowing in words. But the greatest books—such as the *Bible*, the plays of Shakespeare, the works of Swift, Hardy, or Bernard Shaw—combine most of these four qualities, if not all, to a high degree, and give the reader that feeling of satisfaction which is experienced only in the masterpieces of literature.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM

BOOKS have been written about every conceivable subject, and in every conceivable form. "Literature" implies principally books of the imaginative kind, such as novels, short stories, plays, and poetry of all sorts. But there are also works of history, biography, travel, criticism, philosophy, and every department of specialised knowledge ; these, if

"recorded in memorable speech," are a part of our literary heritage, and to some people a more interesting part than imaginative literature. There are also the newspapers. The daily papers and other periodicals cannot be classed as literature, but the best of them merit more respect than they generally receive. Journalism differs from literature in kind, but not in degree. Literature is experience of permanent interest recorded in memorable form. Journalism, however, as the word implies, deals with affairs of the day ; it is a record in vivid form of matters of immediate interest, and is not intended to have lasting qualities. Such writing demands very high abilities ; it is only because bad journalism is widespread and popular that the journalist is often spoken of as an inferior kind of writer. A good journalist must be an accomplished writer, but though he writes of what concerns us closely, it concerns us only temporarily. To-day's *Times* lights to-morrow's fire ; but *Hamlet* will never be forgotten.

WHO'S WHO IN LITERATURE

Books differ from one another not only in kind, but in the individual methods and characteristics of their authors. A book may be a novel, a biography, or a history ; it may be written in verse or in prose ; and, independently of this, it may or may not be rightly described as "poetry." For poetry is not a formal distinction ; any writing can be justly called poetry if it is the expression of thought that is imaginative and impassioned, rather than reasoned and logical. But, in addition to all this, the attitude of the writer may be serious or farcical, sentimental or satirical, realistic or romantic. It may be said that we read to find either an interpretation of life, or an escape from it. Which of these we get depends not so much upon the kind of book that we choose, as upon the attitude and method of the writer ; and it is as well to know in advance which we want, and where it is to be found.

Style has been well defined as the impact of personality upon the spirit of the age. It is this spirit of the age that we are apt to overlook in reading books of the past. Shakespeare's genius is indeed "not of an age, but for all time," but he wrote for the England of Elizabeth and James I., and not for us ; therefore the more we can read and watch his plays through the eyes of his public, the better we shall appreciate his genius. Malory, Chaucer, Herrick, Dr. Johnson, and Lamb, were all men whose personality so shines through their writings that they soon become real people to their readers ; but they are far more real if we know how they dressed, whom they knew and what their houses and music and theatres and cities were like. The man who wants to get the most out of books gradually builds up a historical background, a perspective, into which he can fit all that he knows, not only of literature, but of politics, science, music, architecture, or whatever happens to engage his particular interest. A good plan is to have a rough idea of a succession of great writers, around whom others can be grouped. For example, there is little to interest the general reader before Chaucer, and he died in 1400. The fifteenth century, too, is a dull one for literature. After the Renaissance there are more books to read. Spenser

was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth ; Shakespeare began writing about 1590, and died in 1616. Milton was eight when Shakespeare died, and outlived the Puritan régime for fourteen years after the Restoration in 1660. Dryden, the foremost Restoration writer, died in 1700. The eighteenth century, the Age of Good Sense, is represented by Pope and Dr. Johnson, and saw the birth of the novel. Then, towards the end of the century, came the Romantic Movement—Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Byron, and Keats—until, after the Napoleonic wars, life and literature settled down to the England of Queen Victoria, Tennyson and Dickens. Meredith, Hardy and Galsworthy in fiction, and Swinburne, Kipling and Masfield in poetry, bring us to our own times. Into such a scheme, which can be memorised with little trouble, it is easy to fit other knowledge that we acquire and other writers whom we get to know. Thus the past becomes real, and literature a living force.

WHAT LITERATURE DEMANDS

BOOKS will not deliver up their treasures without some co-operation on the part of the reader. It has already been pointed out, for instance, that every book must have its limitations, and we must recognise those limitations. It is of no use to complain that an elegy is too solemn, or a farce too frivolous, or an epic too long. These are inherent qualities of those kinds of writing, and we cannot blame the authors if we do not happen to like them. Again, most books are written for readers of a certain period or of certain fairly limited tastes. One reader may dislike very long novels ; but that gives him no just cause of complaint against eighteenth century novelists, who wrote for a public that did like them. Another may find Chaucer's language difficult, Milton's theology intolerable, Congreve's plots indelicate. But these books were not written for us, and they were suited in all respects to the age in which they were written. It is often forgotten that we do not read the work of famous writers such as these (the "classics," as they are called) *because* they are old, *because* they were written for bygone ages, but in spite of this fact. We read them, if we do, because their authors were men of such pre-eminent genius that they had something to say to all mankind that we cannot afford to miss, and in spite of the obstacles that their antiquity necessarily imposes. Each has survived because of some inherent excellence ; but if we find that excellence too difficult to appreciate, the fault lies with us, and not with the author.

"IMAGINATION BODIES FORTH THE FORMS OF THINGS UNKNOWN"

BESIDES requiring such reasonable allowances to be made, books demand to be read in a reasonable manner. It is not sufficient merely to read the words in a book. If a book is to be fairly treated, it must be read with attention and imagination, and it should be thought about afterwards. Moreover, a book must have a fair trial. There is such a vast quantity of literature that no one can hope to read more than a little of it, so that it is obviously wise to read only those books that interest us. But unless we do more than glance at a few pages, unless we read

enough, and with sufficient concentration, to understand what the writer is getting at, we have not given the book a fair chance, and we may have missed an experience of great delight and value.

Those who enjoy books most are those who cultivate the active use of their imaginations. All the books worth reading demand an effort of the imagination, and the best books are those which make this effort an enjoyable and fruitful one—which, in the words of Coleridge, "force a willing suspension of disbelief." To get all that may be got out of books we must train ourselves to hear, see, and feel all that the author describes, so vividly that we remember it as we remember an actual experience. An habitual reader of plays rapidly learns to do this. A novel tells us almost everything; all we have to do is to visualise what we are told. But in a play where description is practically excluded, the reader generally has to supply his own conception of the setting and the movements and appearance of the actors. Any one who knows how to get the best out of a novel or a play can describe, at any point he may have reached, exactly the scene that is in his mind's eye—the position of people in a room, their clothes, and so on. In reading poetry, particularly, all the senses must be imaginatively alert, especially the sense of hearing. Not only is the poet constantly appealing, through the imagination, to the eye, the ear, and all our feelings, as well as to the intellect, but poetry must be heard, in the "mind's ear," so to speak, or it never exists for the reader at all. Poetry is articulate music, and depends almost entirely upon the *sound* of what is written. It is not always possible to read poetry aloud, as it should be read, but to read it without hearing the sound of it in the imagination is not to understand it, not even to know it; it is merely to find out what it is about, as if one were to read the title under a picture without bothering to look at the picture itself.

HOW TO FORM A JUDGMENT ON BOOKS

It can be readily seen that such a habit of reading, either in poetry or prose, demands not only alert imagination, but concentration, both mental and emotional. Those who read fast never attain it, nor is it likely to be achieved if the wireless is turned on as soon as a book is opened. Moreover, a lover of books has not finished with a book when he reaches the end. He ponders over it, often re-reads it, and, if he is lucky enough to have friends who share his tastes, he discusses it with others. An attitude of this kind is an active, not a passive one, and therefore may not find favour with every one. But it is the only reasonable attitude to adopt. It is intellectually dishonest to read to save ourselves the trouble of thinking; we should read in order to think, in order to set our own reason and imagination working. Reading is not a relaxation for tired minds—bodies, perhaps, but not minds. A tired mind needs physical exercise, a tired body needs mental exercise. We read in order to live more fully, and consequently we should read the writings of those who are wiser, wittier, and more lovable than ourselves, so that we may increase our stock of wisdom, wit and love. We should accord to books at least the same attention, respect, and

politeness that we should accord to their writers if they were speaking to us in person.

If we are going to limit ourselves to books that we find on examination to be worth reading (and this is a wise precaution), we must have some means of judging what is worth reading and what is not. In these days an enormous mass of printed matter is thrust before us, and we can only hope to derive pleasure and profit from our reading if we refuse consistently to bother about a large proportion of it, and if we disbelieve a great deal of what we are asked to believe. This critical, almost sceptical, attitude to the printed word is nearly as important as the habit of attention. Most people are deplorably ready to accept the printed word with unquestioning respect; for a thing is really no more likely to be true or venerable because it is printed instead of spoken. There is no reason for believing that Miss X's novel is the outstanding success of the season because her publishers say so. It is the natural thing for them to say; but all the other publishers who make similar claims cannot be right—yet we allow their statements to influence us. Those who treat the printed word in this way are allowing their individual judgment, their intellectual conscience, to be overcome by the insidious power of mass-suggestion, and this suggestion is not confined to advertisements, or to the public Press. We should never be overawed by a writer's reputation, or prejudiced by the opinions of others; our opinion is our own, and it is the sole judge of the value of any book to ourselves.

"BY ENTHUSIASM OUT OF EXPERIENCE"

OPINION, however, is of very little use to us, or to any one else, unless it is based on reasoned judgment and experience. Taste, in literature as in anything else, is bred by enthusiasm out of experience. Those who do not care about a thing do not bother whether it is good or bad, but every man is increasingly particular about what he delights in—he demands higher and higher standards of excellence, and is never satisfied unless he has the best that can be obtained. This is the only kind of criticism that is worth having; there is a spurious kind, based on the standards of others, but genuine, living criticism springs from the knowledge born of an eager desire for the best. A man who is an enthusiastic motorist soon becomes, through his experience, an expert on the relative merits of different cars. So it is with books. The more we care, and the more we read, the more determined we become to confine ourselves to the best that can be found. But that is not enough. The motorist knows what to look for when he is estimating the merits of a new car, and the reader must know what to look for in a book. Thus before passing judgment on a book of any kind, it is well to ask oneself the following questions:

What was the writer trying to do?
Was it worth while?
How far did he succeed?
If he did succeed, how? If not, why not?

Criticism that is based on these principles will not be uniform, because

the answers must depend upon opinion and experience, but it will at all events be thoughtful and reasoned. An unsatisfactory answer to any of the first three questions is sufficient to deter us from persevering with a book. If we cannot determine the purpose of a book, what is being explained, or argued, or attacked; if we cannot grasp the plot of a play, or understand the dialogue or the characters in a novel; if we do not know whether we are meant to laugh, or cry, or shudder, or wonder at a poem; if we are uncertain of any of these things, the book is of no use to us.

Again, if we understand the purpose of the book, but are totally out of sympathy with it; or if we find that the author is unequal to his task, we are not likely to waste our time over it. The last two questions on the list are not essential to an estimate of the book, but they complete the initial process. Every one likes to be able to support his opinions. Moreover, just as the motoring expert can tell you not only that one car can go fifteen miles an hour faster than another, but can also tell you why, so the literary enthusiast is sure to follow up his admiration with determination to know how the result that he admires is obtained. If our opinion is supplemented with some degree of technical analysis, we shall ensure that our criticism is not based, as criticism so often is, principally on emotion and prejudice.

SINCERITY THE TEST OF MERIT

SINCERITY is a cardinal test of merit. If any hint of insincerity can be detected in a book, if once we suspect that the author is laughing at us, pretending to know what he does not know, or believe what he does not believe, pretending to be serious when he does not care, or funny when he is not amused—we lose faith in him, and all that he writes is suspect. And sincerity is no less necessary in the reader. We must be sincere in our likes and dislikes, and we must keep our values clear. It is foolish to call a book a good book because it flatters our prejudices, or a bad book because we dislike incidents or characters in it. A book may be well written, yet unpleasant; full of information, yet dull; passionately conceived, yet quite unimpressive. "Good" and "bad" are futile categories. A book has meant little to us unless we can explain clearly whether or not it interests us, and why.

Those who read little are not particular about the manner in which a book is written, so long as they are interested in the matter. As we read more, we come to demand, not only that what we read should interest us, but that it should be written in the best possible way. This demand will lead us inevitably to the great masters. It is wise to read modern authors; their troubles and joys and interests and language are closest to our own. But, like a violinist and his instrument, or a golfer and his clubs, as our familiarity increases, we demand better workmanship, and we find ourselves turning to those who have written best in all ages—from Masfield to Chaucer, from Marjorie Bowen to Scott and Malory, and from Bernard Shaw to Shakespeare.

"Studies," said Bacon, "serve for delight." This is the first and great reward of reading, and to the man who reads for delight all the

other things shall be added. It is because we think of the reading of famous books as a duty, and not as a pleasure, that we so seldom approach the classics with the same gusto with which we approach a monthly magazine. We determine, perhaps, to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We proceed to do so, and we say to ourselves: "This is doing me good; I shall be proud of having read this." But we continually glance to see how many more pages there are. We do not read it in the small hours, and keep exclaiming: "Well, I must read one more chapter before I go to bed." No; we make little rules about reading it regularly, and we always break those rules. The trouble is that the whole thing is being approached in the wrong spirit. What matters is not knowledge, but taste. To have read a book is nothing, to have understood it and enjoyed it, everything. As Ruskin said, "A man's character is formed, and can be judged, not by what he knows, but by what he likes." The end of reading is not knowledge—rather the wisdom that comes of knowledge. A well-informed man is really no more admirable than a well-fed one, unless his knowledge is put to use.

Besides pleasure and wisdom, there are many other rewards of reading, if books are read in the attentive and critical spirit that has been suggested. The habit of concentration and disciplined thought, and the sharpening of the judgment and sense of values that result from such an attitude of mind, not only enrich the whole of life, but are of immense practical value in all our activities. Familiarity with the best books, too, cannot fail to improve our powers of expression; for by appreciating how the greatest writers (both ancient and modern) have expressed themselves, we learn to handle language more effectively in both speech and writing. These, and many others, are the practical rewards of a love of literature.

ONE JOY THAT ONLY BOOKS CAN GIVE

BUT there remains one joy that only books can give, and that is perhaps the most valuable of all, especially for those who live restricted lives. Few of us can have all the actual experiences that we should like to have. Work, lack of money, responsibilities—these things narrow our lives; and even if we have the means to go where we like and do what we will, we can only go to a tithe of the places, and meet a fraction of the people, that we can read about: and none of us can step back into the past. We can never meet Falstaff or Sam Weller or Mr. Pepys; we can never hear Milton or Chaucer talk, or go with Ben Jonson to the Mermaid Tavern. But we can meet all these people in books. We read to enlarge our circle of friends, to increase the range of our emotions and ideas, to escape from our own dullness, to get the other fellow's point of view, to add to our knowledge of men, countries, science and politics, to outgrow our own opinions; we read to become troubled, amused, astonished, thrilled, delighted. Talk and travel as we will, we can live only one life ourselves; but with the aid of books and nothing else but our imaginations, we can live thousands of lives in any age and any country, with as much pleasure and as much pain as we experience in our own lives. In short, to quote Bacon once more, "Reading maketh a full man."

*"It is not our purpose to mock, to bewail or to condemn men, it is our purpose to understand men."*¹

THE NOVEL A MIRROR HELD UP TO LIFE

by B. E. SEARS, B.A. (Oxon.)

MILTON once said that books were as lively and as vigorously productive as fabulous dragon's teeth. This remark is particularly true of the modern novel. Novels are written and published to-day at such a rate that even if a man read three novels every day he could not keep abreast of the stream of contemporary work. Such wealth of material at once makes selection imperative and very difficult. Choice must be made since it is no longer possible to read every novel as it comes from the press, but how shall we choose? If we are merely seeking a few hours' entertainment the problem can be solved easily. Every newspaper and periodical has a book column which tells in outline the stories of the more prominent new novels and divides them up into novels of mystery, detection, romance, travel, so that the reader has little trouble in finding something to suit his mood. The problem is more complicated when we consider the novel as a serious form of art or think it valuable because it reflects contemporary life and sometimes shows the trend of modern thought. The critics do not agree, and they are frequently mistaken. Novels which were enthusiastically read and praised in 1920 are now forgotten; others, neglected then, are to-day claimed as masterpieces. However carefully we form our judgments we cannot be sure time will not prove us wrong.

But this is no modern difficulty. At the end of the eighteenth century when it was still possible to read every novel as it appeared, there was a tremendous vogue for *The Castle of Otranto*, an early thriller. Scott praised it extravagantly, and at Cambridge it so affected the Dons that they wept. Gray, the poet, says that he and his friends were almost afraid to go to bed at night after reading it. Yet to-day it is read only for its historical importance. Its obvious mysteries make the reader laugh rather than cry, and no one would call it a first-class novel. On the other hand, Jane Austen's novels written forty years later were at first rejected by the publishers. To-day they are read and re-read and are placed among the finest English novels. Contemporary novels are not the only ones subject to changes in taste. The Victorians admired Scott more than Fielding, but many people now prefer Fielding to Scott, and even to Dickens. Opinions vary more widely concerning contemporary writers, but even on the classics they are not always unanimous.

¹ Spinoza

There is thus no final infallible test by which we can tell whether a novel is good or bad. A novel which is a work of art cannot be examined, tested and judged with the accurate precision possible for a motor-car or a roll of cloth. For a work of art, novel, poem, picture or symphony is neither independent and self-contained nor a dead machine. A work of art is peculiar in this : until it is read, heard or seen it is non-existent. The moment it is appreciated it leaps into life and at once gives life. So a novel until it is read, is nothing. The reader brings it to life as Prince Charming revived Sleeping Beauty. Once read, the novel lives in the reader and in this way some of its quality depends upon the reader.

THE TEST OF A GOOD NOVEL

THUS we can say the only test of a novel is its value to the reader. A novel which pleases a man is a good novel for him. If the immediate pleasure, instead of fading, deepens and grows with time the reader may say with assurance he has found a good novel. If he is thus affected by a novel which has delighted people over a long period—fifty or a hundred years or more—he can be sure he has found a true classic.

Since the novel is not self-contained but depends on the reader for its life, it cannot be judged solely by its technique. A novel may be a convenient length, its plot may be well-constructed, its characters nicely observed, its style exquisite, yet it will fail to be a good novel if the reader does not enjoy it. But, just as most people do not appreciate oysters the first time they eat them, so the taste for novels is a cultivated one. The more we know about the novel, the more novels we read and examine, the more discriminating our taste becomes, until we find ourselves appreciating books which, when we began novel reading, bored us extremely in spite of their good reputation. For this reason every reader of novels eventually finds himself asking : "What then is a novel ? What is the proper scope and subject of a novel ? How does the novelist succeed in giving me this pleasure ?"

WHAT IS A NOVEL ?

D. H. LAWRENCE wrote enthusiastically : "Oh, give me the novel ! Let me hear what the novel has to say." The novel has everything to say. It is a story in prose of varying length about a character, or characters, and events in connection with them. The story at once gives it licence as wide as the earth and leagues beyond it. The novel can be a quiet story about village tea parties, or one about wrecks and desert islands ; it can be a study of character or a study of manners ; it can be told in a hundred ways. The novelist can even turn round inside his novel to be a prophet, a humorist, a scientist and a first-rate story teller all in one, as H. G. Wells was in *The War in the Air*. There are so few restrictions that the novelist can shape his story to his heart's content. The novel can be made as large as life and as full as life, and consequently it serves as a social mirror, reflecting the social history and the character of every age in which it has been written.

With the exception of the short story, the novel is the youngest of

the literary forms in English. From its beginnings it has always been popular, if not always in favour with the authorities, and consequently in arrangement and subject matter it has been influenced in no small degree by popular taste. The result is that the novel enjoys a wide freedom and even to-day cannot be said to be governed by any definable clear-cut rules.

THE NOVEL ENJOYS WIDE FREEDOM

THIS freedom is at once noticeable in its length. A novelist can have as many or as few chapters as he pleases, and the chapters can be long or short. Joseph Hergesheimer, an American writer, has only ten chapters in *Java Head*. Tolstoi generally gives many very short chapters. If one chapter is of especial interest to the writer he can make it as long as he pleases, or even turn an exciting incident into seven chapters on end, as Norman Douglas does in *South Wind*. A modern novel usually contains between seventy and eighty thousand words. The Victorian novel in three volumes, the "three-decker" as it is called, was three times as long as this; yet even to-day it is not unusual for an established novelist to write a book containing one hundred and fifty thousand words. Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, for instance, is very long for a modern novel, while Gerald Bullett's *The Quick and the Dead*, is about half the usual length. Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, which moves slowly through a sequence of several books telling at leisure the history of one family through generations, is perhaps the longest English modern novel.

The novel is not only free as regards length, but its story may be told in many ways. It gives a generous chance for narrative, description and conversation. This second freedom is best realised by comparison with the drama, a literary form which is limited to conversation and monologue. In a play the number of acts may vary, but the action can be advanced only by means of conversation between people.

The author cannot intrude himself in person, either to explain the character's remarks, or to express his private opinion on their actions. But in a novel, subject to his discretion and the patience of his readers, he may do almost anything he likes.

MANY WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

THE most natural way of presenting a story is to tell it; and the simplest way of telling a story is by narration. The reader listens while the novelist relates what happens. R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* is a good example of straightforward, swift narrative. The story is told throughout by Jim, so the reader sees everything from one point of view only. He naturally identifies himself with Jim and shares all his adventures. Jim's last words, in their dramatic simplicity, show how effectively narrative can be used by an experienced author. He says, "Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice

of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears : ' Pieces of eight, pieces of eight.' "

To make his tale more convincing, the novelist may dramatise the narrative by putting it into direct speech, but he is freer than the dramatist because he may also comment on what his characters say. A chapter in Mary Webb's *House in Dormer Forest*, shows how a skilful writer can do this to advantage. She describes the family at Dormer House, after supper. In the room are Mrs. Velindre, her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Darke, her grandchildren Amber, Ruby and Peter, and a distant relative, Catherine. The situation is explained dramatically by actual remarks. We learn that Jaspar, the elder son, is expected home from college in disgrace. The conversation shows which members of the family are friendly and which are hostile towards Jaspar. As the gig arrives outside the door with Jaspar inside, we know what every one thinks of him and exactly how they will greet him.

HOW THE NOVELIST MAY USE DESCRIPTION

THE novelist can produce some of his most profound effects by description. The opening to Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native* is a classic example of this. He devotes the first chapter entirely to a description of Egdon Heath. We see it for the first time on a November afternoon, with its titanic form, "which seems to wait for something." Human characters are secondary in importance and so are not introduced until the second chapter, and even then they appear on the Heath. The story tells the romance of Clym Yeobright, who has renounced a promising career in Paris because he cannot live happily away from the Heath, and of Eustacia Vye who hates the Heath and longs to escape from it. The Heath shapes the destinies of the characters and gives them their significance. In the end "its fearful gloom and loneliness" cause the heroine's death. The Heath dominates the book ; it would be impossible to tell the story without giving a full description of it.

Besides enlivening his story by conversation and description, the novelist is at liberty to retire in person, as a dramatist does. May Sinclair in *The Tree of Heaven* gives a brilliant modern example of the way in which the story may be rendered by the characters. You never think of the author in person, any more than you expect the dramatist to walk on to the stage to explain the action. In some novels, however, the novelist makes a personal appearance and, in so doing, risks much on the chance of adding intimacy to the book. He may tell the story in the first person, and thus take you into his personal confidence about the characters and the situation. If he has something urgent he feels he must say to his readers, he may do so in detached paragraphs that stand quite apart from the story. More daring still, he may hold up the plot while he speaks directly to the reader. Trollope does this in *Barchester Towers*, in order to apologise because Belinda, the heroine, slaps a man in the face. Nashe, an early writer, goes further still and stays the plot to comment on himself. He cannot go on till he has remarked most happily to the reader, "Here let me triumph a while and ruminate a line or two on the excellence of my wit," and he is so

delightful about it that you agree. Lyly, one of his contemporaries, refuses point blank to say what happens to his heroine in *Euphues*, and concludes: "What end came of her, seeing it is nothing incident to the history of Euphues, it were superfluous to insert, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at than believe in."

There are thus no hard and fast rules for the novel. Everything depends on the author's ability, charm and sense of proportion. Where these fail the freedom which is the novelist's privilege causes his downfall. His descriptions are drawn out to tedious lengths; his plots are so involved no one can understand them; his explanations and interruptions break the thread of the story without adequate compensation. His novels then cease to please and become "bad novels."

HOW THE STORY IS UNFOLDED: THE PLOT

MORE than three hundred years have passed since Englishmen first attempted to write a story in prose. During those years many experiments have been made to find the most effective way of telling the story and although no final result has been reached, the novel is now a recognised artistic form and as such has certain characteristics which make it different from other artistic forms. The first of these is the story itself—that is, the plot.

A plot is the plan of action in which the particular events with which the novel deals, are set forth. It must have a beginning and an end, and during its course tell about the character or the incident with which the events are concerned. It is very easy to begin a plot. Any one can begin to tell of something which has happened. But it is one of the hardest things in the world to begin so effectively that the particular moment takes fire and has the reader willing to follow up hill and down dale. It is equally difficult to end a plot well. It cannot stop suddenly with a jerk, unless the novelist feels that his only course is to stop and run away. Nashe, after greatly enjoying the plot of *The Unfortunate Traveller*, feels the worry of an ending. He says to the reader, hoping for the best, "This tale must sometime or other give up the ghost."

A good plot requires as much skill as a well-made piece of furniture. The whole must give a complete shape so that each episode is necessary, or it will lop like a chair with a spar missing. It must have a chief interest, such as the life of one special important character, or the account of one central adventure towards which other incidents lead. The main interest is presented at the beginning. It claims attention so vividly that you are ready for the action from the first moment, and this action continues to a conclusion so natural and inevitable that you feel there could be no other ending. Episodes on the way are not mere diversion. They help to explain the main plot, or provide excitement which directly advances the story.

A bad plot is the contrary of all this. The attention is not centred on the main interest, so that in the beginning, the reader does not know his direction. As he continues, he finds either that he is not progressing,

or that there seems to be no special reason for the direction taken. A bad plot leads to no conclusion, or to one that seems imposed. It may be strong, but then it is not in harmony with the natural actions of the characters. Or it may be weak because the characters do not advance the action, but stray about dissipating the main interest. A bad plot always results when the novelist loses his first intention; for, as we have shown, a novel needs design just as much as a piece of furniture.

PLOTS OF ACTION AND OF CHARACTER

PLOTS, whether well shaped or loose in construction, are roughly of two kinds: Those made by the narration of successive events and those that spring from the characters of the people portrayed. Plots which deal with the active movement of events are found pre-eminently in the adventure novel. Here the action is sensational, and in the stress of it there is no time to wonder too much about individuals. Characters are there, and lively too, but you push forward cheek by jowl with them towards the next event, which is the vital thing. The chapter headings alone in Jules Verne's *Secret of the Island* are sufficient to show the heat of the moment. Here are three at random: "Death of Captain Nemo," "Sinking of the Nautilus," "Listening to the rumbling of the Volcano." The concluding chapters follow one another in a rush, bringing a sail in sight at the eleventh hour.

Plots of action are not always hair-raising. A plot dealing with wandering adventurers—a picaresque plot—like that of *Don Quixote*, has action dispersed in many directions, and sometimes lasting for years. In Dickens' *David Copperfield*, alongside the tragedy of Little Em'ly's ruin, there is another very different event, the humorous slow wooing of Peggotty by Barkis. It is even possible to have a plot of action so quiet that one of the most exciting events is the sucking of an orange behind a screen. This happens in *Cranford*, Mrs. Gaskell's novel, which tells of the happenings in an old-fashioned village. Here, when the cat swallows the lace, the crisis is as thrilling as a catastrophe at sea.

The kind of plot which springs directly from character can also contain vivid dramatic action. In Henry James' novels, characters decide and cause plenty of events. Kate O'Brien's character novel *Without My Cloak*, has at moments a most riotous movement. Catherine, one of the most attractive women in modern romances, decides, at one point in the story, to run away to London. But the interest is in Catherine's decision to do this rather than in the commotion which results. That commotion is foreign to her, yet she causes it, because she happens to be that particular person Catherine. And so the plot continues, in quiet days or rousing ones, exactly as the characters grow in experience and order their action.

The character plot may contain plenty of action, but more frequently it has very little. Sometimes the action is so slight that there is almost no plot left. In Peacocke's novels the interest is in the humorous way people behave when, occasionally, they do act. The Squire in *Headlong Hall* decides to move, but our interest is confined to the exciting way he does it. "He bursts from room to room like a

cracker." Henry James' *Golden Bowl* is a classic example of action so restrained as to be almost motionless.

With modern writers who stress character above all, the result is a special kind of psychological novel in which there is hardly a stir of action. The novelist sets out to show the state of the characters' minds. Rex Stout in *How Like a God* does allow his hero to walk upstairs, but this is, physically, all that happens. The rest of the plot consists of the hero's private history which he recollects as he climbs the stairs. By the time he has come to the top, the reader has learned all about his past. Virginia Woolf's novels are entirely concerned with the states of mind of her characters. The events which give rise to the situation belong mostly to the past, and are recalled by the characters. The intensity of the plot is sustained by concentration on the points of view of the people and by analysing their thoughts. A plot of psychological action can be as thrilling as the plot of a detective novel.

CAPTORS OF IMAGINATION: THE CHARACTERS

THE plot is only one of the essential characteristics of a novel. A well-made plot is not by itself enough to ensure a good novel. This is well illustrated by the ordinary *feuilleton* of the daily newspaper where incident is handled with skill and ingenuity but with small regard for character. Meredith's *Egoist*, with its excellent plot, is appreciated less than Cervantes' *Don Quixote* with its loose, rambling construction. Dickens' novels have plots which would have shapes like contour maps if we tried to pencil every direction taken from the opening chapter. These novels have weak plots but give lasting pleasure because their authors knew the secret of creating unforgettable people. Peggotty, Little Nell, Oliver take our imagination by storm and hold us captive for ever. This is the second essential characteristic of a novel, that it should tell us about people or things which are alive, which have character.

Novel people may be any kind from kings to chimney sweepers, from squirrels to fairies. But they must be alive. However fantastic a world they are in, we must feel bound to believe in them. Robinson Crusoe delivers sermons on his desert island. We should not expect in the ordinary way to hear a sermon in such a place, but we do expect to hear one from a man like Crusoe. He gives us one, and would do so if he were at the North Pole. This means that whatever his situation his behaviour in it would be consistent with his own character. As long as the people are alive and consistent (that is, true to themselves), they may perform the most astonishing feats. Thus, in David Garnet's *Lady into Fox*, a beautiful woman changes into a vixen and yet we do not protest, because she is real and so is the vixen.

The novelist creates his people by drawing them either from the outside or from the inside, though sometimes he combines the two methods. The author may give life to his creatures by describing their outward appearance. Then the reality of the character depends on the author's powers of observation and selection and the vividness with

which he can describe. Conrad opens *Lord Jim* with Jim staring us in the face in the first paragraph. We get a "close-up" of his person, as on a film.

"He was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull. His voice was deep, loud, and his manner displayed a kind of dogged self-assertion which had nothing aggressive in it. It seemed a necessity, and it was directed apparently as much at himself as at anybody else. He was spotlessly neat, apparelled in immaculate white from shoes to hat, and in the various Eastern ports where he got his living as ship-chandler's water-clerk he was very popular."

This method often tempts a novelist to give too many details. He is free to give as many as he pleases, even to the number of buttons on a shoe, but the art of creating character by description is to give significant details. Conrad makes us see Jim vividly and also feel his presence, because he does not confuse the picture with too many lines.

THE ART OF CARICATURE

THIS necessity for selection may lead the author to select so severely that instead of a portrait he presents us with a caricature. He chooses two or three details—a pair of startling eyebrows, a long nose, a dismal voice—gives them a grotesque name and says no more. This can be effective when it is well done. Dickens illustrates it at its best and worst. He sometimes uses it lazily as with the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers*. It is amusing to see the fat boy asleep on his first appearance, but Dickens shows him in this state so often, that when he does rouse into activity, he seems too absurd to be real. A more revealing use of caricature is seen in *Great Expectations*. Mr. Wemmick, the shy clerk, is made as vivid as the fat boy by an exaggerated humorous description on his first appearance. But Dickens does not merely strike an attitude with him and keep repeating it. We visit Mr. Wemmick's home and even Pip gasps at the revelation of his friend in the home circle. Mr. Wemmick is no longer a city clerk, with a "mouth as tight as a pillar-box." He is still presented in caricature but we see him differently as a son, making "a haystack of buttered toast" for his father, and also as a suitor, sharing a glass with Miss Spiffkins, who, with her tight waist and prim manner is a caricature of all the old maids of the world. Mr. Wemmick's habit of addressing his old father as "The Aged" or "Aged P." (short for "aged parent") shows how a character may be created by a single phrase.

CHARACTER-DRAWING IN THE MODERN NOVEL

IN the early days of the novel the characters were always drawn from outside. The reader was told what the hero looked like, what he did and what he thought; but he was not shown how the hero's mind worked. We never overhear Tom Jones thinking aloud. But gradually

the novelist became more subtle. He began to penetrate inside his characters, to identify himself with them and then to draw us a picture not of Tom Jones but of the world seen through Tom Jones' eyes. This method of characterisation is favoured especially by modern novelists. James Joyce in *Ulysses* tells us nothing. He does not describe Stephen Daedalus or Leopold and Marion Bloom. They are revealed to us—if we can understand the revelation—by their thoughts which are given in full. But unedited thoughts are only intelligible to the thinker, the psycho-analyst, and perhaps, to a reader who is prepared to take a great deal of trouble. Consequently *Ulysses* is a very difficult book read more by writers than readers.

Other novelists, such as Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf, who use this technique do not carry it so far as Joyce. They give us some of the thoughts of their characters but they select them and make them coherent. They also combine the inside method with the outside. They draw pictures for us and imagine conversations and allow us to see the characters as well as to look through their eyes.

HOW THE SPELL IS WOVEN : STYLE AND HUMOUR

A GOOD novelist is a wizard. Before the fascinated eyes of our imagination he conjures up scenes, people, episodes which live longer than the cleverest of men. Part of his magic lies in the people and episodes themselves ; but almost his most potent spell is the way he presents his story, the very words in which he tells it and the atmosphere they create. This manner of telling is called style and is the third characteristic of the novel, not so essential as plot and character but still indispensable in a novel which is to give lasting pleasure.

"Style," said Buffon, "is the man," which is a concise way of saying that the manner of writing is inseparable from the writer. Applied to novel-writing it means that style is the individual way the author tells his story. Just as no two people talk or move exactly in the same way, so no two authors have exactly the same style. A good style is one which is natural to the character of the author and adequate to the purpose he has in hand. Jane Austen is regarded as a great stylist because her particular manner of writing is in perfect harmony both with her own character and with the matter she wishes to present. And she says of style : "No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way. I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other." Style, to be good, must be in the first place true, and in the second, adequate. It must be true in the sense that it is expressive of the individual and not merely imitative. It must be adequate in the sense that it fits the subject and does not appear pompous or undignified. Some people are simple by nature, and others as naturally complex. Good style for the simple person will be writing simple in form and construction. Good style for the complex person will naturally be elaborate and may even be involved. John Bunyan was a beautiful stylist, and his style is simple in the extreme. Henry James was an exquisite stylist, and his style is highly ornate and

complex. Both are good because they are true and because the different styles are adequate to the authors' intentions. *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tristram Shandy* show how magnificent may be the result if the style is natural to the man employing it. Style in writing is what expression is to the human face: it is most pleasing when it is most truly characteristic.

LAUGHTER THAT EASES THE FULL HEART

It is not necessary to have humour in the novel, any more than it is necessary to have it to keep alive. The world does continue quite steadily if we miss noticing its funny sides. In some novels we never stop to wonder why it is not there. D. H. Lawrence seldom introduces humour, and yet his *Sons and Lovers* is one of the best modern novels. In Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, however, we do feel that humour is absent and sigh occasionally for Clarissa to laugh about her broken heart instead of describing its injured state so often to her friend.

There is no clear definition of humour in a novel, and not a single rule about the introduction of it. It is used as the novelists decide for themselves, but many of them feel like Jane Austen, who says that if she had to keep on writing and never relax into laughter at herself or other people she would be hung before the end of the first chapter. Humour is one of the joys in a novel, and is not often lacking in the English novel. Some novels are called humorous novels because they set out with no other purpose in the world but to make us laugh, and the more we guffaw, and the more our ribs ache, the greater is the success of the novel. P. G. Wodehouse's novels are typical of this kind. In the *Jeeves* books, Bertie Wooster is the type of perfect idiot who does obvious things which go wrong. If he sees a bucket in front of him we know he will fall over it; if there is water inside the bucket, it is sure to splash him. The humour arises because we laugh at Bertie Wooster either because he says silly things or because the situation he is in makes him look such a fool. It is a quick, easily roused laugh, because nothing is easier than to think we are normal ourselves and see another person being ridiculous. But the intentionally humorous book is not often successful. The duty to laugh removes all desire to do so. Consequently, humour enchants us most when it is incidental to a serious book.

A good laugh does not always mean that we are laughing at other people. There is a more subtle kind of humour. The scene may still be an absurd one in which a rough and tumble humour provokes a broad grin, but the laugh may be introduced purposely to bring urgent relief at a tense moment in the plot. In Rose Macaulay's novel, *They Were Defeated*, the book opens with a harvest festival service in progress. Parson Herrick has just been most vehement. The congregation is feeling the strain when suddenly a sucking pig begins to eat the vegetables near the pulpit. Before it is removed from the scene, both the reader and the congregation have relaxed into a good laugh, and feel the easier for it. Mary Webb's use of humour for relief serves a further purpose of satire. In *Gone to Earth*, Edward feels he has succeeded in improving Hazel's mind and asks in a rather condescending tone what her father is doing. Hazel answers with a good broad

"Guzzling, I expect." It is a wonderful comment on Edward's correct English.

Some comedy arouses another kind of laugh which Meredith calls thoughtful laughter. This depends chiefly upon character. In *David Copperfield*, Peggotty's buttons burst when she hugs David, but we are warmed more with sympathy towards Peggotty than with joy at the rolling buttons. In *Great Expectations*, Dickens shows in one short scene the quick interplay of humour, irony, burlesque and satire. Pip has come into a fortune, and therefore goes to Mr. Trabb the tailor in order to celebrate the event with new clothes. Mr. Trabb at first barely nods and continues to eat. Dickens caricatures the scene, as Mr. Trabb busily slices his hot roll into three feather beds and slips butter in between the blankets. The moment Mr. Trabb realises Pip is rich, the vein becomes ironical. He hardly stops to wipe his fingers on the table cloth before calling Pip "My dear Sir!" Later Pip walks out in his new clothes. It is a delightful moment. He feels they give him an importance far above Trabb's boy who must now only look at him and not dare to speak. Pip steadily snubs him as they meet outside, until at last Trabb's boy seizes the chance for burlesque and staggers in front of Pip, saying: "Don't know you. 'Pon my word, don't know yah!"

THE FIRST ENGLISH NOVELISTS

FROM the vantage point of the twentieth century it is easy to describe the characteristics of the novel-form. So many novels have been written in the last two or three hundred years that we have rich material on which to base conclusions. To-day we can say the novel has three essential characteristics: plot, character-drawing, style. But in the days of Defoe, Richardson and Fielding the novel-form was in the making. The novel did not in fact exist as a recognised literary form like the drama, and most of the early novelists wrote novels by accident. *Pilgrim's Progress* was intended by Bunyan to be a religious allegory, and Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* was meant in the beginning to be a parody. During the eighteenth century people first began to take an interest in the novel as such. Great writers experimented with it and gradually it came to be recognised as a new *genre*. A knowledge of how this happened is indispensable if we are to understand and appreciate fully the work of novel writers in our own day. The story is fascinating, especially when it is told of the English novel, which has a greater tradition than the novel in any other language.

The earliest English books which we now consider as experimental novels were written during the sixteenth century in the days of Queen Elizabeth. But impulses towards the novel were felt before this, in the fourteenth century. After the Crusades had stimulated adventure and opened the magic of the East, people felt the next best thing to going there was to hear about it. Long metrical romances telling of Christian knights exploring remote lands were accepted as eagerly as thrillers are now. But gradually these became boring for they rambled tediously and the knights were all so equally gallant and successful, the heroines all so beautiful and good, they could with difficulty be told apart.

Chaucer was the first to rebel against these tales of monotonous virtue by creating human beings who were capable of faults. In his long poem, *Troilus and Cressida*, he gives the first hint of the novel by his deliberate study of character. Its plot, set in the legendary years of the Trojan Wars, requires as many pinches of salt as the usual romance of the time and could not be used in a novel as it stands; but few novelists have given more brilliant characterisation. Chaucer shows the differing points of view of the lovers, Troilus and Cressida, and by giving them interplay anticipates the modern novel by six centuries. Pandorus, Cressida's uncle, even dares tell Troilus he is boring when he mopes. Never before had a hero been full-blooded enough to be spoken to like this. Pandorus has only to cough discreetly before an interview which requires tact with his niece, and we feel here is someone we know now and for ever. In *The Canterbury Tales*, which are stories, some long, some short, told in verse, Chaucer again shows us he has matter that would serve for a novel. Long before Canterbury is reached we know the pilgrims' clothes, manners and opinions, and each pilgrim stands out vividly as an independent character. The host at the outset poses as a blustering man of authority, but later he swears by his wife's favourite oath, a most shrewd observation.

Chaucer was the first to give an air of reality to English story-telling by his introduction of complete human beings into stories. Not until the eighteenth century were writers again sufficiently trustful and observant to be as successful with characterisation. Meanwhile other impulses helped towards the evolution of the novel. There were the *Jest Books*, the popular collections of jokes which the Elizabethans loved. Gradually these jokes came to be attributed to one person, who, by being held responsible for them, gave a certain unity to the book. In the same way the picaresque or adventure novel, introduced during the sixteenth century from Spain, had one hero for its series of adventures and this further influenced the sustaining of interest in one long tale.

NOVELS IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

IN 1579 Lyly's *Euphues* was published. It marks the first conscious attempt at a novel in England. Robert Greene's *Pandosto*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*, and Deloney's *Jack of Newberie*, followed, and were all gay experiments in a form which was new and therefore exciting. *Euphues* was as popular in its day as a best seller is now. The story is obviously impossible and badly managed. It tells of the courtship of Lucilla by Euphues and two other suitors, but the romance is tedious. It is written in balanced sentences, most carefully built up and contrasted, which drag the story slowly along. When there is a chance for pace, Euphues himself holds up the movement by writing letters to his friends. The public, however, loved the style, and were content to revel in it quite apart from the plot. In addition they did not mind the badly managed story because there was other entertainment. Euphues is a trying young man, one of the worst examples of feeble characterisation, but he knows about magic and fills his letters with the stories of toads, scorpions and magic beasts.

It is pleasant even to-day to be told that "he who playeth upon a tabor may, while that music continueth, stand upon a tiger in perfect safety."

Sidney's *Arcadia* is a tedious romance, parts of it are overcrowded and others drawn out, but again the Elizabethans were content with the exquisite sound of the words, and occasionally one finds with delight vivid homely details even though the characters are handicapped with names like Gynecia and Parthenicia. Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* tells the many adventures of Jack Wilton. There is little unity to them, but they have a wonderful bustling vigour, and though Nashe rightly feels his plot is presented badly, there is really no need for him to say: "You would have laughed your face and knees together if you had been there," because the word pictures are so vivid you are already present. Deloney's *Jack of Newberie*, more than any other early novel, shows hints of realism. He tells of the lives of everyday London cobblers, and writes with his eye on the object.

Judged by standards of to-day, these early writers produced clumsy novels. To enjoy them the reader must be prepared first to work hard. The plots are best summarised by Philautus, one of the suitors in *Euphues*. He says: "In faith thou hast told a long story: the beginning I have forgotten, the middle I understood not, and the end hangeth not together." If the reader is willing to accept the standards of their day and read these novels in order to enjoy the personal introduction they give to the author (who is always present as an inexhaustible host) he will be rewarded; but it is left to more experienced writers to bring unity to the novel.

THE NOVEL TAKES SHAPE

DURING the early seventeenth century Overbury and Earle indirectly encouraged the growth of the novel by writing character studies. They made studies of particular social types and wrote about these in simple language. One example is *A Faire and Happy Milkmaid* by Overbury. These character sketches are still-life portraits never seen in movement, but they are important as showing early attempts at psychological interpretation.

Bunyan (1628-1688) unconsciously brought the art of pure storytelling to the novel. His *Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the finest early novels, though it was in fact written as a spiritual allegory. It has a thrilling romantic plot, real human characters, and a simple, lively style. Bunyan himself was telling a story for the moral lessons behind it, but he gets carried away with fervour so that the moral is forgotten by the reader in the exciting action. You do not feel that Christian has escaped from a spiritual Slough of Despond so much as from a real bog which sticks to his shoes. Bunyan is only interested in Christian and the other characters according to their religious convictions; but for the reader, these people are actual individuals. He writes, like Chaucer, from personal observation and a real experience of life, and the homely details he gives so earnestly in order to bring realism into religion make his story one of the most vivid in literature. His other spiritual allegory, *The Holy War*, is also an exciting novel. The battles are described so vividly that we forget what they stand for and begin taking sides. Bunyan

would have been shocked at our doing this. His purpose was to convince sinners, but unconsciously he engrosses the reader in the way every great novelist does so that he leaves him with a fuller experience of life. With this the reader can certainly combat the devil better, and so, in the end, Bunyan gets his wish.

Daniel Defoe (1659-1731) tells a story as well as Bunyan does, but he intends to do so, and thus takes a conscious step forward in the history of the novel. Defoe did not begin writing till he was nearly sixty, and some of his minor works are badly constructed, rambling tales. In *Robinson Crusoe*, his masterpiece, he deliberately tried to shape his work into respectable form. He tells a story of strange adventure, but uses every device to make the strange events read like a real history. He intends to give thrills, but these are to be taken seriously in order that the novel shall not be dismissed as mere fiction. For years people believed that a man called Robinson Crusoe was born in 1632 in the city of York, and that he left England to make a fortune in Africa. From the moment Crusoe sails from London, breathless experiences are related in a purposely flat style designed to keep the reader from doubting the actual truth of the tale. The plot is simple and dramatic. Crusoe's feelings are described in such natural and intimate detail that we feel we could have found them out for ourselves.

THE NOVEL ACHIEVES FAME

BY the early eighteenth century the novel had gained much by Bunyan's fervent narrative power and Defoe's sense of biographical reality. The next contribution came from Addison and Steele, the essayists, when they created Sir Roger de Coverley and the other members of the Spectator Club. Sir Roger is the type of the "good old English country gentleman," but he is also a real human person made of flesh and blood and as different from Overbury's still-life figures as a waxwork from its living counterpart. If the essays were put together they would make something very like a novel. After Sir Roger the way was prepared and in the second quarter of the eighteenth century the novel in the hands of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne took definite shape and became the literary equal of poetry and the drama.

Samuel Richardson, who did not begin writing till he was over fifty, is the next novelist of importance after Defoe. His three novels, *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, were immediately popular at home and abroad and yet when he began to write his first book he did not realise it was going to be a novel. In 1739 he had been requested by a firm of London publishers to write for them a "little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers as were unable to indite for themselves." Richardson asked the publishers if they would allow him to tell country readers how they should "think" and "act," as well as "indite." The publishers agreed, and instead of a "model letter-writer," he produced *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, a long novel written in letter form.

His chief contributions to the novel were, first, this introduction of

the letter form, which was imitated by later writers and still has vogue in modern fiction, and secondly, his particular sentimental treatment of the heroine. This feeling for sentiment made him universally popular with the middle-class woman; it also influenced his French contemporaries. People were a-tiptoe for something new, and although Richardson's treatment gave no permanent shape to the novel his writing was vivid and intense, and his characters, especially the women, were described in a new and more sympathetic way. *Pamela*, his first novel, appeared in 1740 and completely won the heart of the public. It tells the story of a servant girl who finally marries and reforms the master who has previously tried to seduce her. She relates her experiences in letters to her parents, who answer with good advice only. This is a slow and cumbersome method of advancing the action and would not be tolerated to-day, but it enables the reader to understand and appreciate Pamela's personality, and thus for the first time to share in a heroine's intimate feelings and reactions.

TWO NOVELS WRITTEN FOR WOMEN

IN his second novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*, published in 1748, Richardson tells the story of a rich and well-born girl who is infatuated by Lovelace, a handsome and witty but morally worthless young-man-about-town. Unable to reclaim him, she refuses his offer of marriage and finally dies of grief. Her cousin avenges her wrongs in a duel. Clarissa, although handicapped by excessive sentiment, is one of the most attractive heroines in fiction and this story is Richardson's best work. In spite of Clarissa's fate, however, he had succeeded in making the figure of Lovelace so dazzling to his sentimental female public that he felt he must in some way try to readjust its perverted scale of values. He therefore published in 1753 *Sir Charles Grandison* in which, for the first time, his hero really is a hero. Grandison is a man of unimpeachable character, successful in all he undertakes, and is loved by two beautiful girls, one Italian and one English. He marries the latter; but even this does not prevent Richardson's last (and longest) novel from being also his most tiring. This is chiefly because he is trying to depict a purely imaginary character in, and for, a society of unimaginable perfection.

Richardson's novels were written to please and instruct women. They met with overwhelming success because they flattered. They showed woman to herself as she would like to be; a beautiful creature of tender heart, perfect morals and saintly character. They also put her into her favourite rôle of the martyr patiently suffering incredible wrongs at the hands of that monster—man. Reading the pitiful story of Clarissa, every woman felt her heart moved in sympathy. She dissolved in tears and knew herself—as she had always suspected—a woman of sentiment. But her illusions were soon to be shattered—naturally, by a man.

Pamela created a sensation in literary London. The book was read and eagerly discussed in the clubs, coffee-houses and other places where men met. Among Richardson's hostile critics was a barrister and writer of plays—Henry Fielding. Fielding saw through Pamela's

namby-pamby virtue, and to show how ridiculous she was, set out to parody her in his first published novel, *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams*. The form of the parody was borrowed from Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. Joseph Andrews, brother of Pamela, was to be laughed at in a series of absurd adventures connected with one another only by the presence of the hero in each. The story begins as its author intended. Joseph is tempted by his mistress and coyly resists her overtures, thus repeating Pamela's behaviour with her master. But as soon as the characters are in motion the parody is forgotten, and the novel moves with an epic stride to a theme of comedy. The characters revolve round Adams, a poor and worthy parson, and are always vividly alive even if not always strictly virtuous. This is where Fielding breaks new ground as a novelist. He did not set out like Richardson with an axe to grind—that is, a public to instruct. His aim was to represent life as he saw it and with his robust sense of reality and a broad acceptance of humanity in all its phases he succeeded superbly.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

BUT it is with his next book, his third novel, that Fielding takes his place among the greatest novelists. To the writing of *Tom Jones* Fielding brought the technical skill acquired from his play-writing and a wide experience of life gained partly from his duties as a magistrate. *Tom Jones* is the story of a young man, generous-hearted, kindly, well-intentioned, but with the faults of his youth and hot-blooded nature. He is continually falling into scrapes which bring him into disfavour with his benefactor, Mr. Allworthy, but the reader is shown and made to feel that in spite of his lapses from strict morality *Tom Jones* is a fine man in the making and one infinitely to be preferred to the mean-spirited, crafty but impeccable Blifil.

In this novel Fielding presents his story with a gentle penetrating irony which keeps the characters in proportion. The men are neither villains nor saints, but human; even Sophia Western, one of the most amiable women in fiction, is shown to have her foibles. In the story itself, which is constructed as soundly as a good play, no one is taken too seriously. But Fielding realised that in thus daring to portray human imperfections with sympathy he might be misunderstood and accused of condoning immorality. Accordingly, at intervals throughout the book he inserted short chapters in which he speaks direct to the reader, explaining clearly his own motives and those of his characters. As he says, the reader is at liberty to skip these lectures if he is so minded and consequently they need not interfere with the plot.

In his fourth and last novel *Amelia*, Fielding abandoned this device, perhaps because, in spite of it, he had still not escaped the anger of the moralists. In technique this novel is his best. The plot is carefully thought out and deftly executed. *Amelia* is thought by many to be the portrait of the woman every man would have to be his wife if he could. But although it has great charm, this novel does not speak so directly to our sympathies as *Tom Jones*, the first immortal novel in English.

Fielding is unique among eighteenth-century novelists in his com-

mand of plot and understanding of character. But he was not alone in writing novels which to this day continue to be read and enjoyed. Tobias Smollett (1721-1771) did not advance the construction of the novel but increased the popularity of the adventure story which has little or no plot. This form of adventure novel continued for over fifty years after Smollett's death and was used by Dickens in depicting the merry bustling life of the traveller in coaching days. Smollett wrote of adventure from his own travels and, since he was himself a doctor and had been a surgeon's mate on a man-of-war, is particularly successful in describing the lives of medical men. He lived for a time in the West Indies and was thus able to give realistic studies of strange foreign people observed in their own surroundings. Smollett discarded Richardson's tedious moralising and allowed his characters their own standards of living. *Roderick Random* is the story of an unscrupulous Scot, and his life at sea, told with crude realism. *Peregrine Pickle* is an exciting story of a wastrel heir. Smollett's best novel is his last, *Humphrey Clinker*, written in letter form by the characters; it shows a gentler humour than appeared in his earlier work, and depicts the manners and customs of the day in England and Scotland. Smollett's people give the stay-at-home reader a less insular view of life and set him on a vagabond trail of buffetting adventure and tawdry ribaldry.

A NOVEL WHICH LIVES UPON ITS AUTHOR'S WITS

LAWRENCE STERNE (1713-1768) was a country parson who wanted to increase his meagre stipend. So he decided to write a novel of pure manners and to continue writing it in parts as long as the public showed willingness to buy them. The result was *Tristram Shandy*, the most formless and yet one of the greatest novels. Defying all convention, particularly the code of reticence upon matters relating to sex, Sterne allowed his whimsical humour to play upon almost anything which came into his head that might somehow be related to a hero writing in the first person. Sentiment and sensitivity are the secrets of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne's sensitivity kept him humorous; his sentiment kept him human. So, by an unexampled process, he built up a domestic scene in which the principal characters, Tristram's father, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim and Widow Wadman, find their places among the immortals of fiction. Sterne is the complete master of the inferential style. He dissertates, satirises, nods, winks, and gesticulates in a more lively manner than any author in the world. He is a true descendant of one of Shakespeare's fools—a Touchstone of literature, or, as he styles himself in *The Sentimental Journey*, poor Yorick, the King's jester. But beneath the bubbling wit and continuous merriment lies a humanity which rounds his characters into life. Sterne took Richardson's recipe and added humour and philosophy to it; and he showed how plain narrative might be completely dispensed with if only some device for retaining the reader's attention were found. He discovered this in his own wit. *Tristram Shandy* is the perfect example of a novel which lives entirely upon its author's wits.

The minor novelists of this period can now only be obtained in

original editions. Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Heywood achieved some popularity by libellous books which are only of interest to-day as showing the entrance of the married woman into fiction. Fanny Burney, however, with *Evelina* provides a landmark. *Evelina* is the story of a girl of high birth brought up by her guardian. She is introduced into society and visits a family of "vulgar" cousins in London. Finally she marries Lord Orville. The plot has adventures which result in the exciting discovery of *Evelina*'s parentage, but its real importance is the deliberate and witty presentation of the most ordinary events. Fanny Burney, the "pet" of Dr. Johnson, was experimenting in a new sort of domestic novel. She realised that Richardson, Fielding and Smollett had taken their paths, and says with a delightful courage: "Let us not spend time in trying to do what has already been done excellently. Let us give our attention to different phases of life and new aspects of men and women." The result is a lively picture of home life, a subject not treated by novelists before. *Evelina* is still most readable, the gay if somewhat malicious humour with which the heroine's experiences are related giving that sense of ever-new discovery which is the essence of readability.

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is the domestic novel in another mood. The story is a loosely-constructed yet masterly piece of narration in which the daily life of a family in a country vicarage in the eighteenth century is portrayed with simplicity and charm. The moral emphasis throughout is perhaps over prominent to the modern mind, but this is in keeping with the character of the narrator, and the tale itself is full of incident and variety. Goldsmith's easily flowing style is varied by the interplay of natural humour and pathos, though his use of dramatic irony is possibly excessive. Goldsmith's gifts of heart and intellect brought a sense of the universal into the novel of home life and let in the winds of heaven upon the domestic sitting-room.

THE NEW AGE OF ROMANCE

TOM JONES, published in 1749, brought the novel fame and necessitated its acceptance as a definite literary form. Critics in future might argue about details, about the ability of this novelist and that, but they would have to agree that there was a technique of novel-writing as distinct as that of play-writing, although less circumscribed. The further story of the development of the novel, therefore, tells more of changing subjects and methods of approach than of advances in form and technique.

The Vicar of Wakefield was the last novel of repute in the Fielding tradition. When it was published in 1766 the novel describing real people and everyday life had already gone out of fashion, for in 1764 a tale of horror and bloodshed which we should now call a thriller had taken literary England by storm. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* marks the beginning of a romantic movement in the novel. Walpole realised that it was a new venture, and said: "I have not written the book for the present age which will endure nothing but cold common

sense." The public, however, were willing enough for a change. For some time there had been a revival of interest in the past. People admired Gothic architecture because it was exciting, and they tried to build houses and plan gardens in shapes equally fantastic. The novel complied with the new taste by offering strange thrills. The public was tired of Richardson's heroines, who sighed so often and lived in a world which could easily be recognised; they even wanted a change from the healthy bustle of Fielding's cheerful world. *The Castle of Otranto* provided it. It was the first amateur thriller and set the fashion for many more.

A STORY OF HORROR, MYSTERY AND DEATH

TO-DAY *The Castle of Otranto* has lost its sensational power. It is out of date in its methods as compared with the accomplished skill of Edgar Wallace. If read at all it is for the fascination of watching the author prepare his magic behind the scenes and the pleasure of hearing vivid description. Walpole tells a story, but it is an involved mediæval legend of a prince killed on his wedding day by an enormous helmet which falls and crushes him. His father persecutes the bride, and she escapes him through subterranean passages in the castle. The chief attention is given to the castle, a romantic, Gothic castle, with towers, battlements, cloisters, trap-doors and galleries, which are mentioned at every opportunity. Such things were new to the public and they read of them with eyes open in amazement. It was only necessary for a character to find a trap-door and the effect was complete. Walpole's readers did not mind the constant interference of a ghost in the plot, or object to the rather material horrors. Manfred's grandfather was an impressive ghost in their eyes when he uttered a deep sigh and heaved an actual breast. Once, at a critical moment, three drops of blood fall from the nose of a statue. They were accepted without dispute. A modern reader would not pass this. In addition, Walpole deliberately introduced homely scenes in the middle of the horrors, in order to make the unusual atmosphere seem more real. These domestic scenes are, however, so convincing that no one would really be afraid to explore the castle even at midnight. The hero would be rather a shock to meet because he is so melancholy; but the servants Diego and Jacques, tumble about and shout aloud when they see a strange hand appear, so that the reader feels more inclined to go and have a look than to hide in terror. Bianca, another servant at the castle, is a wonderful creation. We cannot possibly feel terrified by her voice exclaiming: "Oh! the hand! the giant! the hand! support me! I am terrified out of my senses! I will not sleep in the castle to-night," when she adds most thoughtfully, "My things can come after me to-morrow."

Such crudities would be impossible in a modern mystery story, but *The Castle of Otranto* is an important landmark. With its romantic hero, its castle and its deliberate atmosphere of dread, it created the taste for a new chivalric novel, and its conventions were useful to later writers. Both Scott and Jane Austen, two of the greatest novelists, derived something from Walpole's contribution to the novel. *The Castle*

of *Otranto* was soon followed by many minor novels which supplied horrors in plenty. Clara Reeve's *Old English Baron* imitated Walpole's book. Mrs. Radcliffe wrote a number of thrillers, of which *The Mysteries of Udolpho* was the most popular. The book is interesting to-day chiefly because it shows Mrs. Radcliffe's private opinion of ghosts. She feels she ought to give an explanation for their existence, and make their appearance in her plot respectable. Matthew Lewis in his *Monk* has no such scruples and fills his story with ghosts. All these novels were very popular for a time, but they were not of lasting importance. Continuous sensation became finally as monotonous as everyday events had seemed. Gradually a reaction came, but novelists turned their energies into a new field all the fresher for a sojourn among horrors.

Maria Edgeworth was one of the first to rebel against the horror-story. She had read Mrs. Radcliffe eagerly at school, and when she was young could tell stories after that lady's own heart. One of her early villains has a mask "made from the skin of a dead man's hand." But she outgrew this taste, and her sense of humour came to the rescue. *Scenes of Irish Life* and *Castle Rackrent* are her best known books. *Castle Rackrent* is an excellent novel about four generations of an Irish family, told from the point of view of an old servant. Once more the normal world was restored to the novel and Maria Edgeworth's lively humour made it a very attractive one.

SIR WALTER SCOTT : WIZARD OF THE NORTH

SCOTT benefited both from Horace Walpole and Maria Edgeworth. He admired *The Castle of Otranto* very much, and found it far more thrilling than we do to-day. As a direct result he felt inspired to introduce mystery into his novels; but he gave it a wider treatment than Walpole had done. Scott created the vast historical novel and in this an enthralling mystery is only one of many elements. Walpole further influenced him in the realistic treatment of servants: Scott introduces them with the same purpose of giving comic relief. On the other hand, Maria Edgeworth's living picture of Irish life moved Scott to do the same kind of thing for Scotland. In 1814 he published his first novel *Waverley*, a tale of Scottish life.

Once more the public were ready for the different kind of story which *Waverley* offered. It was so popular that Scott continued writing romances for some time at the rate of two a year and made fifteen hundred pounds a year from them. He had been renowned as a story teller at school and now, in *Waverley*, romance appeared as never before. The public still had its thrills as in the description of the last Jacobite insurrection, but the studies of Scottish character and the description of Scottish scenery were new. Here were real places and people again, but now seen in most exciting situations. *Waverley* was followed by a series of romances dealing with Scotland. *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* are perhaps the best known. In 1819 Scott took the times of Cœur de Lion for the subject of *Ivanhoe*, and from that date until he published his last novel in 1831 he changed his historical setting with astonishing skill. In all, he wrote thirty-four

novels, each a masterpiece of its kind. His reputation grew almost daily until his novels were as eagerly awaited in France and Germany as in Edinburgh and London. It is difficult to assess the value of the novels. Some people rank the Scottish novels highest; others *Kenilworth* with its brilliance and pathos; others *Quentin Durward* with its thrilling foreign adventures. It is easy to find some character here, some brilliant picture or moving tragedy there which brings the conviction this must be his best novel.

Faults also are easy to point out. The early novels are well planned, as witness the compact and swiftly moving *Legend of Montrose*, but later, when Scott was in debt and had to write fast to make money, the quality of his work suffered. *Redgauntlet*, one of the late books, is typical in its looseness of construction and flagging invention. He himself realised that his plots were sometimes faulty. But whatever he lacks in this direction is made up for by his magnificent power of description both of incident and landscape. His characters are great historical and romantic figures, though not psychologically realised. But there is always warmth and intimacy in his presentation of peasants and simple folk, just as there is in his descriptions of the wild grandeur of the Scottish countryside. Scott immortalised his country in literature.

A WOMAN NOVELIST SCOTT ADMIRER

HORACE WALPOLE, who inspired Scott to take the horror novel and widen it into a great historical romance, inspired Jane Austen to laugh over the mysteries of his imitators, and in revolt, to create an exquisite realistic novel, in which the chief events are tea parties, balls, social visits, engagements and marriages. Jane Austen wrote only six novels altogether. In comparison with the number Scott produced, *Northanger Abbey*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma* and *Persuasion* seem very few. And in all of them there is not one romantic character. The first, *Northanger Abbey*, ridicules the extravagant atmosphere of Mrs. Radcliffe's stories; Catherine, the young heroine, tries in vain to find a mystery in a secret chest at the abbey where she visits. Most of the characters are fairly prosperous middle-class people. Jane Austen said of her work: "Three or four families in a country village is the only field to work on." She allowed herself no scope for the exhilarating sweep of scenery Scott gives. Her characters do not even admire nature.

Scott, however, was himself so enthralled by her work that he said: "I have just finished reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time." *Pride and Prejudice* is Jane Austen's best book. The story tells of a heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, who refuses to marry a very rich suitor because of his disrespect to her family, and of Elizabeth's sisters Jane, Kitty and Lydia. The characters are so vivid and the dialogue is so true that the reader has the sensation of being present at every scene and of being drawn into actual touch with the intimate lives of the characters. Jane Austen tells with penetrating irony of the jealousies, snobbery and affectations of her small society; we laugh quietly, but most completely. She gives us plenty of common sense, but we get a

renewed zest for life from it. Her style is modest but exact. Words are carefully chosen, so that the weight of each adjective is felt. All the time there is the same careful balance. Her books have been called "little bits of ivory two inches wide." Jane Austen showed how the novel, by taking everyday happenings and realising them intensely, could give the most humdrum life a universal significance.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE NOVEL

I.—1837—1880

THE death of Scott in 1832 marks the end of an era. As the nineteenth century proceeds through the Victorian Age towards our own time England changes and the novel, life's looking-glass, faithfully reflects the change. Between 1830 and 1900 the population of England, as a direct result of the Industrial Revolution, was more than doubled. At first the mass of the people lived under conditions so brutally degraded no thoughts could be spared for anything beside food and work. But improvement was inevitable because starved, embittered workers are good for nothing. Soon Factory Laws were passed, the Corn Laws repealed, making food cheap and plentiful, and gradually education spread, at first by the efforts of the Churches and private enterprise, but finally by Government decree.

The result to literature was a far larger public than it had ever known, but a public with diminished discrimination. People who could only just read and write could not appreciate beauty of literary forms and style. The demand was rather for entertainment of a crude sensational kind. Of the existing literary forms the novel was the one best fitted to supply this demand and accordingly it rose on a wave of popularity to a position similar to, but perhaps even more powerful than that enjoyed by the drama in the days of Shakespeare. The condition of its popularity, however, meant that the novel must change. It had to please its public, that is, reflect the taste of its public; but since a large proportion of that public had no understanding of literature many of the multitude of novels written between 1840 and our own day cannot claim to be literature. They do not please a public of educated taste even at the first reading and no one reads them twice.

Nevertheless, apart from these novels made for the moment, the novel which offered far more than an evening's entertainment also received a strong impetus from the new popularity, so that soon many more novels of real merit and lasting interest were written than any one person could hope to read. Among the Victorians, early and late, we can acquaint ourselves with the work of the immortals, but the rest we must of necessity leave to scholars.

CHARLES DICKENS : ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH

THE first and probably the greatest Victorian novelist is Charles Dickens. He represents the real democratisation of literature in which the novel has played so important a part. A child of poor parents

(his father was imprisoned for debt), with scanty education, he had read to advantage the rambling tales of Smollett, and with a taste for romance suffered the bitterness of social inferiority. His novels reflect these impressions. Dickens combined realism and romance with a sense of humour and a wide humanity. In these characteristics he is English of the English. *Pickwick Papers* is really a humorous study of John Bull at his ease. *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* are social studies humanised. Dickens loved life and was determined to portray it as he saw it, in all its diversity, its comedy, its pathos, its cruelty and its opportunity for chivalry. He was essentially a great humanist. He believed in the goodness of ordinary human nature and upheld it against the oppressions and the tyrannies of his day. He loved the common people and filled his novels with full-length portraits of them. He drew humble folk, not as the members of a social class, but as individuals whose personal fortunes are our concern. Sam Weller is a typical ostler, but he is magnificently himself. Dickens possessed the art of taking his characters out of the masses and yet of identifying them with exact particularity, consequently he met with the popularity at the outset of his career which he has retained to this day. His greatness lay in his power to perceive significance in the ordinary man and woman.

In form his novels are loose and rather sprawling. His method is to gather together people from different walks of life and see what happens to them. Swift, dramatic plot is foreign to his love of social reactions, and the only novel of rapid movement he wrote is *A Tale of Two Cities*. There the urge of events in the French Revolution contends with Dickens' fondness for an English woman and her father caught in the tide. But this novel is the least characteristic of all his works. *David Copperfield*, an autobiography, shows him at his best and simplest; the story meanders along like a south country stream. *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Little Dorrit* and *Oliver Twist* are pictures of the humble lives of good people suffering and triumphing over some form of social oppression. As he grew older Dickens extended his range, and in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Bleak House* and *Dombey and Son*, he shows how the middle-class people of his day maintained their human and religious existence in the face of the threats of industrialism.

THE SECRET OF DICKENS' POPULARITY

DICKENS' novels instantly gripped the popular imagination. During his lifetime he was hailed all over the world as the greatest English writer alive, the only man comparable to Shakespeare. His popularity continues to this day. Every town in England has its Dickens Society. In America and on the Continent his novels are read by every school child. But critics have not been lacking. No one can deny his power of vivid portraiture and of being intensely interesting, but it has been pointed out that he did not escape either the price of his popularity or the defects of his own gifts.

Perhaps the worst sin of which he is accused is intellectual dishonesty. His public wanted entertainment; it did not object to weeping over Little Nell or shuddering at the wickedness of Quilp, but it would not

tolerate suffering and evil winning in the end. So Dickens was obliged to end all his novels happily and to see to it that righteousness triumphed in the long run. He had to describe life, not as he knew it to be but as his public desired. In the same way he was forced to make his heroes and heroines conform to the accepted standards of behaviour. They might be sorely tempted, might indeed commit sins society could condone, but they must never be shown capable of real lapses from virtue. Thus Pip in *Great Expectations* is shown guilty of extravagance and snobbishness, but he never puts himself outside the social pale. Tom Jones would not have been tolerated by Dickens' public.

The novels also have artistic flaws. Sometimes they are melodramatic, often they are over-sentimental; the character-drawing is on occasion so hasty that it becomes rough caricature. These weaknesses spring from a lack of self-criticism. Dickens represents the new democratic generation. Like the poet Whitman in America he is the articulate voice of democracy. Like Whitman he had little appreciation of the forms and manners of achieved art. His novels sprawled, for one reason because they were written in serial form and published in monthly parts; but any rigidity of form would have been fatal to Dickens' genius which was essentially generous. He brought to the novel the sense of richness and plenty just because he was ready and able to bring everybody into it. His discursiveness, his fantastic humour, his rather maudlin sentiment and his love of the grotesque are all typical of the weaknesses common to people of newly achieved consciousness. But in spite of their faults his novels remain among the most easily read and most fascinating in English.

VIRTUE UNREWARDED IN VANITY FAIR

DICKENS has often been compared with Thackeray who was his great rival at this period, and there are still eager claims for the supremacy of each. In 1848 Thackeray was considered the greatest living writer, though for fifteen years he had written without recognition. It was not until he was thirty-six that his first mature work, *Vanity Fair*, brought him fame. His first book, *The Paris Sketch Book*, consists of reprints of his work as Paris correspondent to various newspapers. It is unequal, and so is the *Collection of Tales* which followed. Both volumes show traces of hasty writing, but have an exuberant vivacity and humour. *Vanity Fair*, his greatest novel, was issued in monthly parts and was followed by the series of great novels *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*. His books have been called gigantic essays.

Vanity Fair is a brilliant satirical comedy. Intended as a challenge, it throws down the glove by calling itself a *Novel without a Hero*. Thackeray turned to Fielding for inspiration and attempted, as he says, "to give scenes of all sorts, in which the fool and the rogue, the weak and the brave, single-eye and double-face play their parts, as in the world of all of us." The story is concerned with the social success of a brilliant adventuress, Becky Sharp. Her adventures form the main action of the comedy. With her wiles she succeeds in life most triumphantly, but Amelia, the virtuous woman, fails. *Pendennis* is another novel which

paints life realistically. In this novel Thackeray revived the letter-form and wrote in an intimate and exciting style some of his own experiences under the name of Arthur Pendennis. In *Esmond* Thackeray gives a vivid historical romance set in the reign of Queen Anne. Henry Esmond tells the story in autobiographical form, and the re-creation of the atmosphere of the period is so natural that one feels Thackeray is describing his own day.

HOW THACKERAY CONTRASTS WITH DICKENS

As a novelist Thackeray undoubtedly shows more technical accomplishment than Dickens, but his vision of life is narrower. In treating his subjects Thackeray was influenced, as was Dickens, by the caricaturists of the day. Thackeray can caricature as effectively as Dickens. In *Major Gahagan* he describes the Major as though he had an eye on the absurd figure such a man would make in the illustration of a magazine. The Major uses bullet paper for his letters, a gunpowder barrel for his writing desk, and keeps a lit candle close to some powder under his bed.

Dickens and Thackeray were both conscious in their novels of the social evils of their times. Their attitude in commenting on life reveals a significant contrast. Thackeray's early life was passed in easy conditions. He was well-educated and of good family. He satirises the society which he knows with a critical aloof irony. Dickens gives the humours of low life with a rough and tumble vigour. We feel he turns his characters round to face us before he gives a description. Thackeray is never boisterous even in his indignation. Dickens is optimistic. He could describe the terrible atmosphere of prison life, in *Little Dorrit*, and enter fully into the well-fed content of a Xmas party in *Pickwick Papers* without any sense of the incongruous. Thackeray was more depressed by the wickedness in life. He leaves on the reader an impression of permanent disillusionment. He is reflective and stays his story for comment. His characters are self-critical and their inner motives are exposed. In *Vanity Fair* he set out with an earnest moral aim. Becky Sharp illustrates the text "all is vanity" by succeeding in life when she ought to fail. Yet she is real. We do not feel she is an illustration of a text, but that she is a living person. Both Dickens and Thackeray present life without attempting to define it. They present the social scene and leave its interpretation to their followers.

A WOMAN NOVELIST OF POWERFUL GENIUS

IF Jane Austen's stories were the almost perfect antitheses of Scott's, *Wuthering Heights*, the single novel of Emily Brontë was certainly the polar opposite of Thackeray's work. His voice is the voice of the town, and echoes about the fashionable clubs and drawing-rooms of Victorian London. Hers, emerging from a remote parsonage on the Yorkshire moors, has the magnetic quality of oracle and portent—a note beyond the ordinary sounds of life, but informed with a wild authenticity. This sense of power that must be potent—must find its object and there utter itself completely and be spent—is at the very core of Emily Brontë's work, as it was of her life.

Wuthering Heights is a story of wild love and wild hate ; of souls caught and racked in what Blake truly described as the "torments of love and jealousy." But it is not (as it has been called) a nightmare or a phantasmagoria because the souls themselves are capable of great suffering, and that makes them great souls. To share in the suffering of great souls is to have one's own soul educated. The Greeks called this process *Catharsis*, or purification by means of pity and terror. *Wuthering Heights* is more akin to a Greek tragedy than almost any other piece of English literature, and few can read this story without experiencing a catharsis in themselves. The elemental power which streamed through Emily and wrought this one image, unique in the history of the novel, was diffused through the rest of the Brontë family, and in Charlotte again expressed itself in fiction. Charlotte's novels, *Villette*, *Shirley* and *Jane Eyre* are human studies of passionate and sensitive young womanhood. For these her own and her sister's lives had provided the pattern. *Shirley*, who is drawn from Emily, contains satirical portraits of various members of the limited moorland society, and is Charlotte Brontë's most objective work. In the other novels her own feelings sometimes ran away with her pen and produced scenes and characters (notably that of the fierce and gloomy but magnetic Mr. Rochester of *Jane Eyre*) which are obviously the creations of phantasy. But when she speaks simply and from the heart there is no resisting her, and her power of describing scenery and conveying atmosphere sometimes rivals that of Emily, who had the poet's vision.

AN HONEST MAN WHOSE WORK HAS STOOD TIME'S TEST

SINCE the Great War the literary reputations of the Victorian Novelists have undergone revaluation. Dickens and Thackeray stand high, but not so high as once they did. Emily Brontë has outstripped them both and also passed her sister, Charlotte, who was for a long time better known. The novelist who has gained most from the change in values is Anthony Trollope. Trollope was a post-office official whose work took him about the country. In this way he gained much of the experience out of which he fashioned the novels known as *The Barchester Series*. Trollope was a most prolific writer who poured out words, his critics declared, as machines pour out sausages. His work was at first well received, but possibly because he was too frank about the ease with which he could write he fell out of favour towards the end of his life and his novels were long unread.

Trollope was distinguished from his contemporaries by his truthfulness. He was honest about himself, his work and his world. In his novels he wrote of men and women as he really knew them, not as they like to imagine themselves. An age which preferred plaster saints to fallible human beings did not appreciate him, but to-day his rough downright frankness is winning him a larger audience. His best novel is *Barchester Towers* in which he describes the everyday events in a small cathedral town. His skill in laughing at the absurdities of curates has been compared not unfavourably with Jane Austen's.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE NOVEL

II.—1880—1914

BETWEEN 1837 and 1882 when Trollope died, many more enjoyable novels were written than could be discussed in anything less than a full-sized history. George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner* and *Adam Bede* are still widely read. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* has a secure niche in the hearts of all lovers of literature. Charles and Henry Kingsley, George Borrow, Charles Reade and a score of others reward attention. But these writers did well what the giants did better so that their work, delightful though it is, is inevitably overshadowed.

The group of novelists next to be considered rounded off the century in a blaze of glory which has lasted almost to our own time. Most of them were very young men when Dickens died in 1870. Some of them, such as H. G. Wells, are still writing, while others have died only within the last few years. When we read the work of these writers and those who follow them we cannot be sure that our appreciation will be endorsed by later generations. They are too near us to be seen in perspective. Some of the older among them, such as Meredith and Hardy, write of problems swept away by the War so that their novels have temporarily lost something of their force. More modern writers are perhaps credited with greater powers than they in fact possess because they write of life as we are experiencing it and their problems are vital to us.

THE BATTLE CALL FROM ACROSS THE CHANNEL

BETWEEN 1880 and 1914 the English novel changed fundamentally owing to the influence exerted by the translation of continental novels. Until this time novelists had been content to tell of people living within the accepted structure of English society. They had been occupied in observing, perhaps laughing at, the foibles of individual men and women, and in imagining their adventures in situations romantic, fantastic or everyday. Dickens and some of his contemporaries, such as Charles Kingsley and Reade, turned their attention to the more startling inequalities industrial England endured and helped to rouse public opinion against them. But even Dickens did not carry his criticism beyond superficialities; he did not venture to criticise the very stuff and fabric of society. French and Russian novelists on the contrary, wrote freely on any subject; they were not bound by the reticences and discretions which hampered English writers. Russia and France had nothing like the famous "British Constitution." Their social institutions had been shaken by too many violent upheavals to appear sacred, so these could be and frequently were questioned without profanity.

When between 1885 and 1900 the work of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Balzac, Flaubert and Zola became known in England it opened a new world, preparing the way for an English "novel of ideas." From this

time the English novel began to fight for intellectual freedom with the result that to-day, as we know, almost nothing is excluded from its province. Any attempt to assign the responsibility for this new development to particular novels must fail. The nature and extent of the change can be best realised by first reading Dickens and then comparing his novels with Thomas Hardy's and with these foreign novels: Tolstoi's *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*; Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot*; Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*.

THE SOCIAL COMEDY AMUSES A POET

MEREDITH was the novelist to succeed to the position held by Dickens and Thackeray. Meredith was essentially a philosopher. As a novelist he is the social commentator who is most at home in places where economic security gives people time to think their own thoughts. In the thoughts and feelings of well-bred people Meredith discovers social comedy. Proud, sensitive, an aristocrat by nature, though not by birth, Meredith sees life in the terms of the ascending effort which the recently discovered theory of natural selection imposed upon the progressively-minded men of his day.

Meredith believed in hard thinking, and his severely intellectual and often tortuous style betrays his taste. Wit, satire and irony are always at his back, and in *The Egoist* especially, he makes use of all three with splendid effect. But he has also great tenderness. The quality lies hidden for the most part beneath a stoic philosophy, but it shines out with lyric fervour in the early *Richard Feverel* and the later *Diana of the Crossways*. In *Evan Harrington*, his easiest novel, he laughs gently at himself and draws an amusing picture of his remarkable father. Meredith reflected in his novels all the best elements of the wealthy governing classes in the 'nineties, when England's imperial glory was at its zenith. His popularity has waned since his death, but Meredith was a poet and his fame has only begun.

DARK TALES OF DESTINY AND FATE

THOMAS HARDY, the other great novelist of the period, offers a sharp contrast. He, too, is a philosopher, but his philosophy is one of endurance rather than of hope. Nature is unutterably beautiful to Hardy: yet at the same time "red in tooth and claw." And Nature is dominant. The people of Hardy's country are embedded in the landscape. They are the peasantry of his beloved Wessex, simple men and women, with passionate hearts and kindly instincts, but their lives are victimised by inauspicious Fate and they die as the cattle die—by chance or caprice. Hardy is oppressed by Destiny. He knows the sweetness of life, the purity of early love, the lyric splendour of which Nature is capable, and all the pleasures native to traditional English life. But he also knows the ardours and endurances which humble folk must suffer. He knows that virtue is seldom rewarded, that hypocrisy wears a smiling face, and that injustice is done to innocence in the name of law. Against these he protests, calling upon our human pity.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles is a terrible story of the treatment met by a simple country girl who has ignorantly violated the social code of her time. *Jude the Obscure* is an even darker tale of a young man thirsty for learning but denied by poverty, and of a young woman, Sue, who breaks herself in resisting the demands of the rôle then considered inevitable for a woman. These two novels, both in choice of subject and in the dark, fatalistic philosophy with which the stories are worked out, clearly show the Russian influence at work. They aroused a storm of protest and controversy because they criticised the accepted ideas on marriage and the relations between men and women. This subject had hitherto been taboo in literature and Hardy was thus guilty of great daring when he described Tess, in spite of her illegitimate child, as "a pure woman." The moralists raged but Hardy won so that, by the turn of the century, problems of sex could be treated in novels almost as freely as they are to-day.

Of Hardy's other novels, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is growing in popularity and threatens to displace *Tess* and *Jude*. *The Return of the Native* stands out for its superb description of Egdon Heath. *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* are idylls of romance narrated with exquisite realism and fidelity. Hardy's greatness as a novelist is shown by the stark simplicity with which he achieves his object. His plots are straightforward, his characters unsophisticated, and his manner simple and dignified; yet with the crudest materials he can convey the sense of tragic inevitability. The action of his figures is seen silhouetted against the bright canvas of complacent Nature, or in relief against her darkness. The characters move compelled by powers too great for human perception, to destinies which only Time can decide. Man is pigmy; but Destiny is a presence felt. Could it be that Hardy's prophetic soul was dimly aware of the coming cataclysm of the Great War? Were his novels in the sum a foreshadowing of the tragedy which closed his era?

CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY: H. G. WELLS

H. G. WELLS is an author of such comprehensiveness that he is almost impossible to place. He has written a cycling story, *The Wheels of Chance*, and a complete *History of the World*. His main interests lie not in literature but in applied science, sociology and politics. He has written a great many novels, however, because the novel-form provided him with the ideal means of making the world listen to his ideas. *The War in the Air* is a successful anticipation of events; *Anne Veronica* and *The New Machiavelli* well reveal Mr. Wells' philosophy of life. His later books grow further away from literature, tending to become sociological treatises.

H. G. Wells' literary reputation will probably rest on his earlier novels, which are humorous studies of middle-class domesticity. *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, the immortal *Kipps*, and the incomparable *History of Mr. Polly* are his most enjoyable novels. In them Wells is at his most exuberant ease and his sociological sense becomes effervescent. *Tono Bungay* is a witty satire on the power of advertisement, and affords some scathing comment on modern commercialism. The social reformer is seldom

absent from his novels. He is the novelist of changing times anticipating the changes and wondering, in a rather brusque manner, why, with the scientific knowledge at its disposal, mankind is so slow to change its ways.

Arnold Bennett was a writer as prolific as Wells, and nearly as versatile. He wrote, as he frankly said, to make money, and succeeded in achieving this aim and more besides. He not only became a "best seller," but at least one of his novels, *The Old Wives' Tale*, promises to become a classic. Bennett owed much to French example, and learned from it the precepts of objective truth. An unsophisticated man of very wide sympathies, he excels in his acute power of observation. The whole social scene is his province and he observes it with such precision and fine proportion that his work has more than photographic veracity. Emotionally his work is limited. The sequel to *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways* fails for want of emotional depth. But Bennett produced one masterpiece: *The Old Wives' Tale*. Bennett was a writer of amazing industry. Besides his novels he wrote a number of successful plays, and was a tireless essayist. Throughout his life he remained a simple middle-class provincial man. When wealth came to him he wrote of wealth with naïve admiration. His later novels show some falling off, but *Riceyman Steps* is notable.

THE SWAN SONG OF THE VICTORIAN AGE

PERHAPS no novelist since Dickens has enjoyed so high a reputation, especially abroad, as John Galsworthy. Towards the end of his life he was to some extent eclipsed at home, and to-day he is possibly underrated, but in France and Germany his work is still eagerly read and appreciated. His public in England has decreased because many of the problems which interested him have gone out of date, while it is yet too soon for any universal quality his work may possess to be perceived. On the Continent his novels rank high because they give a careful, detailed and full picture of English life and a society now almost passed away. Galsworthy interprets the English spirit and explains with understanding the much misrepresented ideals of the "English Gentleman," both the natural one and the synthetic product of the public schools and the older universities. Englishmen of every type are mysteries to foreigners and consequently Galsworthy's novels have a fascination for them we cannot share.

The prose epic, *The Forsyte Saga*, is Galsworthy's greatest work, and the one by which he is best known. In this he tells the story of one family, the Forsytes, through four generations, and so is able to show in perspective the influences which have been at work on the structure of society from the end of the nineteenth century until after the Great War. When the story begins Galsworthy is in sympathy with the younger generation, but as it draws nearer our own time it passes its author, leaving him slightly hurt and bewildered by a generation he tried, but failed, to understand. For this reason he is more successful with his portraits of Old Jolyon Forsyte and his son, Soames, than he is with Soames' daughter, Fleur, and her husband. Galsworthy has been

reproached with superficiality and lack of penetration. The charge is perhaps justified in his later work, but the first books of the Saga show him a true artist.

At the end of the nineteenth century more talented men and women were writing novels than at any previous period. It is no longer possible to read a few outstanding works and feel nothing of importance has been neglected. Names crowd into the memory of authors who, each in his way, have contributed something of value to the development of the novel. Samuel Butler with *The Way of All Flesh*, George Moore with *Esther Waters*, Stevenson with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Israel Zangwill with *The Children of the Ghetto*, Sir James Barrie with *The Little Minister*, have all produced novels of the first order. Injustice is unavoidable when selection is made; nevertheless, three other novelists of this period seem to claim individual mention.

GALAXY OF STARS: GISSING, JAMES, CONRAD

THE first of these is George Gissing, who, under the influence of Zola, was one of the first to bring the new realism to the English novel. This realism which has since found its culmination in Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy* consists in revealing the drab, ugly sides of everyday life in all their hideous boredom. Writers of this school do not paint crime and immorality in lurid, wickedly attractive colours, but show them as the outcome of grey desperation. Gissing, who was a scholar and a man of sensitive culture, was early forced into circumstances of hardship and poverty, and his real tales of the squalor attendant upon poverty in our great cities were written from bitter experience. *New Grub Street* is a tale of sordid journalism. *Demos*, *Born in Exile* and *Thyrza* are all novels showing human beings struggling to wrest a tolerable existence from a mechanised society.

At the other end of the social scale was Henry James, a novelist who was essentially an artist, fascinated by the subtleties and refinements of cultured society. James was an intellectualist who inherited a taste for the abstruse, and his style is often quoted as showing the limit of intelligible super-subtlety. His novels, however, well repay the pains required to read them, and *The Tragic Muse*, *Roderick Hudson*, *The Sacred Fount* and *The Ambassadors* are characteristic. *What Maisie Knew* is an acute analysis of the adolescent mind.

Joseph Conrad has points of comparison with Henry James; but with Conrad the psychological motive is more obvious and his passion for analysis less insistent. Conrad wrote of the sea, which he loved, and is at his best when it is most troublesome to man. But although he wrote in the romantic vein, Conrad was not so much interested in events as in the psychological reactions to them of his deeply-seen people and in their psychological reactions to one another. Caught between admiration for the obvious virtues and a disinterested desire to understand human nature, his novels have a hybrid character and are not wholly successful. But *Lord Jim* is a fine study, and *The Nigger of the Narcissus* a piece of very vivid writing. *Almayer's Folly* and *Tales of Unrest* are also good reading. *Victory*, a late work, shows how he sometimes beat his emotions into a state of unreal feverishness.

HOW MODERN WRITERS ARE CHANGING THE NOVEL

THE Great War forms a barrier at which the attempt to assess the permanence of individual novels and novelists must be relinquished. When the significance of that disaster to western civilisation has itself been assessed, the world will be in a position to take stock of its literary assets and discover the modern novelists of permanent value. We shall then find out whose work was following the lines of life and whose was merely reflective of some passing phase. At present the essential perspective is lacking. Opinions regarding the comparative importance of contemporaries must be mere opinions based upon personal hopes, fears and tastes, all of which time may well belie. As in the past, novelists who now seem to us all important may appear as merely the last flames of a dying fire, while novelists whose names are now barely known will be found to have lit candles that will stand in the wind.

But, although individual assessments are impossible, tendencies may be indicated. The age is scientific and materialistic. The upward rise on the graph of scientific knowledge becomes almost vertical at the beginning of the twentieth century; and this knowledge is not only of the external world. Science begins to explore the caverns of the mind and to touch upon ground hitherto regarded as the preserve of religion and art. Modern psychology begins to unfold a new page of human history—one of vital importance to the novelist. The bald explanations of human conduct which satisfied our forbears no longer suffice for those who see in glimpses the workings of the unconscious. The novelist has to find a new perspective and take a fresh look at his subject. The necessity to do this has resulted in the modern psychological novel. James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein, and their followers, are not, as might be thought, merely placing human nature upon the dissecting table for the purpose of gratifying a morbid taste. They are endeavouring to see human beings and their relation to life more closely and more truly in the light of increased knowledge. The ultimate value of their work may be small, but it forms an essential link in the necessary assimilative process. Their intense interest in psychology is itself a sign of their sensitivity to the movement of life, and their responsiveness to one of its deep tremors.

The psychological novel and the "novel of ideas," of which Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint* is the best example, owe much to French influence, and in particular to Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way* and André Gide's *The Counterfeiters*. These two novels have been excellently translated into English and should be read by everyone who is interested in the modern novel. But neither they nor their English followers are easy to read. They repay trouble, because they make an unforgettable impression on the mind and open up long vistas of new ideas. It must nevertheless be admitted that they do not appeal to a wide public and

are in no sense popular. This is perhaps their weakness, for the very greatest art has something to say to everyone.

For this reason it may be that those critics are right who claim D. H. Lawrence as the only modern novelist of genius. Lawrence's work has excited more controversy than that of any other writer since Flaubert, partly because he has allowed his fine imagination to penetrate further than anyone else has dared into the relationships between men and women, but also because he has an unequalled power of vivid writing. Lawrence had the artist's passion for truth; he turned his face from nothing, but ventured to the core of existence. His work has faults: he exaggerates; he loses his sense of proportion; he allows his ideas to carry him away so that he forgets momentarily to be an artist and just rants; he is sometimes submerged in bitterness. But still his work has a power and beauty which can be felt by every reader.

Lawrence's most widely-read book in England is *Sons and Lovers*, in which he describes the subtle relations vibrating between Paul Morel and his mother and the women he tries hard to love. *Women in Love* reveals Lawrence's mature philosophy of life, a philosophy which found its simplest, most artistic expression in his banned novel, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. *The Man Who Died*, one of his latest works, shows a strong tendency towards mysticism. In all Lawrence's books there are passages of remarkable beauty.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELS WHICH RESPECT TRADITION

IN the hands of Joyce, Huxley, Mrs. Woolf and D. H. Lawrence the novel has changed both in subject matter, method of approach and form. These novelists analyse and interpret rather than construct and describe, and are more preoccupied with motive and personality than with action and character. Consequently they care less about the construction of their plots and sometimes try to dispense with a plot altogether. The characters carry most of the weight in their books; action is shown as meaningless, unless considered in the light of intention.

But apart from these, the pioneers among contemporary novelists, there are many writers whose work, following the older tradition, is wholly delightful and is indeed preferred by a large section of the public. May Sinclair, Compton Mackenzie, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Hugh Walpole, Margaret Kennedy, Clemence Dane, Mary Webb with Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder and Ernest Hemingway in America are only a few among the authors of modern novels likely to endure. J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions* has a wide appeal for its lively pictures of English country life and because it tells of people who, in a time of peculiar stress, can still take life lightly.

THE SECRET OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL

IN the psychological novel, character is all-important, and the plot is often neglected; but there is another very successful type of modern novel, in which everything depends on the plot. In a detective story, Sherlock Holmes, Poirot, Father Brown or Peter Whimsey may add

charm and interest, but if the plot is not faultless, if it is not thought out along strictly mathematical lines, the story fails. One reason for this may lie in the fact that the first and still the greatest writers of detective fiction—E. A. Poe and Conan Doyle—expressed themselves mostly in the short story, not in the novel. A second and more potent reason is that the detective story is concerned with the solution of a problem. The detective novel has been despised by some critics because it deals in crime and panders to a vicious taste for sensation. But the real interest in stories of horror and mystery is not in the dark deeds performed, but in the abstruse problem of finding the guilty person. If this were not so, crime stories would pile murder on murder in the manner of the Elizabethan melodramas; but, in fact, a detective novel which reeks overmuch of blood is not often successful.

A good plot is the sheet-anchor of the detective novel. Edgar Wallace owed his unprecedented success to his genius for constructing plots which puzzled the reader's ingenuity to solve but which were capable of a fair solution in the end. Writers as talented as G. K. Chesterton or Agatha Christie may widen the scope of the detective novel by attempting psychological interpretation of the criminal, by character-drawing as brilliant as that of Father Brown, or by writing in polished, gently-ironical English. But Edgar Wallace has proved conclusively that the only essential quality of this type of novel is sound construction.

WHY THE "BEST-SELLER" SELLS

WE have now seen that the modern novel can be roughly divided into categories, as the psychological novel, the "novel of ideas," the traditional novel and the novel of crime and detection. But these categories do not cover all the kinds of modern novels. There are, for instance, the war novels. Of these there is little to be said. They were wrung out of terrible experiences which found, of necessity, bitter and troubled expression. Many of them are already forgotten and few have any permanent value. Their subject is specialised, and they cannot be said to have shown the way to new developments in form.

A more disturbing problem is presented by the novels of such best-sellers as Ethel M. Dell and Elinor Glyn. Here the critics fall between two stools. They cannot whole-heartedly praise, but they dare not decry too lustily for fear of being called "highbrow." Moreover, they cannot deny that works which please so many people must have some quality to recommend them. One reason for the popularity of novels of this kind is that they are written for and enjoyed by women; men very seldom like them. They satisfy an urgent need by supplying emotional colour to women whose lives are cast in dull, narrow circumstances. A second reason for their wide appeal is that, as Gerald Gould says in his book *The English Novel of To-day*, they tell a story with considerable narrative skill.

But, in spite of their immediate success, these novels fail eventually because they gain all their effect by appealing direct to the sensations. They please at first and so, at first, are good. But the pleasure is not lasting, and the ability to give lasting pleasure is the test of a good novel.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

“ ‘**B**EGIN at the beginning,’ said the King in *Alice*, ‘go on to the end and then stop.’ ” Although we have followed this advice in discussing the novel and in arranging the following extracts, the reader who is not already acquainted with seventeenth and eighteenth century literature will be wise to do the exact opposite when selecting a course of novel-reading. The best approach to the novel, as to most forms of literature, is through the finest work of contemporary writers. Thus an interesting and illuminating course of novel-reading would begin with D. H. Lawrence’s *Sons and Lovers*, and would include Hardy’s *Mayor of Casterbridge* and *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights*, Sir Walter Scott’s *Heart of Midlothian* or *Waverley*, and then the work of the eighteenth-century novelists, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, in that order.

An alternative course for those whose main interests lie in science, politics or sociology, would start with H. G. Wells’ *Tono Bungay* or *Joan and Peter*, and go on to Arnold Bennett’s *Old Wives’ Tale*, Samuel Butler’s *Way of All Flesh*, Trollope’s *Barchester Towers*, Charles Dickens’ *Nicholas Nickleby*, Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice*, and end with Smollett’s *Roderick Random* and Fielding’s *Tom Jones*.

Readers who want to know more about the work of writers mentioned in the article on the novel and to go more fully into questions of form and technique, are recommended to read E. M. Forster’s *Aspects of the Novel* (Arnold) and J. B. Priestley’s little book entitled *The English Novel* (Benn).

The selections which follow are intended to give the reader a first introduction to the study of the novel, each being a passage recognised as especially noteworthy in the great novel from which it is taken.

FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS

HENRY FIELDING: TOM JONES IN TROUBLE

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754) was a man of unusual size and unusual physical strength. At the time of the completion of his first novel, "*Joseph Andrews*," and of his best known, "*Tom Jones*," when he was about thirty-three, and about forty, he was taking important steps in another profession in which he is now famous. He was called to the Bar in 1740, and in 1748 became a Justice of the Peace for Westminster. He had a large conception of his office, and he worked as a magistrate with unrelenting zeal. It has been said that he founded the great tradition and honourable reputation of the Bow Street Bench. He investigated and wrote on the causes of crime, and combated it with immense energy and courage. In the courts "he examined the miserable, wicked, hypocritical, the outcast, the degraded and the unfortunate with the same justness and kindness with which he regarded them as they passed through his mind in fiction and imagination."

He was deeply humane, and the extent of his practical experience has given lasting freshness and validity to the moral treatise of "*Tom Jones*." Dr. Johnson read "*Tom Jones*" through without stopping, and another contemporary, Gibbon, said of it, "that that exquisite picture of human manners will survive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." Fielding himself had a strong sense of its worth and future fame as a work of art.

The following extract tells of an adventure which befell Tom Jones early in his career. It affords an excellent example of Fielding's narrative skill and his masterly use of irony. At the same time it reveals the significant traits of Tom Jones' character, showing his recklessness, loyalty and warm-heartedness, and, above all, his humanity.

TOM JONES IN TROUBLE

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture; the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him: he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the dis-

advantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion ; a youth of so different a cast from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighbourhood resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable disposition ; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age ; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him : while Tom Jones was universally disliked ; and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the characters of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family ; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now ; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, *Noscitur a socio* ; which, I think, is thus expressed in English, " You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three instances, had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact : for the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family ; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame ; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India ; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals ; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves ; so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of Nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings *Fruges consumere nati*, " Born to consume the fruits of the earth ;" so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *Feras consumere nati*, " Born to consume the beasts of the field ;" or, as it is commonly called, the game ; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.



NH del & Sculp

. . . fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.



Little Jones went one day a shooting with the gamekeeper ; when happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of Nature, had planted one of the game consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbours, no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept ; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him ; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horse-back, at a little distance from them ; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom ; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman, having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word ; for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him ; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, " We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuse but what was really true, viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants ; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone ; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him ; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with

him ; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night ; and the more so, as he was without his usual companion ; for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil ; his chief anxiety being, lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth ; for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was, so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his punishment with great resolution ; and though his master asked him, between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flead rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings : for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken ; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable ; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you ; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends ; again repeating his sorrow for what had past.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fulness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret ; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

SIR WALTER SCOTT : *WAVERLEY*

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), for so long the anonymous writer of the *Waverley Novels*, has become a romantic figure. He was lame and spent much time on holiday in the Border Country finding out and delighting in its ballads and legends. He was the son of a lawyer and prepared himself for the Bar in the city of Edinburgh, which stirs the historic sense in most of her children. He had romanced from his earliest years and became an appreciated historical poet and novelist. A new notion of individual experience and of the history of peoples was spreading into general acceptance at this time : it was realised that both men and nations have an organic growth and that no one incident in experience can be isolated finally from others.

Scott saw the present in the enriching light which a knowledge of the past sheds upon it and interpreted the past by the present. He delighted his contemporaries with his pictures, and many since in all generations and in all English speaking countries. Added to this, the tone of his prose is the tone, very unusual in literature, of good sense and cheerful spirits. He was at his best in the drawing of simple Scottish folk who use the Scottish tongue, as in "*The Heart of Midlothian*," which is undoubtedly the finest of his novels, and in the drawing of Scottish scenery as in "*Waverley*," the most widely heard of. He opened up the Highlands even more than did the roads and bridges, and brought their "*glamour*" into English life as the word itself into the language.

The following passage is from the beginning of "*Waverley*." The Baron of Bradwardine, a Lowland chief, has been robbed of his milch cows because he had refused to pay "*blackmail*" to the Highland Chief, Vich Ian Vohr (that is, the son of John the Great). After the theft, Evan Dhu Maccombich was sent by Vich Ian Vohr to treat with the Baron. Peace was made, the arrears of "*blackmail*" paid and Edward Waverley, the Baron's guest and the hero of the tale, sets out with Evan Dhu, a gamekeeper and "*two wild Highlanders*," to visit the robber and later, to meet Vich Ian Vohr.

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER

THE party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the mainland Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water ; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance ; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point or platform of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner ; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence* (or pantry), there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed, the wilderness in which he dwelt, the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair, and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white ; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. The robber received

Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean three cogues, or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *eanaruich*, a sort of strong soup, made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practice it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted ; but Edward having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine : " Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow."

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or Duncan with the Cap, " a gifted seer," who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

" Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* ? " (a second-sighted person) asked Evan.

" Nothing equal to his father," replied Donald Bean. " He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral ; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat bailie of Perth."

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country ; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning, not handsome, but stout, warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a

general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye-witness of it ; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, " You might as well have confided in me ; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr. But you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place, without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and, when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without further ceremony to the larder, where, cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcasses which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed ; nor did he reopen them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uamh an Ri, or the King's Cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

JANE AUSTEN: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817) is the greatest of English women novelists. She is a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Fielding on a minute scale. Her world was small but not lopsided; it was sane and complete. Her personal life was obscure, and her opportunities of observation were those of a clergyman's daughter living pleasantly in the country and fondly interested in her brothers and sister and their children. She was a maiden-observer with sufficient heart and a sharp eye, a charming way and an amusing tongue. She had the unfailing sense of conduct, and of the values lying behind it, of a supremely intelligent Christian gentlewoman. She did not think of changing the world in any particular. She turned on it a fine light of comedy which settled on the foolish and played on her most loved heroines, on Emma Woodhouse and on Elizabeth Bennet, picking out deviations from the truthful, the sincere, the kind and the sensible. Her moral and social world was stable.

Within the portion of upper-middle-class country life which she circumscribed, no portent like the French Revolution roused or afflicted any of her characters as it did so many of her contemporaries, nor are we shown within the circle any one impelled by enthusiasm, surprised by great happiness, or struck by grief. Her stress is on character and, that being so, a slight situation serves as well as a strong to show its quality; nor are her persons diminished by the trivial round which is only different from, and not less significant than that of many in other generations otherwise placed.

Jane Austen is of all great novelists the most readable for the greatest number of readers. The following extract, which is from "Pride and Prejudice" the most general favourite among her novels, shows her gift of character drawing and will give the reader a taste of her delicious style.

ARRIVAL OF A SELF-INVITED GUEST

"I HOPE, my dear," said Mr. Bennet to his wife, as they were at breakfast the next morning, "that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party."

"Whom do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in; and I hope my dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home."

"The person of whom I speak is a gentleman and a stranger."

Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled. "A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr. Bingley, I am sure. Why, Jane, you never dropped a word of this, you sly thing! Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley. But—good Lord! how unlucky there is not a bit of fish to be got to-day. Lydia, my love, ring the bell. I must speak to Hill this moment."

"It is not Mr. Bingley," said her husband; "it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life."

This roused a general astonishment, and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained : " About a month ago I received this letter, and about a fortnight ago I answered it ; for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases."

" Oh, my dear," cried his wife, " I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world that your estate should be entailed away from your own children ; and I am sure, if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it."

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before ; but it was a subject on which Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason, and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

" It certainly is a most iniquitous affair," said Mr. Bennet ; " and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may, perhaps, be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself."

" No, that I am sure I shall not ; and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him ? "

" Why, indeed, he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head, as you will hear.

" HUNSFORD, near WESTERHAM, KENT, 15th October.

" DEAR SIR,—The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness, and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach ; but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance."—" There, Mrs. Bennet."—" My mind, however, is now made up on the subject ; for having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the right honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence ; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters. and beg leave to apologise for it, as

well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends ; but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'nnight following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day.—I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend.—WILLIAM COLLINS."

"At four o'clock, therefore, we may expect this peacemaking gentleman," said Mr. Bennet as he folded up the letter. "He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man, upon my word, and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance, especially if Lady Catherine should be so indulgent as to let him come to us again."

"There is some sense in what he says about the girls, however ; and if he is disposed to make them any amends, I shall not be the person to discourage him."

"Though it is difficult," said Jane, "to guess in what way he can mean to make us the atonement he thinks our due, the wish is certainly to his credit."

Elizabeth was chiefly struck with his extraordinary deference for Lady Catherine, and his kind intention of christening, marrying, and burying his parishioners whenever it were required.

"He must be an oddity, I think," said she. "I cannot make him out. There is something very pompous in his style. And what can he mean by apologising for being next in the entail ? We cannot suppose he would help it if he could. Can he be a sensible man, sir ?"

"No, my dear, I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him."

"In point of composition," said Mary, "his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed."

To Catherine and Lydia, neither the letter nor its writer was in any degree interesting. It was next to impossible that their cousin should come in a scarlet coat, and it was now some weeks since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour. As for their mother, Mr. Collins' letter had done away much of her ill-will, and she was preparing to see him with a degree of composure which astonished her husband and daughters.

Mr. Collins was punctual to his time, and was received with great politeness by the whole family. Mr. Bennet indeed said little ; but the ladies were ready enough to talk, and Mr. Collins seemed neither in need of encouragement, nor inclined to be silent himself. He was a tall, heavy-looking young man of five-and-twenty. His air was grave and stately, and his manners were very formal. He had not been long seated before he complimented Mrs. Bennet on having so fine a family of daughters, said he had heard much of their beauty, but that in this

instance fame had fallen short of the truth ; and added that he did not doubt her seeing them all in due time well disposed of in marriage. This gallantry was not much to the taste of some of his hearers ; but Mrs. Bennet, who quarrelled with no compliments, answered most readily :

"You are very kind, sir, I am sure ; and I wish with all my heart it may prove so, for else they will be destitute enough. Things are settled so oddly."

"You allude, perhaps, to the entail of this estate."

"Ah, sir, I do indeed. It is a grievous affair to my poor girls, you must confess. Not that I mean to find fault with *you*, for such things, I know, are all of chance in this world. There is no knowing how estates will go when once they come to be entailed."

"I am very sensible, madam, of the hardship to my fair cousins, and could say much on the subject, but that I am cautious of appearing forward and precipitate. But I can assure the young ladies that I come prepared to admire them. At present I will not say more ; but, perhaps, when we are better acquainted——"

He was interrupted by a summons to dinner ; and the girls smiled on each other. They were not the only objects of Mr. Collins's admiration. The hall, the dining-room, and all its furniture, were examined and praised ; and his commendation of everything would have touched Mrs. Bennet's heart, but for the mortifying supposition of his viewing it all as his own future property. The dinner, too, in its turn, was highly admired ; and he begged to know to which of his fair cousins the excellence of its cookery was owing. But here he was set right by Mrs. Bennet, who assured him, with some asperity, that they were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen. He begged pardon for having displeased her. In a softened tone she declared herself not at all offended ; but he continued to apologise for about a quarter of an hour.

THE CURATE AT DINNER

DURING dinner Mr. Bennet scarcely spoke at all ; but when the servants were withdrawn, he thought it time to have some conversation with his guest, and therefore started a subject in which he expected him to shine, by observing that he seemed very fortunate in his patroness. Lady Catherine de Bourgh's attention to his wishes and consideration for his comfort appeared very remarkable. Mr. Bennet could not have chosen better. Mr. Collins was eloquent in her praise. The subject elevated him to more than usual solemnity of manner, and with a most important aspect he protested that "he had never in his life witnessed such behaviour in a person of rank—such affability and condescension—as he had himself experienced from Lady Catherine. She had been graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses which he had already had the honour of preaching before her. She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings, and had sent for him only the Saturday before, to make up her pool of quadrille in the evening. Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many people, he knew, but *he* had never seen any-

thing but affability in her. She had always spoken to him as she would to any other gentleman ; she made not the smallest objection to his joining in the society of the neighbourhood, nor to his leaving his parish occasionally for a week or two to visit his relations. She had even condescended to advise him to marry as soon as he could, provided he chose with discretion ; and had once paid him a visit in his humble parsonage, where she had perfectly approved all the alterations he had been making, and had even vouchsafed to suggest some herself—some shelves in the closets upstairs.”

“That is all very proper and civil, I am sure,” said Mrs. Bennet, “and I dare say she is a very agreeable woman. It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her. Does she live near you, sir ?”

“The garden in which stands my humble abode is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park, her ladyship’s residence.”

“I think you said she was a widow, sir ? Has she any family ?”

“She has one only daughter, the heiress of Rosings, and of very extensive property.”

“Ah,” cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, “then she is better off than many girls. And what sort of young lady is she ? Is she handsome ?”

“She is a most charming young lady indeed. Lady Catherine herself says that, in point of true beauty, Miss De Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex ; because there is that in her features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth. She is, unfortunately, of a sickly constitution, which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments which she could not otherwise have failed of, as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But she is perfectly amiable, and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies.”

“Has she been presented ? I do not remember her name among the ladies at court.”

“Her indifferent state of health, unhappily, prevents her being in town, and by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British Court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea ; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay.”

“You judge very properly,” said Mr. Bennet ; “and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study ?”

“They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time ; and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little

elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped; and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and, except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure.

By tea-time, however, the dose had been enough, and Mr. Bennet was glad to take his guest into the drawing-room again, and when tea was over, glad to invite him to read aloud to the ladies. Mr. Collins readily assented, and a book was produced; but on beholding it (for everything announced it to be from a circulating library) he started back, and begging pardon, protested that he never read novels. Kitty stared at him, and Lydia exclaimed. Other books were produced, and after some deliberation he chose Fordyce's *Sermons*. Lydia gaped as he opened the volume, and before he had, with very monotonous solemnity, read three pages, she interrupted him with:

"Do you know, mamma, that my Uncle Philips talks of turning away Richard? And if he does, Colonel Forster will hire him. My aunt told me so herself on Saturday. I shall walk to Meryton to-morrow to hear more about it, and to ask when Mr. Denny comes back from town."

Lydia was bid by her two eldest sisters to hold her tongue; but Mr. Collins, much offended, laid aside his book and said:

"I have often observed how little young ladies are interested by books of a serious stamp, though written solely for their benefit. It amazes me, I confess; for certainly there can be nothing so advantageous to them as instruction. But I will no longer importune my young cousin"

Then turning to Mr. Bennet, he offered himself as his antagonist at backgammon. Mr. Bennet accepted the challenge, observing that he acted very wisely in leaving the girls to their own trifling amusements. Mrs. Bennet and her daughters apologised most civilly for Lydia's interruption, and promised that it should not occur again, if he would resume his book; but Mr. Collins, after assuring them that he bore his young cousin no ill-will, and should never resent her behaviour as any affront, seated himself at another table with Mr. Bennet, and prepared for backgammon.

CHOOSING A WIFE

MR. COLLINS was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of nature had been but little assisted by education or society—the greatest part of his life having been spent under the guidance of an illiterate and miserly father; and though he belonged to one of the universities, he had merely kept the necessary terms without forming at it any useful acquaintance. The subjection in which his father had brought him up had given him originally great humility of manner; but it was now a good deal counteracted by the self-conceit of a weak head, living in retirement, and the consequential feelings of early and unexpected prosperity. A fortunate chance had recommended him to Lady Catherine de Bourgh when the living of Hunsford was vacant; and the respect which he felt for her high rank, and his veneration for her as his patroness,

mingling with a very good opinion of himself, of his authority as a clergyman, and his right as a rector, made him altogether a mixture of pride and obsequiousness, self-importance and humility.

Having now a good house and a very sufficient income, he intended to marry ; and in seeking a reconciliation with the Longbourn family he had a wife in view, as he meant to choose one of the daughters, if he found them as handsome and amiable as they were represented by common report. This was his plan of amends—of atonement—for inheriting their father's estate ; and he thought it an excellent one, full of eligibility and suitableness, and excessively generous and disinterested on his own part.

His plan did not vary on seeing them. Miss Bennet's lovely face confirmed his views, and established all his strictest notions of what was due to seniority ; and for the first evening *she* was his settled choice. The next morning, however, made an alteration ; for in a quarter of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Bennet before breakfast, a conversation beginning with his parsonage-house, and leading naturally to the avowal of his hopes that a mistress for it might be found at Longbourn, produced from her, amid very complaisant smiles and general encouragement, a caution against the very Jane he had fixed on. "As to her *younger* daughters, she could not take upon her to say—she could not positively answer—but she did not *know* of any prepossession ; her *eldest* daughter, she must just mention—she felt it incumbent on her to hint—was likely to be very soon engaged."

Mr. Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth, and it was soon done—done while Mrs. Bennet was stirring the fire. Elizabeth, equally next to Jane in birth and beauty, succeeded her of course.

Mrs. Bennet treasured up the hint, and trusted that she might soon have two daughters married ; and the man whom she could not bear to speak of the day before was now high in her good graces.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words :

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning ?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered :

"Oh, dear ! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy ; I am sure she can have no objection.—Come, Kitty ; I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out :

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no ; nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction ; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began :

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying, and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued :

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool—that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for *my* sake and for your *own* ; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of

matrimony ; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where, I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place, which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with, and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent, and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour ; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *say* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely ; "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Long-

bourne estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her :

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me ; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these :—It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour ; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is, unhappily, so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer ? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming !" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry ; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love ; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the

vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her towards the staircase, than she entered the breakfast-room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet: she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will *make* her know it."

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not contribute much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these; in everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library:

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*."

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has

made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well. And this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favours to request—first, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again—coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavoured to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness and sometimes with playful gaiety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion, Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried in a half whisper, "I am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news; and no sooner had they entered the breakfast-room, where Mrs. Bennet was alone, than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone; "for nobody is on my side—nobody takes part with me. I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy: if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of

marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all ; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. I shall not be able to keep you, and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer ! But it is always so. Those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls :

"Now, I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues, and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could ; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation : "Oh, Mr. Collins."

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be for ever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to reseat the behaviour of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all—the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been in early preferment, and I trust I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honoured me with her hand ; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favour, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismissal from your daughter's lips instead of your own ; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family ; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologise."

The discussion of Mr. Collins's offer was now nearly at an end, and Elizabeth had only to suffer from the uncomfortable feelings necessarily attending it, and occasionally from some peevish allusion of her mother. As for the gentleman himself, *his* feelings were chiefly expressed, not by embarrassment or dejection, or by trying to avoid her, but by stiffness of manner and resentful silence. He scarcely ever spoke to her ; and the assiduous attentions which he had been so sensible of himself were

transferred for the rest of the day to Miss Lucas, whose civility in listening to him was a seasonable relief to them all, and especially to her friend.

The morrow produced no abatement of Mrs. Bennet's ill-humour or ill-health. Mr. Collins was also in the same state of angry pride. Elizabeth had hoped that his resentment might shorten his visit, but his plan did not appear in the least affected by it. He was always to have gone on Saturday, and to Saturday he still meant to stay. . . .

MR. COLLINS FINDS CONSOLATION

THE BENNETS were engaged to dine with the Lucases ; and again, during the chief of the day, was Miss Lucas so kind as to listen to Mr. Collins. Elizabeth took an opportunity of thanking her. "It keeps him in good humour," said she, "and I am more obliged to you than I can express." Charlotte assured her friend of her satisfaction in being useful, and that it amply repaid her for the little sacrifice of her time. This was very amiable ; but Charlotte's kindness extended further than Elizabeth had any conception of : its object was nothing less than to secure her from any return of Mr. Collins's addresses, by engaging them towards herself. Such was Miss Lucas's scheme ; and appearances were so favourable that, when they parted at night, she would have felt almost sure of success if he had not been to leave Hertfordshire so very soon. But here she did injustice to the fire and independence of his character ; for it led him to escape out of Longbourn House the next morning with admirable slyness, and hasten to Lucas Lodge to throw himself at her feet. He was anxious to avoid the notice of his cousins, from a conviction that, if they saw him depart, they could not fail to conjecture his design, and he was not willing to have the attempt known till its success could be known likewise ; for though feeling almost secure—and with reason, for Charlotte had been tolerably encouraging—he was comparatively diffident since the adventure of Wednesday. His reception, however, was of the most flattering kind. Miss Lucas perceived him from an upper window as he walked towards the house, and instantly set out to meet him accidentally in the lane. But little had she dared to hope that so much love and eloquence awaited her there.

In as short a time as Mr. Collins' long speeches would allow, everything was settled between them to the satisfaction of both ; and as they entered the house, he earnestly entreated her to name the day that was to make him the happiest of men ; and though such a solicitation must be waived for the present, the lady felt no inclination to trifle with his happiness. The stupidity with which he was favoured by nature must guard his courtship from any charm that could make a woman wish for its continuance ; and Miss Lucas, who accepted him solely from the pure and disinterested desire of an establishment, cared not how soon that establishment were gained.

CHARLES DICKENS : DAVID COPPERFIELD

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) is the author of a book which is still a best seller, "*David Copperfield*." "*The Pickwick Papers*" is its closest rival, and no author of the time has more numerous or more devoted English readers than Dickens. He delights with his essential geniality and the great variety of strange and eccentric characters into which he put life. The story of his childhood relates itself significantly to his work and particularly to the largely autobiographical novel, "*David Copperfield*." His father was a small naval functionary in Portsmouth. While Dickens was a child, his father was imprisoned in London for debt and the boy was employed in a small blacking warehouse. Afterwards he was able to go to a secondary school. He became a solicitor's clerk and then a journalist. He never forgot the humiliation of poverty, and became, through the humane influence of his work, the initiator of reforms within the accepted social structure. He did not criticise that structure itself, like Wells.

For the first time in the history of the novel in English we come to an author who knew and wrote of the lower middle classes as one of themselves, intuitively and with instinctive fraternity. The people he wrote of best are those whom he knew in his youth. He loved people with some strongly marked characteristic, such as are often found among the poor. The characters in his novels have mostly much in common with the author, geniality, expansiveness, immediate compassion and humour. One such character, based on some filial memories, an eccentric with a reassuring belief in something always turning up in life and with a vitality that communicates itself, is Mr. Micawber, who is described in the following extract from "*David Copperfield*."

David first met Mr. Micawber when, at the age of ten, he was sent by his stepfather as a bottle-washer to the wine and spirits firm of Murdstone and Grimsby. His life in the factory was intolerable so he ran away to Dover to his aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood. She routed Mr. Murdstone, adopted David and sent him to school in Canterbury, at Dr. Strong's establishment. David lodged in term time with Miss Trotwood's lawyer, Mr. Wickfield, in whose office Uriah Heep was a clerk. It is while David is visiting Uriah Heep and his mother for tea, that the following incident occurs.

"SOMEBODY TURNS UP"

It was Mr. Micawber ! It was Mr. Micawber, with his eyeglass, and his walking-stick, and his shirt-collar, and his genteel air, and the condescending roll in his voice, all complete !

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, putting out his hand, "this is indeed a meeting which is calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the instability and uncertainty of all human—in short, it is a most extraordinary meeting. Walking along the street, reflecting upon the probability of something turning up (of which I am at present rather sanguine), I find a young, but valued friend turn up, who is connected with the most eventful period of my life ; I may say, with the turning-point of my existence. Copperfield, my dear fellow, how do you do ?"

I cannot say—I really cannot say—that I was glad to see Mr. Micawber there ; but I was glad to see him too, and shook hands with him heartily, inquiring how Mrs. Micawber was.

"Thank you," said Mr. Micawber, waving his hand as of old, and settling his chin in his shirt-collar. "She is tolerably convalescent. The twins no longer derive their sustenance from Nature's founts—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in one of his bursts of confidence, "they are weaned, and Mrs. Micawber is, at present, my travelling companion. She will be rejoiced, Copperfield, to renew her acquaintance with one who has proved himself in all respects a worthy minister at the sacred altar of friendship."

I said I should be delighted to see her.

"You are very good," said Mr. Micawber.

Mr. Micawber then smiled, settled his chin again, and looked about him.

"I have discovered my friend Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber genteelly, and without addressing himself particularly to any one, "not in solitude, but partaking of a social meal in company with a widow lady, and one who is apparently her offspring—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another of his bursts of confidence, "her son. I shall esteem it an honour to be presented."

I could do no less, under these circumstances, than make Mr. Micawber known to Uriah Heep and his mother; which I accordingly did. As they abased themselves before him, Mr. Micawber took a seat, and waved his hand in his most courtly manner.

"Any friend of my friend Copperfield's," said Mr. Micawber, "has a personal claim, upon myself."

"We are too 'umble, sir," said Mrs. Heep, "my son and me, to be the friends of Master Copperfield. He has been so good as take his tea with us, and we are thankful to him for his company; also to you, sir, for your notice."

"Ma'am," returned Mr. Micawber, with a bow "you are very obliging; and what are you doing, Copperfield? Still in the wine trade?"

I was excessively anxious to get Mr. Micawber away; and replied, with my hat in my hand, and a very red face I have no doubt, that I was a pupil at Dr. Strong's.

"A pupil?" said Mr. Micawber, raising his eyebrows. "I am extremely happy to hear it. Although a mind like my friend Copperfield's"—to Uriah and Mrs. Heep—"does not require that cultivation which, without his knowledge of men and things, it would require, still it is a rich soil, teeming with latent vegetation—in short," said Mr. Micawber, smiling, in another burst of confidence, "it is an intellect capable of getting up the classics to any extent."

Uriah, with his long hands slowly twining over one another, made a ghastly writhe from the waist upwards, to express his concurrence in this estimation of me.

"Shall we go and see Mrs. Micawber, sir?" I said, to get Mr. Micawber away.

"If you will do her that favour, Copperfield," replied Mr. Micawber, rising. "I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of our friends here, that I am a man who has, for some years, contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties." I knew he was certain to say something of

this kind ; he always would be so boastful about his difficulties. " Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of facers to them ; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. Micawber in the words of Cato, ' Plato, thou reasonest well. It's all up now. I can show fight no more.' But at no time of my life," said Mr. Micawber, " have I enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than in pouring my griefs (if I may describe difficulties, chiefly arising out of warrants of attorney and promissory notes at two and four months, by that word) into the bosom of my friend Copperfield."

Mr. Micawber closed this handsome tribute by saying " Mr. Heep ! Good-evening. Mrs. Heep ! Your servant," and then walking out with me in his most fashionable manner, making a good deal of noise on the pavement with his shoes, and humming a tune as we went.

It was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up, and he occupied a little room in it, partitioned off from the commercial room, and strongly flavoured with tobacco smoke. I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm, greasy smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I know it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses. Here, recumbent on a small sofa, underneath a picture of a race-horse, with her head close to the fire, and her feet pushing the mustard off the dumb-waiter at the other end of the room, was Mrs. Micawber, to whom Mr. Micawber entered first saying, " My dear, allow me to introduce to you a pupil of Dr. Strong's."

I noticed by the bye, that although Mr. Micawber was just as much confused as ever about my age and standing, he always remembered, as a genteel thing, that I was a pupil of Dr. Strong's.

Mrs. Micawber was amazed, but very glad to see me. I was very glad to see her too, and after an affectionate greeting on both sides, sat down on the small sofa near her.

" My dear," said Mr. Micawber, " if you will mention to Copperfield what our present position is, which I have no doubt he will like to know, I will go and look at the paper the while, and see whether anything turns up among the advertisements."

" I thought you were at Plymouth, ma'am," I said to Mrs. Micawber, as he went out.

" My dear Master Copperfield," she replied, " we went to Plymouth."

" To be on the spot," I hinted.

" Just so," said Mrs. Micawber. " To be on the spot. But, the truth is, talent is not wanted in the Custom House. The local influence of my family was quite unavailing to obtain any employment in that department, for a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. They would rather *not* have a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities. He would only show the deficiency of the others. Apart from which," said Mrs. Micawber, " I will not disguise from you, my dear Master Copperfield, that when that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became aware that Mr. Micawber was accompanied by myself, and by little Wilkins and his sister, and by the twins, they did not receive him with that

ardour which he might have expected, being so newly released from captivity. In fact," said Mrs. Micawber, lowering her voice, "this is between ourselves—our reception was cool."

"Dear me!" I said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Micawber. "It is truly painful to contemplate mankind in such an aspect, Master Copperfield, but our reception was, decidedly, cool. There is no doubt about it. In fact, that branch of my family which is settled in Plymouth became quite personal to Mr. Micawber, before we had been there a week."

I said, and thought, that they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

"Still, so it was," continued Mrs. Micawber. "Under such circumstances, what could a man of Mr. Micawber's spirit do? But one obvious course was left. To borrow, of that branch of my family, the money to return to London, and to return at any sacrifice."

"Then you all came back again, ma'am?" I said.

"We all came back again," replied Mrs. Micawber. "Since then, I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take—for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, argumentatively. "It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air."

"Certainly, ma'am," said I.

"The opinion of those other branches of my family," pursued Mrs. Micawber, "is, that Mr. Micawber should immediately turn his attention to coals."

"To what, ma'am?"

"To coals," said Mrs. Micawber. "To the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway coal trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step to be taken clearly was, to come and see the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say 'we,' Master Copperfield; for I never will," said Mrs. Micawber with emotion, "I never will desert Mr. Micawber."

I murmured my admiration and approbation.

"We have been here," said Mrs. Micawber, "three days. Nothing has, as yet, turned up; and it may not surprise you, my dear Master Copperfield, so much as it would a stranger, to know that we are at present waiting for a remittance from London, to discharge our pecuniary obligations at this hotel. Until the arrival of that remittance," said Mrs. Micawber, with much feeling, "I am cut off from my home (I allude to lodging in Pentonville), from my boy and girl, and from my twins."

I felt the utmost sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Micawber in this anxious extremity, and said as much to Mr. Micawber, who now returned: adding that I only wished I had money enough to lend them the amount they needed. Mr. Micawber's answer expressed the disturbance of his mind. He said, shaking hands with me, "Copperfield, you are a true friend; but when the worst comes to the worst, no man is without a friend who is possessed of shaving materials." At this dreadful hint Mrs. Micawber threw her arms round Mr. Micawber's neck and en-

treated him to be calm. He wept ; but so far recovered, almost immediately, as to ring the bell for the waiter, and bespeak a hot kidney pudding and a plate of shrimps for breakfast in the morning.

When I took my leave of them, they both pressed me so much to come and dine before they went away, that I could not refuse. But, as I knew I could not come next day, when I should have a good deal to prepare in the evening, Mr. Micawber arranged that he would call at Dr. Strong's in the course of the morning (having a presentiment that the remittance would arrive by that post), and propose the day after, if it would suit me better. Accordingly I was called out of school next forenoon, and found Mr. Micawber in the parlour ; who had called to say that the dinner would take place as proposed. When I asked him if the remittance had come, he pressed my hand and departed.

As I was looking out of window that same evening, it surprised me, and made me rather uneasy, to see Mr. Micawber and Uriah Heep walk past, arm in arm : Uriah humbly sensible of the honour that was done him, and Mr. Micawber taking a bland delight in extending his patronage to Uriah. But I was still more surprised, when I went to the little hotel next day at the appointed dinner hour, which was four o'clock, to find, from what Mr. Micawber said, that he had gone home with Uriah, and had drunk brandy-and-water at Mrs. Heep's.

"And I'll tell you what, my dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "your friend Heep is a young fellow who might be attorney-general. If I had known that young man, at the period when my difficulties came to a crisis, all I can say is, that I believe my creditors would have been a great deal better managed than they were."

I hardly understood how this could have been, seeing that Mr. Micawber had paid them nothing at all as it was ; but I did not like to ask. Neither did I like to say, that I hoped he had not been too communicative to Uriah ; or to inquire if they had talked much about me. I was afraid of hurting Mr. Micawber's feelings, or, at all events, Mrs. Micawber's, she being very sensitive ; but I was uncomfortable about it, too, and often thought about it afterwards.

We had a beautiful little dinner. Quite an elegant dish of fish ; the kidney-end of a loin of veal, roasted ; fried sausage-meat ; a partridge, and a pudding. There was wine, and there was strong ale ; and after dinner Mrs. Micawber made us a bowl of hot punch with her own hands.

Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about the town, and proposed success to it ; observing, that Mrs. Micawber and himself had been made extremely snug and comfortable there, and that he never should forget the agreeable hours they had passed in Canterbury. He proposed me afterwards ; and he, and Mrs. Micawber, and I, took a review of our past acquaintance, in the course of which we sold the property all over again. Then I proposed Mrs. Micawber ; or, at least, said, modestly, "If you'll allow me, Mrs. Micawber, I shall now have the pleasure of drinking *your* health, ma'am." On which Mr. Micawber delivered an eulogium on Mrs. Micawber's character, and said she had ever been his guide, philosopher, and friend, and that

he would recommend me, when I came to a marrying time of life, to marry such another woman, if such another woman could be found.

As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial. Mrs. Micawber's spirits becoming elevated, too, we sang "Auld Lang Syne." When we came to "Here's a hand, my trusty frere," we all joined hands round the table; and when we declared we would "take a right gude Willie Waught," and hadn't the least idea what it meant, we were really affected.

In a word, I never saw anybody so thoroughly jovial as Mr. Micawber was, down to the very last moment of the evening, when I took a hearty farewell of himself and his amiable wife. Consequently, I was not prepared, at seven o'clock next morning, to receive the following communication, dated half-past nine in the evening; a quarter of an hour after I had left him.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"The die is cast—all is over. Hiding the ravages of care with a sickly mask of mirth, I have not informed you, this evening, that there is no hope of the remittance! Under these circumstances, alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to contemplate, and humiliating to relate, I have discharged the pecuniary liability contracted at this establishment, by giving a note of hand, made payable fourteen days after date, at my residence, Pentonville, London. When it becomes due, it will not be taken up. The result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall.

"Let the wretched man who now addresses you, my dear Copperfield, be a beacon to you through life. He writes with that intention, and in that hope. If he could think himself of so much use, one gleam of day might, by possibility, penetrate into the cheerless dungeon of his remaining existence—though his longevity is, at present (to say the least of it), extremely problematical.

"This is the last communication, my dear Copperfield, you will ever receive

"From

"The Beggared Outcast,

"WILKINS MICAWBER."

I was so shocked by the contents of this heart-rending letter, that I ran off directly towards the little hotel with the intention of taking it on my way to Dr. Strong's, and trying to soothe Mr. Micawber with a word of comfort. But, half-way there, I met the London coach with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber up behind; Mr. Micawber, the very picture of tranquil enjoyment, smiling at Mrs. Micawber's conversation, eating walnuts out of a paper bag, with a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket. As they did not see me, I thought it best, all things considered, not to see them. So, with a great weight taken off my mind, I turned into a bye-street that was the nearest way to school, and felt, upon the whole, relieved that they were gone; though I still liked them very much nevertheless.

EMILY BRONTË : WUTHERING HEIGHTS

EMILY BRONTË (1818-1848) wrote some impressive poems and a novel of strange genius. "Wuthering Heights" is a story of love that swept about the lives of two families in two generations, like the wind about the moor, violent, thwarting, gentle, strong, moving tempestuously, leaving lovely spaces of spring and summer weather. Emily Brontë was a mystic and was conscious of permanent forces behind the passing apparitions of human life and of nature.

A child of strange, swarthy appearance and violent and reserved temper was picked up in charity by Mr. Earnshaw of Wuthering Heights. He was called Heathcliff and had no other name. There were jealousies between him and Mr. Earnshaw's son, Hindley, who was older; but Catherine, the daughter, and he were at one. On the death of Earnshaw, Hindley kept Heathcliff, a rough, illiterate servant. Catherine, who had been living, through an accident, with the Lintons at Thrushcroft Grange, the only other house in the universe of this book, had learnt fine ways and engaged herself to Edgar Linton. He was a man of great sweetness of nature, knowing Catherine's violence and faults but cherishing her. She recounted a dream to Nelly Dean, the housekeeper, who had seen grow up the children of the children she had nursed, and by whose lips the whole story is told most beautifully :

"I dreamt that I was in heaven and it did not seem to be my home and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing for joy. . . . If the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low . . . I should have married him but he shall never know how I love him . . . he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning or frost from fire."

Heathcliff went off and after some years returned. He ruined Hindley by encouraging him to drink and gamble, and so became possessed of Wuthering Heights. He treated Hindley's child Hareton as Hindley had treated him. He carried off in pure evil Linton's sister whom he discovered to be romantically attracted by him. And Catherine still loved him and he her. In her own words, "If all else perished and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained and he were annihilated the universe would turn to a mighty stranger; I should not seem part of it." Violence between Edgar and Heathcliff and anger on Catherine's part, brought her child to premature birth and killed her. Let Nelly Dean speak: "I am seldom otherwise than happy while watching in the chamber of death. . . . I see a repose that neither earth nor hell can break and I feel an assurance of the endless and shadowless hereafter—the eternity they have entered—where life is boundless in its duration, and love in its sympathy and joy in its fullness."

Catherine Linton, the child of Catherine Earnshaw, became a girl and acquainted with her cousins, Linton Heathcliff, who died, and Hareton Earnshaw. Edgar died. The evil purposes of Heathcliff to ruin everyone continue to dominate the story. He was haunted by Catherine and at last, through the presence of Hare-

ton, who seemed to him the personification of his own youth, through his eyes which were Catherine's and his aspect, "the ghost of his immortal love," he became suddenly indifferent to his plans of hate and looked forward to his death with intensity of joy. Before Hareton Earnshaw and Catherine Linton calm, hope and love opened out.

The graves of the three lovers are together : "I lingered round them, under that benign sky ; watched the moths flutter through the grass, and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

The following extract is taken from the beginning of the book, though the incidents described happened almost at the end of the story. It is related by the man to whom Nelly Dean afterwards told the whole tale and who had rented Thrushcroft Grange from Heathcliff, its owner after Edgar's death. The Catherine in this passage is the daughter of Catherine Earnshaw and the widow of Heathcliff's son, Edgar's nephew.

HEATHCLIFF IN SURLY MOOD

YESTERDAY afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, instead of wading through heath and mud to Wuthering Heights.

On coming up from dinner, however (*N.B.*—I dine between twelve and one o'clock ; the housekeeper, a matronly lady, taken as a fixture along with the house, could not, or would not, comprehend my request that I might be served at five), on mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I saw a servant-girl on her knees surrounded by brushes and coal-scuttles, and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames with heaps of cinders. This spectacle drove me back immediately ; I took my hat, and after a four miles' walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the first feathery flakes of a snow-shower.

On that bleak hill-top the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled and the dogs howled.

"Wretched inmates !" I ejaculated mentally, "you deserve perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the day-time. I don't care—I will get in !" So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"What are ye for ?" he shouted. "T' maister's down i' t' fowld. Go round by th' end o' laith, if yah went to spake to him."

"Is there nobody inside to open the door ?" I hallooed responsively.

"There's nobbut t' missis ; and shoo'll not oppen't an' ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght."

"Why ? Cannot you tell her who I am, eh, Joseph ?"

"Nor-ne me ! I'll hae no hend wi't," muttered the head, vanishing.

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another

trial ; when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in a yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coal-shed, pump, and pigeon-cot, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment where I was formerly received. It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood ; and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the "missis," an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

"Rough weather !" I remarked. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Heathcliff, the door must bear the consequence of your servants' leisure attendance ; I had hard work to make them hear me !"

She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also. At any rate, she kept her eyes on me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

"Sit down," said the young man gruffly. "He'll be in soon."

I obeyed ; and hemmed, and called the villain Juno, who deigned, at the second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail in token of owning my acquaintance.

"A beautiful animal !" I commenced again. "Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam ?"

"They are not mine," said the amiable hostess, more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

"Ah, your favourites are among these !" I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

"A strange choice of favourites," she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits. I hemmed once more and drew closer to the hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

"You should not have come out," she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light ; now I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender and apparently scarcely past girlhood ; an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding ; small features, very fair ; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck ; and eyes—had they been agreeable in expression they would have been irresistible—fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there. The canisters were almost out of her reach ; I made a motion to aid her ; she turned upon me as a miser might turn if any one attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

"I don't want your help," she snapped ; "I can get them for myself."

"I beg your pardon !" I hastened to reply.

"Were you asked to tea ?" she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

"I shall be glad to have a cup," I answered.

"Were you asked?" she repeated.

"No," I said, half smiling. "You are the proper person to ask me."

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and resumed her chair in a pet, her forehead corrugated and her red under-lip pushed out like a child's ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had slung on to his person a decidedly shabby upper garment, and, erecting himself before the blaze, looked down on me from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal feud unavenged between us. I began to doubt whether he were a servant or not; his dress and speech were both rude, entirely devoid of the superiority observable in Mr. and Mrs. Heathcliff; his thick, brown curls were rough and uncultivated, his whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks, and his hands were embrowned like those of a common labourer; still, his bearing was free, almost haughty, and he showed none of a domestic's assiduity in attending on the lad of the house. In the absence of clear proofs of his condition, I deemed it best to abstain from noticing his curious conduct; and, five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

"You see, sir, I am come, according to promise!" I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful; "and I fear I shall be weather-bound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space."

"Half an hour?" he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes; "I wonder you should select the thick of a snowstorm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present."

"Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning. Could you spare me one?"

"No, I could not."

"Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own sagacity."

"Umph!"

"Are you going to mak th' tea?" demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

"Is *he* to have any?" she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

"Get it ready, will you?" was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine bad nature. I no longer felt inclined to call Heathcliff a capital fellow. When the preparations were finished he invited me with, "Now, sir, bring forward your chair." And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table: an austere silence prevailing while we discussed our meal.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn; and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their everyday countenance.

"It is strange," I began, in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea and receiving another—"it is strange how custom can mould our tastes and ideas; many could not imagine the existence of happiness

in a life of such complete exile from the world as you spend, Mr. Heathcliff; yet I'll venture to say that, surrounded by your family, and with your amiable lady as the presiding genius over your home and heart——"

"My amiable lady!" he interrupted with an almost diabolical sneer on his face. "Where is she—my amiable lady?"

"Mrs. Heathcliff, your wife, I mean."

"Well, yes—— Oh! you would intimate that her spirit has taken the post of ministering angel, and guards the fortunes of Wuthering Heights even when her body is gone. Is that it?"

Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted to correct it. I might have seen there was too great a disparity between the ages of the parties to make it likely that they were man and wife. One was about forty: a period of mental vigour at which men seldom cherish the delusion of being married for love by girls: that dream is reserved for the solace of our declining years. The other did not look seventeen.

Then it flashed upon me, "the clown at my elbow who is drinking his tea out of a basin, and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband: Heathcliff junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive; she has thrown herself away upon that boor from sheer ignorance that better individuals existed! A sad pity—I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice." The last reflection may seem conceited; it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on the repulsive. I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive.

"Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law," said Heathcliff, corroborating my surmise. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction: a look of hatred, unless he has a most perverse set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul.

"Ah, certainly—I see now; you are the favoured possessor of the beneficent fairy," I remarked, turning to my neighbour.

This was worse than before: the youth grew crimson, and clenched his fist, with every appearance of a meditated assault. But he seemed to recollect himself presently, and smothered the storm in a brutal curse, muttered on my behalf: which, however, I took care not to notice.

"Unhappy in your conjecture, sir!" observed my host; "we neither of us have the privilege of owning your good fairy; her mate is dead. I said she was my daughter-in-law; therefore, she must have married my son."

"And this young man is——"

"Not my son, assuredly!"

Heathcliff smiled again, as if it were rather too bold a jest to attribute the paternity of that bear to him.

"My name is Hareton Earnshaw," growled the other; "and I'd counsel you to respect it!"

"I've shown no disrespect," was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more

than neutralised, the glowing physical comforts around me ; and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under these rafters a third time.

The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather. A sorrowful sight I saw : dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter whirl of wind and suffocating snow.

"I don't think it possible for me to get home now without a guide," I could not help exclaiming. "The roads will be buried already ; and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance."

"Hareton, drive these dozen sheep into the barn-porch. They'll be covered if left in the fold all night ; and put a plank before them," said Heathcliff.

"How must I do ?" I continued, with rising irritation

There was no reply to my question ; and on looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs, and Mrs. Heathcliff leaning over the fire diverting herself with burning a bundle of matches which had fallen from the chimney-piece as she restored the tea canister to its place. The former, when he had deposited his burden, took a critical survey of the room, and in cracked tones grated out—

"Aw wonder how yah can fashion to stand thear i' idleness un war, when all on 'em's goan out ! Bud yah're a nowt, and it's no use talking—yah'll niver mend yer ill ways, bud goa raight tuh t' divil, like yer mother afore ye !"

I imagined, for one moment, that this piece of eloquence was addressed to me ; and, sufficiently enraged, stepped towards the aged rascal with an intention of kicking him out of the door. Mrs. Heathcliff, however, checked me by her answer.

"You scandalous old hypocrite !" she replied. "Are you not afraid of being carried away bodily whenever you mention the devil's name ? I warn you to refrain from provoking me, or I'll ask your abduction, as a special favour. Stop ! look here, Joseph," she continued, taking a long, dark book from a shelf. "I'll show you how far I've progressed in the Black Art. I shall soon be competent to make a clear house of it. The red cow didn't die by chance ; and your rheumatism can hardly be reckoned among providential visitations !"

"Oh, wicked, wicked !" gasped the elder ; "may the Lord deliver us from evil !"

"No, reprobate ! you are a castaway—be off, or I'll hurt you seriously ! I'll have you all modelled in wax and clay ; and the first who passes the limits I fix, shall—I'll not say what he shall be done to—but, you'll see ! Go, I'm looking at you !"

The little witch put a mock malignity into her beautiful eyes, and Joseph, trembling with sincere horror, hurried out praying and ejaculating, "Wicked !" as he went. I thought her conduct must be prompted by a species of dreary fun ; and, now that we were alone, I endeavoured to interest her in my distress.

"Mrs. Heathcliff," I said earnestly, "you must excuse me for troubling you. I presume, because, with that face, I'm sure you cannot help being good-hearted. Do point out some landmarks by which I

may know my way home : I have no more idea how to get there than you would have how to get to London ! ”

“ Take the road you came,” she answered ensconcing herself in a chair with a candle and the long book open before her. “ It is brief advice but as sound as I can give.”

“ Then if you hear of me being discovered dead in a bog or a pit full of snow your conscience won’t whisper that it is partly your fault ? ”

“ How so ? I cannot escort you. They wouldn’t let me go to the end of the garden wall.”

“ *You !* I should be sorry to ask you to cross the threshold for my convenience on such a night,” I cried. “ I want you to *tell* me my way, not to *show* it ; or else to persuade Mr. Heathcliff to give me a guide.”

“ Who ? There is himself, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph and I. Which would you have ? ”

“ Are there no boys at the farm ? ”

“ No ; those are all.”

“ Then, it follows that I am compelled to stay.”

“ That you may settle with your host. I have nothing to do with it.”

“ I hope it will be a lesson to you to make no more fresh journeys on these hills,” cried Heathcliff’s stern voice from the kitchen entrance. “ As to staying here, I don’t keep accommodations for visitors : you must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph if you do.”

“ I can sleep on a chair in this room,” I replied.

“ No, no ! A stranger is a stranger, be he rich or poor : it will not suit me to permit any one the range of the place while I am off guard ! ” said the unmannerly wretch.

With this insult, my patience was at an end. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed passed him into the yard, running against Earnshaw in my haste. It was so dark that I could not see the means of exit ; and, as I wandered round, I heard another specimen of their civil behaviour amongst each other. At first the young man appeared about to befriend me.

“ I’ll go with him as far as the park,” he said.

“ You’ll go with him to hell ! ” exclaimed his master, or whatever relation he bore. “ And who is to look after the horses, eh ? ”

“ A man’s life is of more consequence than one evening’s neglect of the horses : somebody must go,” murmured Mrs. Heathcliff, more kindly than I expected.

“ Not at your command ! ” retorted Hareton. “ If you set store on him, you’d better be quiet.”

“ Then I hope his ghost will haunt you ; and I hope Mr. Heathcliff will never get another tenant till the Grange is a ruin ! ” she answered sharply.

“ Harken, harken, shoo’s cursing on ’em ! ” muttered Joseph, towards whom I had been steering.

He sat within earshot, milking the cows by the light of a lantern, which I seized unceremoniously, and, calling out that I would send it back on the morrow, rushed to the nearest postern.

“ Maister, maister, he’s staling t’ lantern ! ” shouted the ancient,

pursuing my retreat. "Hey, Gnasher ! Hey, dog ! Hey, Wolf, hold him, hold him !"

On opening the little door, two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down and extinguishing the light ; while a mingled guffaw from Heathcliff and Hareton, put the copestone on my rage and humiliation. Fortunately, the beasts seemed more bent on stretching their paws, and yawning, and flourishing their tails, than devouring me alive ; but they would suffer no resurrection, and I was forced to lie till their malignant masters pleased to deliver me ; then, hatless and trembling with wrath, I ordered the miscreants to let me out—on their peril to keep me one minute longer—with several incoherent threats of retaliation that, in their indefinite depth of virulency, smacked of King Lear.

The vehemence of my agitation brought on a copious bleeding at the nose, and still Heathcliff laughed, and still I scolded. I don't know what would have concluded the scene had there not been one person at hand rather more rational than myself, and more benevolent than my entertainer. This was Zillah, the stout housewife ; who at length issued forth to inquire into the nature of the uproar. She thought that some of them had been laying violent hands on me ; and, not daring to attack her master, she turned her vocal artillery against the younger scoundrel.

"Well, Mr. Earnshaw," she cried, "I wonder what you'll have agait next ! Are you going to murder folk on our very doorstones ? I see this house will never do for me—look at t' poor lad, he's fair choking ! Wisht, wisht ! you mu'n't go on so. Come in, and I'll cure that : there now, hold ye still."

With these words she suddenly splashed a pint of icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen. Mr. Heathcliff followed, his accidental merriment expiring quickly in his habitual moroseness.

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy and faint ; and thus compelled perforce to accept lodgings under his roof. He told Zillah to give me a glass of brandy, and then passed on to the inner room ; while she consoled with me on my sorry predicament, and having obeyed his orders, whereby I was somewhat revived, ushered me to bed.

JOHN GALSWORTHY: THE FORSYTE SAGA

JOHN GALSWORTHY came into prominence as a novelist with "*The Man of Property*" and as a dramatist with "*The Silver Box*" at the age of thirty-nine. His plays made a strong impression on the public, and the Home Secretary was so much moved by "*Justice*" that the solitary confinement system in prisons was altered. Galsworthy had read law at New College, Oxford, where he went after a normal schoolboy's career at Harrow. After taking his degree he travelled round the world, and on a sailing ship he met Joseph Conrad, the author of "*Lord Jim*." On his return to England he did not interest himself in the practice of the law and wrote some books under a pseudonym. It was at about the age of thirty, which was also the time of his marriage, that he became a serious writer. He began to take a deep interest in social questions and in the unjust pressure on individual lives of human things that can be altered, such as the law itself. He spoke frequently in good causes, and although he rightly claimed that he wrote not as a propagandist but as a dramatist and novelist, his works have done much to widen the sympathy and imagination of his many readers. His fame will be decided in the future on the merits of "*The Forsyte Saga*."

The following extract is taken from "*The Man of Property*," which forms Part I of "*The Forsyte Saga*." Aunt Anne, at whose funeral the family has gathered, was the eldest of old Jolyon's three sisters and the first of the ten founders of the family to die. The funeral was an especially memorable occasion, because the Forsytes "did not die; death being contrary to their principles they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalised persons who resent encroachments on their property."

END OF A FORSYTE

UPON arriving, the coffin was borne into the chapel, and, two by two, the mourners filed in behind it. This guard of men, all attached to the dead by the bond of kinship, was an impressive and singular sight in the great city of London, with its overwhelming diversity of life, its innumerable vocations, pleasures, duties, its terrible hardness, its terrible call to individualism.

The family had gathered to triumph over all this, to give a show of tenacious unity to illustrate gloriously that law of property underlying the growth of their tree, by which it had thriven and spread, trunk and branches, the sap flowing through all, the full growth reached at the appointed time. The spirit of the old woman lying in her last sleep had called them to this demonstration. It was her final appeal to that unity which had been their strength—it was her final triumph that she had died while the tree was yet whole.

She was spared the watching of the branches just out beyond the point of balance. She could not look into the hearts of her followers. The same law that had worked in her bringing her up from a tall, straight-backed slip of a girl to a woman strong and grown, from a woman grown to a woman old, angular, feeble, almost witchlike, with individuality all sharpened and sharpened, as all rounding from the

world's contact fell off from her—that same law would work, was working in the family she had watched like a mother.

She had seen it young, and growing, she had seen it strong and grown, and before her old eyes had time or strength to see any more, she died. She would have tried, and who knows but she might have kept it young and strong, with her old fingers, her trembling kisses—a little longer; alas! not even Aunt Ann could fight with Nature.

"Pride comes before a fall!" In accordance with this, the greatest of Nature's ironies, the Forsyte family had gathered for a last proud pageant before they fell. Their faces to right and left, in single lines, were turned for the most part impassively towards the ground, guardians of their thoughts; but here and there, one looking upward, with a line between his brows, seemed to see some sight on the chapel walls too much for him, to be listening to something that appalled. And the responses, low-muttered, in voices through which rose the same tone, the same unseizable family ring, sounded weird, as though murmured in hurried duplication by a single person.

The service in the chapel over, the mourners filed up again to guard the body to the tomb. The vault stood open, and, round it, men in black were waiting.

From that high and sacred field, where thousands of the upper middle-class lay in their last sleep, the eyes of the Forsytes travelled down across the flocks of graves. There—spreading to the distance, lay London, with no sun over it, mourning the loss of its daughter, mourning with this family, so dear, the loss of her who was mother and guardian. A hundred thousand spires and houses, blurred in the great, grey web of property, lay there like the prostrate worshippers before the grave of this, the oldest Forsyte of them all.

A few words, a sprinkle of earth, the thrusting of the coffin home, and Aunt Ann had passed to her last rest.

Round the vault, trustees of that passing, the five brothers stood, with white heads bowed; they would see that Ann was comfortable where she was going. Her little property must stay behind, but otherwise, all that could be should be done.

Then severally, each stood aside, and putting on his hat, turned back to inspect the new inscription on the marble of the family vault:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ANN FORSYTE
THE DAUGHTER OF THE ABOVE
JOLYON AND ANN FORSYTE
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 27TH DAY OF
SEPTEMBER, 1886,
AGED EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS AND FOUR DAYS

Soon, perhaps, some one else would be wanting an inscription. It was strange and intolerable, for they had not thought, somehow, that Forsytes could die. And one and all they had a longing to get away from this painfulness, this ceremony which had reminded them of things they could not bear to think about—to get away quickly and go about their business and forget.

H. G. WELLS : HISTORY OF MR. POLLY

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, born in 1866, is a sociologist who has written novels. Energy roused by awareness of social injustices and reflection upon them, is the life of most of his books. He examines many evils and amply discusses their remedy. He is vigorously democratic, his thought has evolved to embrace the world-relationship, as well as the individual, of human beings. He has experienced rapidly and he has felt the importance of so much that he wished to say that he has had to say it rapidly. For him it would not have suited his purpose to seek perfection as a writer. He has written some delightful fantasies one of which is "Mr. Polly." The moral, however, is serious.

Mr. Polly was a draper's assistant. He married a girl Miriam, who combined earnestness of spirit with great practical incapacity. Without having any compensating qualities, she could not even cook. For fifteen years, which had gone like a flash and yet each day of which had been tedious, he was a respectable shop-keeper. He got little exercise ; indigestion from the food that came from Miriam's hands more and more ruled his moods. It came to him that his life had not been worth living, that it had been spent in apathetic and feebly hostile and critical company, ugly in detail and mean in scope, and that it had brought him at last to an outlook utterly hopeless and gray. He determined to commit suicide by setting fire to his house when every one was at church, and then cutting his throat at the bottom of the stair, so that it might be thought that he had fallen down stairs with a lamp in his hand. He was unafraid, but trembled so that he could not use his razor. He tried to put out the fire he had lit. It spread, it attacked other houses, he emerged a hero and with a convenient sum of insurance money. The following extract continues the story to the end.

MR. POLLY CLEARS OUT

WHEN a man has once broken through the paper walls of everyday circumstance, those unsubstantial walls that hold so many of us securely prisoned from the cradle to the grave, he has made a discovery. If the world does not please you *you can change it*. Determine to alter it at any price, and you can change it altogether. You may change it to something sinister and angry, to something appalling, but it may be you will change it to something brighter, something more agreeable, and at the worst something much more interesting. There is only one sort of man who is absolutely to blame for his own misery, and that is the man who finds life dull and dreary. There are no circumstances in the world that determined action cannot alter, unless perhaps, they are the walls of a prison cell, and even those will dissolve and change, I am told, into the infirmary compartment, at any rate, for the man who can fast with resolution. I give these things as facts and information, and with no moral intimations. And Mr. Polly, lying awake at nights, with a renewed indigestion, with Miriam sleeping sonorously beside him, and a general air of inevitableness about his situation, saw through it, understood there was no inevitable any more, and escaped his former despair.

He could, for example, 'clear out.'

It became a wonderful and alluring phrase to him—‘Clear out!’ Why had he never thought of clearing out before?

He was amazed and a little shocked at the unimaginative and superfluous criminality in him that had turned old, cramped, and stagnant Fishbourne into a blaze and new beginnings. (I wish from the bottom of my heart I could add that he was properly sorry.) But something constricting and restrained seemed to have been destroyed by that flare. *Fishbourne wasn't the world.* That was the new, the essential fact of which he had lived so lamentably in ignorance. Fishbourne, as he had known it and hated it, so that he wanted to kill himself to get out of it, *wasn't the world.*

The insurance money he was to receive made everything humane and kindly and practicable. He would “clear out” with justice and humanity. He would take exactly twenty-one pounds, and all the rest he would leave to Miriam. That seemed to him absolutely fair. Without him, she could do all sorts of things—all the sorts of things she was constantly urging him to do. . . .

And he would go off along the white road that led to Garchester, and on to Crogate and so to Tunbridge Wells, where there was a Toad Rock he had heard of but never seen. (It seemed to him this must needs be a marvel.) And so to other towns and cities. He would walk and loiter by the way, and sleep in inns at night, and get an odd job here and there, and talk to strange people.

Perhaps he would get quite a lot of work, and prosper; and if he did not do so he would lie down in front of a train, or wait for a warm night and then fall into some smooth, broad river. Not so bad as sitting down to a dentist—not nearly so bad. And he would never open a shop any more.

So the possibilities of the future presented themselves to Mr. Polly as he lay awake at nights.

Mr. Polly tramped and rediscovered an interesting and beautiful world. One hot day, unhurrying and serene, he came to a broad bend of the Thames to which the lawn and garden of the Potwell Inn run down. There he found a job and freed the “plump” landlady from the persecutions of a scoundrel, Jim, the draw-back of the place.

One summer afternoon, about five years after his first coming to the Potwell Inn, Mr. Polly found himself sitting under the pollard willow, fishing for dace. It was a plumper, browner, and healthier Mr. Polly altogether than the miserable bankrupt with whose dyspeptic portrait our novel opened. He was fat, but with a fatness more generally diffused, and the lower part of his face was touched to gravity by a small, square beard. Also he was balder.

It was the first time he had found leisure to fish, though from the very outset of his Potwell career he had promised himself abundant indulgence in the pleasures of fishing. Fishing, as the golden page of English literature testifies, is a meditative and retrospective pursuit, and the varied page of memory, disregarded so long for sake of the teeming duties I have already enumerated, began to unfold itself to Mr. Polly's

consideration. A speculation about Uncle Jim died for want of material, and gave place to a reckoning of the years and months that had passed since his coming to Potwell, and that to a philosophical review of his life. He began to think about Miriam, remotely and impersonally. He remembered many things that had been neglected by his conscience during the busier times, as, for example, that he had committed arson and deserted a wife. For the first time he looked these long-neglected facts in the face.

It is disagreeable to think one has committed arson, because it is an action that leads to jail. Otherwise I do not think there was a grain of regret for that in Mr. Polly's composition. But deserting Miriam was in a different category. Deserting Miriam was mean.

This is a history, and not a glorification of Mr. Polly, and I tell of things as they were with him. Apart from the disagreeable twinge arising from the thought of what might happen if he was found out, he had not the slightest remorse about that fire. Arson, after all, is an artificial crime. Some crimes are crimes in themselves, would be crimes without any law, the cruelties, mockery, the breaches of faith that astonish and wound, but the burning of things is in itself neither good nor bad. A large number of houses deserve to be burnt, most modern furniture, an overwhelming majority of pictures and books—one might go on for some time with the list. If our community was collectively anything more than a feeble idiot, it would burn most of London and Chicago, for example, and build sane and beautiful cities in the place of these pestilential heaps of rotten, private property. I have failed in presenting Mr. Polly altogether, if I have not made you see that he was in many respects an artless child of Nature, far more untrained, undisciplined, and spontaneous than an ordinary savage. And he was really glad, for all that little drawback of fear, that he had had the courage to set fire to his house, and fly, and come to the Potwell Inn.

But he was not glad he had left Miriam. He had seen Miriam cry once or twice in his life, and it had always reduced him to abject commiseration. He now imagined her crying. He perceived in a perplexed way that he had made himself responsible for her life. He forgot how she had spoilt his own. He had hitherto rested in the faith that she had over a hundred pounds of insurance money, but now, with his eye meditatively upon his float, he realised a hundred pounds does not last for ever. His conviction of her incompetence was unflinching; she was bound to have fooled it away somehow by this time. And then!

He saw her humping her shoulders, and sniffing in a manner he had always regarded as detestable at close quarters, but which now became harrowingly pitiful.

"Damn!" said Mr. Polly, and down went his float, and he flicked a victim to destruction, and took it off the hook.

He compared his own comfort and health with Miriam's imagined distress.

"Ought to have done something for herself," said Mr. Polly, rebaiting his hook. "She was always talking of doing things. Why couldn't she?"

He watched the float oscillating gently towards quiescence.

"Silly to begin thinking about her," he said. "Damn silly!"

But once he had begun thinking about her, he had to go on.

"Oh, blow!" cried Mr. Polly presently, and pulled up his hook, to find another fish had just snatched at it in the last instant. His handling must have made the poor thing feel itself unwelcome.

He gathered his things together and turned towards the house.

All the Potwell Inn betrayed his influence now, for here, indeed, he had found his place in the world. It looked brighter, so bright, indeed, as to be almost skittish, with the white and green paint he had lavished upon it. Even the garden palings were striped white and green, and so were the boats; for Mr. Polly was one of those who find a positive sensuous pleasure in the laying on of paint. Left and right were two large boards, which had done much to enhance the inn's popularity with the lighter-minded variety of pleasure-seekers. Both marked innovations. One bore in large letters the single word "Museum," the other was as plain and laconic with "Omlets." The spelling of the latter word was Mr. Polly's own; but when he had seen a whole boat-load of men, intent on Lammam for lunch, stop open-mouthed, and stare, and grin, and come in and ask in a marked sarcastic manner for "omlets," he perceived that his inaccuracy had done more for the place than his utmost cunning could have contrived. In a year or so the inn was known both up and down the river by its new name of "Omlets," and Mr. Polly, after some secret irritation, smiled, and was content. And the fat woman's omelettes were things to remember.

(You will note I have changed her epithet. Time works upon us all.)

She stood upon the steps as he came towards the house, and smiled at him richly.

"Caught many?" she asked.

"Got an idea," said Mr. Polly. "Would it put you out very much if I went off for a day or two for a bit of a holiday? There won't be much doing now until Thursday."

MIRIAM REVISITED

FEELING recklessly secure behind his beard, Mr. Polly surveyed the Fishbourne High Street once again. The north side was much as he had known it, except that the name of Rusper had vanished. A row of new shops replaced the destruction of the great fire. Mantell and Throbsons' had risen again upon a more flamboyant pattern, and the new fire station was in the Swiss Teutonic style, with much red paint; next door, in the place of Rumbold's, was a branch of the Colonial Tea Company, and then a Salmon and Gluckstein Tobacco Shop, and then a little shop that displayed sweets, and professed a "Tea Room Upstairs." He considered this as a possible place in which to prosecute inquiries about his lost wife, wavering a little between it and the God's Providence Inn down the street. Then his eye caught the name over the window. "Polly," he read, "& Larkins! Well, I'm—astonished!"

A momentary faintness came upon him. He walked past, and down the street, returned, and surveyed the shop again.

He saw a middle-aged, rather untidy woman standing behind the



It was a plumper, browner, and healthier Mr. Polly.



counter, who for an instant he thought might be Miriam terribly changed, and then recognised as his sister-in-law Annie, filled out, and no longer hilarious. She stared at him without a sign of recognition as he entered the shop.

"Can I have tea?" said Mr. Polly.

"Well," said Annie, "you *can*. But our Tea Room's upstairs. . . . My sister's been cleaning it out—and it's a bit upset."

"It *would* be," said Mr. Polly softly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Annie.

"I said I didn't mind. Up here?"

"I dare say there'll be a table," said Annie, and followed him up to a room whose conscientious disorder was intensely reminiscent of Miriam.

"Nothing like turning everything upside down when you're cleaning," said Mr. Polly cheerfully.

"It's my sister's way," said Annie impartially. "She's gone out for a bit of air, but I dare say she'll be back soon to finish. It's a nice light room when it's tidy. Can I put you a table over there?"

"Let *me*," said Mr. Polly, and assisted.

He sat down by the open window and drummed on the table and meditated on his next step, while Annie vanished to get his tea. After all, things didn't seem so bad with Miriam. He tried over several gambits in imagination.

"Unusual name," he said, as Annie laid a cloth before him.

Annie looked interrogation.

"Polly. Polly and Larkins. Real, I suppose?"

"Polly's my sister's name. She married a Mr. Polly."

"Widow, I presume?" said Mr. Polly.

"Yes. This five years—come October."

"Lord!" said Mr. Polly, in unfeigned surprise.

"Found drowned he was. There was a lot of talk in the place."

"Never heard of it," said Mr. Polly. "I'm a stranger—rather."

"In the Medway near Maidstone it was. He must have been in the water for days. Wouldn't have known him, my sister wouldn't, if it hadn't been for the name sewn in his clothes. All whitey and eat away he was."

"Bless my heart! Must have been rather a shock for her."

"It *was* a shock," said Annie, and added darkly, "But sometimes a shock's better than a long agony."

"No doubt," said Mr. Polly.

He gazed with a rapt expression at the preparations before him. "So I'm drowned," something was saying inside him. "Life insured?" asked.

"We started the tea-rooms with it," said Annie.

Why, if things were like this, had remorse and anxiety for Miriam been implanted in his soul? No shadow of an answer appeared.

"Marriage is a lottery," said Mr. Polly.

"She found it so," said Annie. "Would you like some jam?"

"I'd like an egg," said Mr. Polly. "I'll have two. I've got a sort of feeling—As though I wanted keeping up. . . . Wasn't a particularly good sort, this Mr. Polly?"

"He was a *wearing* husband," said Annie. "I've often pitied my sister. He was one of that sort——"

"Dissolute?" suggested Mr. Polly faintly.

"No," said Annie judiciously, "not exactly dissolute. Feeble's more the word. Weak 'e was. Weak as water. 'Ow long do you like your eggs boiled?"

"Four minutes exactly," said Mr. Polly.

"One gets talking," said Annie.

"One does," said Mr. Polly, and she left him to his thoughts.

What perplexed him was his recent remorse and tenderness for Miriam. Now he was back in her atmosphere, all that had vanished, and the old feeling of helpless antagonism returned. He surveyed the piled furniture, the economically managed carpet, the unpleasant pictures on the wall. Why had he felt remorse? Why had he entertained this illusion of a helpless woman crying aloud in the pitiless darkness for him? He peered into the unfathomable mysteries of the heart, and ducked back to a smaller issue. *Was* he feeble? Hang it! He'd known feebler people by far!

The eggs came up. Nothing in Annie's manner invited a resumption of the discussion.

"Business brisk?" he ventured to ask.

Annie reflected. "It is," she said, "and it isn't. It's like that."

"Ah!" said Mr. Polly, and squared himself to his egg. "Was there an inquest on that chap?"

"What chap?"

"What was his name?—Polly!"

"Of course."

"You're sure it was him?"

"What you mean?"

Annie looked at him hard, and suddenly his soul was black with terror.

"Who else could it have been—in the very clo'es 'e wore?"

"Of course," said Mr. Polly, and began his egg. He was so agitated that he only realised its condition when he was half-way through it and Annie safely downstairs.

"Lord!" he said, reaching out hastily for the pepper. "One of Miriam's! Management! I haven't tasted such an egg for five years. . . . Wonder where she gets them! Picks them out, I suppose."

He abandoned it for its fellow.

Except for a slight mustiness, the second egg was very palatable indeed. He was getting to the bottom of it as Miriam came in. He looked up. "Nice afternoon," he said, at her stare, and perceived she knew him at once by the gesture and the voice. She went white, and shut the door behind her. She looked as though she was going to faint. Mr. Polly sprang up quickly, and handed her a chair. "My God!" she whispered, and crumpled up, rather than sat down.

"It's *you*," she said.

"No," said Mr. Polly very earnestly, "it isn't. It just looks like me. That's all."

"I *knew* that man wasn't you—all along. I tried to think it was.

I tried to think perhaps the water had altered your wrists and feet and the colour of your hair."

"Ah!"

"I'd always feared you'd come back."

Mr. Polly sat down by his egg. "I haven't come back," he said very earnestly. "Don't you think it."

"Ow we'll pay back the Insurance now, I *don't* know."

She was weeping. She produced a handkerchief, and covered her face.

"Look here, Miriam," said Mr. Polly, "I haven't come back, and I'm not coming back. I'm—I'm a Visitant from Another World. You shut up about me, and I'll shut up about myself. I came back because I thought you might be hard up, or in trouble, or some silly thing like that. Now I see you again—I'm satisfied. I'm satisfied completely. See? I'm going to absquatulate, see? Hey Presto, right away."

He turned to his tea for a moment, finished his cup noisily, stood up.

"Don't you think you're going to see me again," he said, "for you ain't."

He moved to the door.

"That *was* a tasty egg," he said, hovered for a second, and vanished. . . .

MR. POLLY FINDS CONTENT

MR. POLLY sat beside the fat woman at one of the little green tables at the back of the Potwell Inn, and struggled with the mystery of life. It was one of those evenings serenely luminous, amply and atmospherically still, when the river bend was at its best. A swan floated against the dark green masses of the farther bank, the stream flowed broad and shining to its destiny, with scarce a ripple—except where the reeds came out from the headland, and the three poplars rose clear and harmonious against the sky of green and yellow. It was as if everything lay securely within a great, warm, friendly globe of crystal sky. It was as safe and enclosed and fearless as a child that has still to be born. It was an evening full of quality of tranquil, unqualified assurance. Mr. Polly's mind was filled with the persuasion that indeed all things whatsoever must needs be satisfying and complete. It was incredible that life had ever done more than seemed to jar, that there could be any shadow in life save such velvet softnesses as made the setting for that silent swan, or any murmur but the ripple of the water as it swirled round the chained and gently swaying punt. And the mind of Mr. Polly, exalted and made tender by this atmosphere, sought gently, but sought, to draw together the varied memories that came drifting, half submerged, across the circle of his mind.

He spoke in words that seemed like a bent and broken stick thrust suddenly into water, destroying the mirror of the shapes they sought. "Jim's not coming back again ever," he said. "He got drowned five years ago."

"Where?" asked the fat woman, surprised.

"Miles from here. In the Medway. Away in Kent."

"Lor!" said the fat woman.

"It's right enough," said Mr. Polly.

"How d'you know?"

"I went to my home."

"Where?"

"Don't matter. I went and found out. He'd been in the water some days. He'd got my clothes, and they'd said it was me."

"They?"

"It don't matter. I'm not going back to them."

The fat woman regarded him silently for some time. Her expression of scrutiny gave way to a quiet satisfaction. Then her brown eyes went to the river.

"Poor Jim," she said. "'Ee 'adn't much Tact—ever."

She added mildly, "I can't 'ardly say I'm sorry."

"Nor me," said Mr. Polly, and got a step nearer the thought in him. "But it don't seem much good his having been alive, does it?"

"'E wasn't much good," the fat woman admitted. "Ever."

"I suppose there were things that were good to him," Mr. Polly speculated. "They weren't *our* things."

His hold slipped again. "I often wonder about life," he said weakly.

He tried again. "One seems to start in life," he said, "expecting something. And it doesn't happen. And it doesn't matter. One starts with ideas that things are good and things are bad—and it hasn't much relation to what *is* good and what *is* bad. I've always been the skeptaceous sort, and it's always seemed rot to me to pretend men know good from evil. It's just what I've *never* done. No Adam's apple stuck in *my* throat, Ma'am. I don't own to it."

He reflected.

"I set fire to a house—once."

The fat woman started.

"I don't feel sorry for it. I don't believe it was a bad thing to do—any more than burning a toy, like I did once when I was a baby. I nearly killed myself with a razor. Who hasn't?—anyhow gone as far as thinking of it? Most of my time I've been half dreaming. I married like a dream almost. I've never really planned my life, or set out to live. I happened; things happened to me. It's so with every one. Jim couldn't help himself. I shot at him, and tried to kill him. I dropped the gun and he got it. He very nearly had me. I wasn't a second too soon—ducking. . . . Awkward—that night was. . . . Ma'am. . . . But I don't blame him—come to that. Only I don't see what it's all up to. . . .

"Like children playing about in a nursery. Hurt themselves at times. . . .

"There's something that doesn't mind us," he resumed presently. "It isn't what we try to get that we get, it isn't the good we think we do is good. What makes us happy isn't our trying, what makes others happy isn't our trying. There's a sort of character people like, and stand up for, and a sort they won't. You got to work it out, and take the consequences. . . . Miriam was always trying."

"Who was Miriam?" asked the fat woman.

"No one you know. But she used to go about with her brows knit, trying not to do whatever she wanted to do—if ever she did want to do anything—"

He lost himself.

"You can't help being fat," said the fat woman, after a pause, trying to get up to his thoughts.

"*You* can't," said Mr. Polly.

"It helps, and it hinders."

"Like my upside down way of talking."

"The magistrates wouldn't 'ave kept on the licence to me if I 'adn't been fat. . . ."

"Then what have we done," said Mr. Polly, "to get an evening like this? Lord! Look at it!" He sent his arm round the great curve of the sky.

"If I was a nigger or an Italian I should come out here and sing. I whistle sometimes, but, bless you, it's singing I've got in my mind. Sometimes I think I live for sunsets."

"I don't see that it does you any good always looking at sunsets, like you do," said the fat woman.

"Nor me. But I do. Sunsets and things I was made to like."

"They don't help you," said the fat woman thoughtfully.

"Who cares?" said Mr. Polly.

A deeper strain had come to the fat woman. "You got to die some day," she said.

"Some things I can't believe," said Mr. Polly suddenly, "and one is your being a skeleton. . . ." He pointed his hand towards the neighbour's hedge. "Look at 'em—against the yellow—and they're just stingin' nettles. Nasty weeds—if you count things by their uses. And no help in the life hereafter. But just look at the look of them!"

"It isn't only looks," said the fat woman.

"Whenever there's signs of a good sunset, and I'm not too busy," said Mr. Polly, "I'll come and sit out here."

The fat woman looked at him with eyes in which contentment struggled with some obscure reluctant protest, and at last turned them slowly to the black nettle pagodas against the golden sky.

"I wish we could," she said.

"I will."

The fat woman's voice sank nearly to the inaudible.

"Not always," she said.

Mr. Polly was some time before he replied. "Come here always, when I'm a ghost," he replied.

"Spoil the place for others," said the fat woman, abandoning her moral solicitations for a more congenial point of view.

"Not my sort of ghost wouldn't," said Mr. Polly, emerging from another long pause. "I'd be a sort of diaphalous feeling—just mellowish and warmish like. . . ."

They said no more but sat on in the warm twilight until at last they could scarcely distinguish each other's faces. They were not so much thinking, as lost in a smooth, still quiet of the mind. A bat flitted by.

"Time we was going in, O' Party," said Mr. Polly, standing up. "Supper to get. It's as you say, we can't sit here for ever."

D. H. LAWRENCE : SONS AND LOVERS

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE (1876-1931) was a writer whose vision was essentially that of a poet. He had a rare perceptiveness of life, whether the life of plants, of animals, of scenes or of human beings. He had a remarkable awareness of the essential personality of men and women. He said himself that he was not interested in "the old-fashioned human element—which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent. The certain moral scheme is what I object to. In Turgenev, and in Tolstoi, and in Dostoevsky, the moral scheme into which all the characters fit—and it is nearly the same scheme—is, whatever the extraordinariness of the characters themselves, dull, old, dead. . . . I don't so much care about what the woman feels—in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care about what the woman is . . . what she is as a phenomenon . . . instead of what she feels according to the human conception. . . . You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego. . . ."

Lawrence's early and most widely-read novel, "Sons and Lovers," is characteristic and yet easy for the general reader in that it is near to the traditional novel-pattern. It has the added interest of being autobiographical, for Lawrence was the son of a miner in a Nottinghamshire village and has brought the life of miners within our sympathetic knowledge. The following extract is taken from the first part of the story. It shows the difference of temperament between Mrs. Morel and her husband which afterwards resulted in Mrs. Morel concentrating all her emotional life on her children and so, unconsciously, thwarting their development. The passage illustrates Lawrence's power of conveying personality and persons' awareness of each other.

MARRIAGE OF OPPOSITES

WHEN she was twenty-three years old, she met, at a Christmas party, a young man from the Erewash Valley. Morel was then twenty-seven years old. He was well set-up, erect, and very smart. He had wavy black hair that shone again, and a vigorous black beard that had never been shaved. His cheeks were ruddy, and his red, moist mouth was noticeable because he laughed so often and so heartily. He had that rare thing, a rich, ringing laugh. Gertrude Coppard had watched him, fascinated. He was so full of colour and animation, his voice ran so easily into comic grotesque, he was so ready and so pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour, but it was satiric. This man's was different: soft, non-intellectual, warm, a kind of gambolling.

She herself was opposite. She had a curious, receptive mind, which found much pleasure and amusement in listening to other folk. She was clever in leading folk on to talk. She loved ideas, and was considered very intellectual. What she liked most of all was an argument on religion or philosophy or politics with some educated man. This she did not often enjoy. So she always had people tell her about themselves, finding her pleasure so.

In her person she was rather small and delicate, with a large brow, and dropping bunches of brown silk curls. Her blue eyes were very straight, honest and searching. She had the beautiful hands of the Coppards. Her dress was always subdued. She wore dark blue silk, with a peculiar silver chain of silver scallops. This, and a heavy brooch of twisted gold, was her only ornament. She was still perfectly intact, deeply religious, and full of beautiful candour.

Walter Morel seemed melted away before her. She was to the miner that thing of mystery and fascination, a lady. When she spoke to him, it was with a southern pronunciation and a purity of English which thrilled him to hear. She watched him. He danced well, as if it were natural and joyous in him to dance. His grandfather was a French refugee who had married an English barmaid—if it had been a marriage. Gertrude Coppard watched the young miner as he danced, a certain subtle exultation like glamour in his movement, and his face the flower of his body, ruddy, with tumbled black hair, and laughing alike whatever partner he bowed above. She thought him rather wonderful, never having met any one like him. Her father was to her the type of all men. And George Coppard, proud in his bearing, handsome, and rather bitter, who preferred theology in reading, and who drew near in sympathy only to one man, the Apostle Paul; who was harsh in government, and in familiarity ironic; who ignored all sensuous pleasure—he was very different from the miner. Gertrude herself was rather contemptuous of dancing; she had not the slightest inclination towards that accomplishment, and had never learned even a Roger de Coverley. She was a puritan, like her father, high-minded, and really stern. Therefore the dusky, golden softness of this man's sensuous flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like the flame from a candle, not baffled and gripped into incandescence by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, beyond her.

He came and bowed above her. A warmth radiated through her as if she had drunk wine.

"Now do come and have this one wi' me," he said caressively. "It's easy, you know. I'm pining to see you dance."

She had told him before she could not dance. She glanced at his humility and smiled. Her smile was very beautiful. It moved the man so that he forgot everything.

"No, I won't dance," she said softly. Her words came clean and ringing.

Not knowing what he was doing—he often did the right thing by instinct—he sat beside her, inclining reverentially.

"But you mustn't miss your dance," she reproved.

"Nay, I don't want to dance that—it's not one as I care about."

"Yet you invited me to it."

He laughed very heartily at this.

"I never thought o' that. Tha'rt not long in taking the curl out of me."

It was her turn to laugh quickly.

"You don't look as if you'd come much uncurled," she said.

"I'm like a pig's tail, I curl because I canna help it," he laughed, rather boisterously.

"And you are a miner!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. I went down when I was ten."

She looked at him in wondering dismay.

"When you were ten. And wasn't it very hard?" she asked.

"You soon get used to it. You live like th' mice, an' you pop out at night to see what's going on."

"It makes me feel blind," she frowned.

"Like a moudiwarp!" he laughed. "Yi, an' there's some chaps as does go round like moudiwarps." He thrust his face forward in the blind, snout-like way of a mole, seeming to sniff and peer for direction. "They dun though!" he protested naively. "Tha niver seed such a way they get in. But tha mun let me ta'e thee down some time, an' tha can see for thyself."

She looked at him, startled. This was a new tract of life suddenly opened before her. She realised the life of the miners, hundreds of them toiling below earth and coming up at evening. He seemed to her noble. He risked his life daily, and with gaiety. She looked at him, with a touch of appeal in her pure humility.

"Shouldn't ter like it?" he asked tenderly. "'Appen not, it 'ud dirty thee."

She had never been "thee'd" and "thou'd" before.

The next Christmas they were married, and for three months she was perfectly happy: for six months she was very happy.

He had signed the pledge, and wore the blue ribbon of a teetotaller; he was nothing if not showy. They lived, she thought, in his own house. It was small, but convenient enough, and quite nicely furnished, with solid, worthy stuff that suited her honest soul. The women, her neighbours, were rather foreign to her, and Morel's mother and sisters were apt to sneer at her lady-like ways. But she could perfectly well live by herself, so long as she had her husband close.

Sometimes, when she herself wearied of love-talk, she tried to open her heart seriously to him. She saw him listen deferentially, but without understanding. This killed her efforts at a finer intimacy, and she had flashes of fear. Sometimes he was restless of an evening; it was not enough for him just to be near her, she realised. She was glad when he set himself to little jobs.

He was a remarkably handy man—could make or mend anything. So she would say:

"I do like that coal-rake of your mother's—it is small and natty."

"Does ter, my wench? Well, I made that, so I can make thee one."

"What! why, it's a steel one!"

"An' what if it is! Tha s'lt ha'e one very similar, if not exactly same."

She did not mind the mess, nor the hammering and noise. He was busy and happy.

But in the seventh month, when she was brushing his Sunday coat, she felt papers in the breast-pocket, and, seized with a sudden curiosity, took them out to read. He very rarely wore the frock-coat he was married in; and it had not occurred to her before to feel curious concerning the papers. They were the bills of the household furniture, still unpaid.

"Look here," she said at night, after he was washed and had had his dinner. "I found these in the pocket of your wedding-coat. Haven't you settled the bills yet?"

"No. I haven't had a chance."

"But you told me all was paid. I had better go into Nottingham on Saturday and settle them. I don't like sitting on another man's chairs and eating from an unpaid table."

He did not answer.

"I can have your bank-book, can't I?"

"Tha can ha'e it, for what good it'll be to thee."

"I thought——" she began. He had told her he had a good bit of money left over. But she realised it was no use asking questions. She sat rigid with bitterness and indignation.

The next day she went down to see his mother.

"Didn't you buy the furniture for Walter?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," tartly retorted the elder woman.

"And how much did he give you to pay for it?"

The elder woman was stung with fine indignation.

"Eighty pound, if you're so keen on knowin'," she replied.

"Eighty pounds! But there are forty-two pounds still owing!"

"I can't help that."

"But where has it all gone?"

"You'll find all the papers, I think, if you look—beside ten pound as he owed me, an' six pound as the wedding cost down here."

"Six pounds!" echoed Gertrude Morel. It seemed to her monstrous that, after her own father had paid so heavily for her wedding, six pounds more should have been squandered in eating and drinking at Walter's parents' house, at his expense.

"And how much has he sunk in his houses?" she asked.

"His houses—which houses?"

Gertrude Morel went white to the lips. He had told her the house he lived in, and the next one, was his own.

"I thought the house we live in——" she began.

"They're my houses, those two," said the mother-in-law. "And not clear either. It's as much as I can do to keep the mortgage interest paid."

Gertrude sat white and silent. She was her father now.

"Then we ought to be paying your rent," she said coldly.

"Walter is paying me rent," replied the mother.

"And what rent?" asked Gertrude.

"Six-and-six a week," retorted the mother.

It was more than the house was worth. Gertrude held her head erect, looked straight before her.

"It is lucky to be you," said the elder woman, biting, "to have a husband as takes all the worry of the money, and leaves you a free hand."

The young wife was silent.

She said very little to her husband, but her manner had changed towards him. Something in her proud, honourable soul had crystallised out hard as rock.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: POINT COUNTERPOINT

ALDOS HUXLEY (1894-) is the satirist of our time. He sees swiftly and sharply the fallacies in those contemporary theories in which he interests himself and the moral bankruptcy in the circles which he describes from close observation. He is the grandson of Huxley, the scientist, and the younger brother of Julian, the biologist, and he was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is a man of great cultivation as well as of remarkably flexible intelligence, and he has a wide and living knowledge of the greatest poetry and music. He is a poet himself, although chiefly a satiric poet, and a writer of essays and short stories as well as of novels. He first won the attention of a large public by "*Antic Hay*" and his fame was secured by "*Point Counterpoint*."

In this book as in others Mr. Huxley scorns most of the figures which he sets before us and which he lights up by brilliant and witty devices. Perhaps because of this, his work lacks depth and his characters seem of trivial account in the large bulk of humanity which is, after all, not devoid of human virtues. He is a fastidious and skilled writer and most evidently so when he is moved, not by dislike but by the appreciation of a writer like Lawrence (whose letters he edited and who is here the model from which Mark Rampion is drawn) or by the interest of a scene or the beauty of music.

Much of Aldous Huxley's work shows a remarkable kinship with that of French writers. He is exact, clear, unromantic, intellectual, and has indeed been called the André Gide of England. It is interesting to read side by side with "*Point Counterpoint*," "*The Counterfeiters*," the English translation of "*Les Faux Monnaieurs*."

Huxley's later book, "*Oh, Brave New World*" has brought to him a still wider audience. He is here even less a creator of living men and women and more a valuable compiler and critic of modern ideas. He satirises a number of current interpretations of communism, and of science and modern psychology as applied to human life. The ideas which he deals with are such as come within the range of interest of the general reader and the book as a whole is easier to appreciate than "*Point Counterpoint*." In this book Huxley is forced, perhaps by modern life, to take up a definite position: it is worth every discomfort, the reader feels at the conclusion of the book, to preserve one's right to question things.

The following extract illustrates his appreciation of music and sets before us the planned suicide of a decadent character, possibly suggested by Baudelaire.

DEATH TO MUSIC

SPANDRELL walked slowly eastwards from Chelsea along the river whistling to himself over and over again the opening phrases of the Lydian melody from the *heilige Dankgesang*. Over and over again. The river stretched away into the hot haze. The music was like water in a parched land. After so many years of drought, a spring, a fountain. A watering-cart rumbled past trailing its artificial shower. The wetted dust was fragrant. That music was a proof, as he had said to Rampion. In the gutter a little torrent was hurrying a crumpled cigarette packet

and a piece of orange peel towards the drain. He stopped whistling. The essential horror. Like carting garbage ; that was what it had been. Just nasty and unpleasant, like cleaning a latrine. Not terrible so much as stupid, indescribably stupid. The music was a proof ; God existed. But only so long as the violins were playing. When the bows were lifted from the strings, what then ? Garbage and stupidity, the pitiless drought.

In the Vauxhall Bridge Road he bought a shilling packet of writing-paper and envelopes. For the price of a cup of coffee and a bun he hired a table in a tea-shop. With a stump of pencil he wrote. To the Secretary General, Brotherhood of British Freemen. Sir, To-morrow, Wednesday, at five p.m., the murderer of Everard Webley will be at 37 Catskill Street, S.W.7. The flat is on the second floor. The man will probably answer the bell in person. He is armed and desperate."

He read it through and was reminded of those communications (written in red ink, to imitate blood, and under the influence of the serial stories in *Chums* and the *B.O.P.*), with which he and Pokinghorne Minor had hoped, at nine years old, to startle and terrify Miss Veal, the matron of their preparatory school. They had been discovered and reported to the head master. Old Nosey had given them three cuts apiece over the buttocks. "He is armed and desperate." That was pure Pokinghorne. But if he didn't say it, they wouldn't carry revolvers. And then, why, then it wouldn't happen. Nothing would happen. Let it go. He folded the paper and put it into the envelope. There was an essential silliness, as well as an essential nastiness and stupidity. He scribbled the address.

"Well, here we are," said Rampion, when Spandrell opened his door to them the next afternoon. "Where's Beethoven ? Where's the famous proof of God's existence and the superiority of Jesus's morality ?"

"In here." Spandrell led the way into his sitting-room. The gramophone stood on the table. Four or five records lay scattered near it. "Here's the beginning of the slow movement," Spandrell went on, picking up one of them. "I won't bother you with the rest of the quartet. It's lovely. But the *heilige Dankgesang* is the crucial part." He wound up the clockwork ; the disc revolved ; he lowered the needle of the sound-box on to its grooved surface. A single violin gave out a long note, then another a sixth above, dropped to the fifth (while the second violin began where the first had started), then leapt to the octave, and hung there suspended through two long beats. More than a hundred years before, Beethoven, stone deaf, had heard the imaginary music of stringed instruments expressing his inmost thoughts and feelings. He had made signs with ink on ruled paper. A century later, four Hungarians had reproduced from the printed reproduction of Beethoven's scribbles that music which Beethoven had never heard except in his imagination. Spiral grooves on a surface of shellac remembered their playing. The artificial memory revolved, a needle travelled in its grooves and through a faint scratching and roaring that mimicked the noises of Beethoven's own deafness, the audible symbols of Beethoven's convictions and emotions quivered out into the air. Slowly, slowly, the melody unfolded itself. The archaic Lydian harmonies hung on the air.

It was an unimpassioned music, transparent, pure and crystalline, like a tropical sea, an Alpine lake. Water on water, calm sliding over calm; the according of level horizons and waveless expanses, a counterpoint of serenities. And everything clear and bright; no mists, no vague twilights. It was the calm of still and rapturous contemplation, not of drowsiness or sleep. It was the serenity of the convalescent who wakes from fever and finds himself born again into a realm of beauty. But the fever was "the fever called living" and the rebirth was not into this world; the beauty was unearthly, the convalescent serenity was the peace of God. The interweaving of Lydian melodies was heaven.

Thirty slow bars had built up heaven, when the character of the music suddenly changed. From being remotely archaic, it became modern. The Lydian harmonies were replaced by those of the corresponding major key. The time quickened. A new melody leapt and bounded, but over earthly mountains, not among those of paradise.

"*Neue Kraft fuehlend*," Spandrell quoted in a whisper from the score. "He's feeling stronger; but it's not so heavenly."

The new melody bounded on for another fifty bars and expired in scratchings. Spandrell lifted the needle and stopped the revolving of the disc.

"The Lydian part begins again on the other side," he explained, as he wound up the machine. "Then there's more of this lively stuff in A major. Then it's Lydian to the end, getting better and better all the time. Don't you think it's marvellous?" He turned to Rampion. "Isn't it a proof?"

The other nodded. "Marvellous. But the only thing it proves, so far as I can hear, is that sick men are apt to be very weak. It's the art of a man who's lost his body."

"But discovered his soul."

"Oh, I grant you," said Rampion, "sick men are very spiritual. But that's because they're not quite men. Eunuchs are very spiritual lovers for the same reason."

"But Beethoven wasn't a eunuch."

"I know. But why did he try to be one? Why did he make castration and bodilessness his ideal? What's this music? Just a hymn in praise of eunuchism. Very beautiful, I admit. But couldn't he have chosen something more human than castration to sing about?"

Spandrell sighed. "To me it's the beatific vision, it's heaven."

"Not earth. That's just what I've been complaining of."

"But mayn't a man imagine heaven if he wants to?" asked Mary.

"Certainly, so long as he doesn't pretend that his imagination is the last word in truth, beauty, wisdom, virtue and all the rest. Spandrell wants us to accept this disembodied eunuchism as the last word. I won't. I simply won't."

"Listen to the whole movement, before you judge," Spandrell reversed the disc and lowered the needle. The bright heaven of Lydian music vibrated on the air.

"Lovely, lovely," said Rampion, when the record was finished. "You're quite right. It is heaven, it is the life of the soul. It's the most perfect spiritual abstraction from reality I've ever known. But

why should he have wanted to make that abstraction? Why couldn't he be content to be a man and not an abstract soul? Why, why?" He began walking up and down the room. "This damned soul," he went on, "this damned abstract soul—it's like a kind of cancer, eating up the real, human, natural reality, spreading and spreading at its expense. Why can't he be content with reality, your stupid old Beethoven? Why should he find it necessary to replace the real, warm, natural thing by this abstract cancer of a soul? The cancer may have a beautiful shape; but, damn it all, the body's more beautiful. I don't want your spiritual cancer."

"I won't argue with you," said Spandrell. He felt all at once extraordinarily tired and depressed. It had been a failure. Rampion had refused to be convinced. Was the proof, after all, no proof? Did the music refer to nothing outside itself and the idiosyncrasies of its inventor? He looked at his watch; it was almost five. "Hear the end of the movement at any rate," he said. "It's the best part." He wound up the gramophone. Even if it's meaningless, he thought, it's beautiful, so long as it lasts. And perhaps it isn't meaningless. After all, Rampion isn't infallible. "Listen."

The music began again. But something new and marvellous had happened in its Lydian heaven. The speed of the slow melody was doubled; its outlines became clearer and more definite; an inner part began to harp insistently on a throbbing phrase. It was as though heaven had suddenly and impossibly become more heavenly, had passed from achieved perfection into perfection yet more deeper and more absolute. The ineffable peace persisted; but it was no longer the peace of convalescence and passivity. It quivered, it was alive, it seemed to grow and intensify itself, it became an active calm, an almost passionate serenity. The miraculous paradox of eternal life and eternal repose was musically realised.

They listened, almost holding their breaths. Spandrell looked exultantly at his guest. His own doubts had vanished. How could one fail to believe in something which was there, which manifestly existed? Mark Rampion nodded. "Almost thou persuadest me," he whispered. "But it's *too* good."

"How can anything be too good?"

"Not human. If it lasted, you'd cease to be a man. You'd die."

They were silent again. The music played on, leading from heaven to heaven, from bliss to deeper bliss. Spandrell sighed and shut his eyes. His face was grave and serene, as though it had been smoothed by sleep or death. Yes, dead, thought Rampion as he looked at him. "He refuses to be a man. Not a man—either a demon or a dead angel. Now he's dead." A touch of discord in the Lydian harmonies gave an almost unbearable poignancy to the beatitude. Spandrell sighed again. There was a knocking at the door. He looked up. The lines of mockery came back into his face, the corners of the mouth became once more ironic.

"There, he's the demon again," thought Rampion. "He's come to life and he's the demon."

"There they are," Spandrell was saying and without answering Mary's question, "Who?" he walked out of the room.

Rampion and Mary remained by the gramophone, listening to the revelation of heaven. A deafening explosion, a shout, another explosion and another, suddenly shattered the paradise of sound.

They jumped up and ran to the door. In the passage three men in the green uniform of British Freemen were looking down at Spandrell's body. They held pistols in their hands. Another revolver lay on the floor beside the dying man. There was a hole in the side of his head and a patch of blood on his shirt. His hands opened and shut, opened again and shut, scratching the boards.

"What *has* . . . ?" began Rampion.

"He fired first," one of the men interrupted.

There was a little silence. Through the open door came the sound of music. The passion had begun to fade from the celestial melody. Heaven, in those long-drawn notes, became once more the place of absolute rest, of still and blissful convalescence. Long notes, a chord repeated, protracted, bright and pure, hanging, floating, effortlessly soaring on and on. And then suddenly there was no more music ; only the scratching of the needle on the revolving disc.

"To see a world in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a Wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."¹

THE SHORT STORY : A REVEALING FLASH

by J. M. HALFORD, B.A. (Lond.)

ALTHOUGH there never was an age when literary traditions were not in the melting-pot—for it is only by recasting itself in the contemporary mould that literature keeps alive—the cult of the short story, as opposed to the story which is short, is something more than a swing of the pendulum ; it is a portent. The story which is short is as old as speech itself, but it survives to-day chiefly in the regard of magazine editors. On the other hand the short story as a form of expression with its own aims, existing in its own right, is to all intents and purposes the invention of the nineteenth century, and it may well be that its greatest achievements are yet to come. Certainly it has an immediacy of effect unmatched by any other literary medium which is primarily concerned with the relationship of human beings both to each other and to the vaster, impersonal forces of the world as a whole ; and in the hands of such masters as Poe, Maupassant, and Tchekov it has attained the perfect harmony of form, content, manner and intention, characteristic of great art.

WHAT IS A SHORT STORY ?

THE mention of these names, all great in the history of the short story yet each representative of different aims and different achievements, is a reminder that, despite a great deal of theorising and speculation to the contrary, the short story conforms to no rules except the artistic necessity of unity. It can begin anywhere and end nowhere ; it need not be short—Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*, which is commonly classified as a short story, is forty thousand words long—and it certainly need not conform to the conventional idea of a story as a narrative with a plot. The only rule for the short story is that, within the limits of its conception, it must be an organic whole. Poe, in a review of Hawthorne's *Tales*, explicitly declared that "in the whole composition there should be no one word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design" ; and although neither he nor anybody else has ever obeyed this ruling literally, the principle is sound. It is the recognition of what he called, in the course of the same review, "the immense force derivable from *totality*." To make the reader aware of this force is the prime aim of all short stories written with a conscious artistic purpose ; and it is the necessity of achieving "totality" that

¹ William Blake

demands on the part of the writer a highly-developed sense of form, so that the body and end of a short story may be, as R. L. Stevenson declared they should be, "bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning."

Although it is clear that conformity with these standards demands a relatively high degree of technical skill, this is not in itself sufficient to explain why unity of impression should be preferred to the cumulative effect of the novel; why, in fact, the short story is "modern." To understand how the short story has come to enjoy a position in literature almost equal in prestige and popularity to that of the novel, it is essential to know something about its evolution and to see what short story writers are trying to do.

NEW WAYS WITH OLD THEMES

THERE is no avoiding the conclusion that theories as to how a story should be told and what it should tell have rather a pretentious air in face of the fact that story-telling is one of the oldest of human activities. Indeed, all the stories in the world have already been told. There is no such thing as a new plot: there are only new ways of handling an old one. This is the purpose and essential character of literature: to re-interpret the eternal truths in the light of contemporary experience. For, although human nature does not change, its complexes do. The ordinary man of to-day is at once very like and very unlike all the ordinary men who have preceded him; alike in his instinctive human qualities, unlike in the mental outlook imposed upon him by the ever-changing social conditions which make up his environment. It is for this reason that the characteristic medium of expression changes from age to age; for the medium of expression—the epic, the drama, the novel—is simply the formula, as it were, which is understood by the greatest number of people at a particular time. In the fourteenth century, for example, the only people likely to understand any kind of literary formula were the élite, for only the élite could read. Consequently Chaucer, whose superb gifts of humour, insight, and verbal felicity would have placed him in the front rank however he chose to write, turned naturally to narrative poetry as the only medium likely to satisfy a sophisticated demand for manner as well as matter: the demand that a thing should be not only worth saying but also well said.

In the sixteenth century the appeal of literature was suddenly broadened and given new life by the development of the theatre. The Elizabethan drama, in its bewildering mixture of crudity and poetic splendour, was the response to the demand of a naively imaginative audience for the dramatic presentation of history, legend, and romance. Later, when the theatres were closed, and afterwards at the Restoration, the drama lost its "common touch," and a gradually increasing reading public turned to the novel because it seemed to give a truer and more embracing picture of life as it is lived by ordinary people.

The novel's popularity has continued to grow, but there are signs that its long innings may be drawing to a close. It is true that more novels are being written now than ever before, but they are none of them

taken so seriously as they were even thirty years ago. There is a growing suspicion that no very extraordinary gifts are required to do something that so many people can do well. But something more than this is responsible for the novel's diminishing status. It is not so much that it is easy to write as that it seems to be losing its grip on reality.

Life to-day is more complex than it was. The industrial revolution brought about an economically and intellectually interdependent world and at the same time greatly increased the scope and variety of human activity. This means that not only is it impossible to write comprehensively, as Jane Austen could, about one minute corner of life regardless of the affairs of the world at large, but that it is equally impossible to cram an all-embracing panorama of human life on to one canvas. This double difficulty is further complicated by the fact that men have increased in self-knowledge and are no longer satisfied with black and white delineations of character. It is recognised that human beings are neither good nor bad, but mixtures, and inconsistent mixtures at that; and on analysis their behaviour resolves itself into a series of impulses whose origin is frequently so obscure that more interest attaches to the causes of behaviour than to behaviour itself.

HOW THE SHORT STORY DIFFERS FROM THE NOVEL

BUT, in spite of James Joyce's magnificent attempt in *Ulysses*, the task of describing the behaviour and motives of even one character through the course of a single day remains a superhuman one. It is, moreover, open to the valid objection that the resulting novel is almost unintelligible except to the psycho-analyst or to the reader equipped with the specific knowledge and experience of the author. Faced with these handicaps, writers are more and more adopting the contrary method. Instead of trying to put everything in they leave nearly everything out. Instead of attempting to create character they confine themselves to the analysis of a situation, perhaps including, though not necessarily, its causes and repercussions. In short, they aim not at giving a composite picture of reality, but at illuminating the whole problem of existence in a single comprehensive flash.

The short story has evolved as a conscious art form, because it is especially well adapted to further this aim. To begin with, from the mere fact that it can be read at a sitting, it impresses itself on the mind of the reader as a unified conception in a way that the novel cannot. Secondly, it does not concern itself with the development of character but with what really amounts to a bundle of impulses existing at a particular moment. The persons in a short story cannot grow in the same way that the persons in a novel are expected to grow, nor are they rounded. They are shown at the beginning of the story to possess certain characteristics and these they usually keep to the end. But any other traits they may happen to possess which are not essential to the theme are excluded. In Maupassant's masterpiece, *The Necklace*, the events of five years are compassed in as many pages. Had this story been told in the form of a novel, the descent of Mathilde and her husband from genteel to grinding poverty could have been elaborated with a wealth

of detail ; but the tragic climax would have been too sudden, out of all proportion to the body of the narrative leading up to it. Proportion is, indeed, the hallmark of the good short story, and cannot fail to be present if the story has unity of purpose and construction. This is the one law of a short story : it should say all that needs to be said to illuminate its underlying idea ; no more and no less. Apart from this, the short story knows no limitations of structure or of theme.

HOW THE SHORT STORY BEGAN

BEFORE the nineteenth century short story writing was not a conscious art. If an author wrote a short story it was rather by accident than by design. An anecdote grew longer than he expected or a romance shorter. Before the novel form became to some extent standardised, it was not unusual for several complete short stories to be incorporated in one novel. The earliest short stories in English prose are two of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the *Tale of Melibee*, told by Chaucer himself, and the *Parson's Tale*. Of these, the first was an experiment, the second a translation. During the Elizabethan period, which was rich in every kind of literature, the short story in the guise of the *novella* served mainly to provide the dramatists with material for their plots. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the development of periodical literature quickened interest in the short story by providing a consistent outlet for it. Addison and Steele in the *Spectator*, Johnson in the *Rambler* and Goldsmith in the *Bee* all exercised their talents in short narrative, and the Coverley papers, at least, are widely read and loved still. Sterne placed his pathetic *Story of Lefevre* in the middle of *Tristram Shandy*, but it is complete in itself, and can legitimately be regarded both in structure and conception as a short story ; it is indeed an interesting early example of the conscious use of the short story for a specific artistic purpose. By the end of the eighteenth century the magazine was firmly established as a literary medium, and the development of the short story was greatly facilitated by the rapid growth of the magazine habit.

But it was in America that the magazine first proved the forcing-ground of the new art. While Scott, Southey, Miss Edgeworth and Hannah More were all experimenting sporadically in the medium of the short tale, on the other side of the water Washington Irving and, after him, Hawthorne were systematically responding to the new demand for literature that could be read at a sitting and at the same time satisfy the artistic canons of coherence and unity.

Irving, literary compeer of Addison and Steele, was fundamentally an essayist, and his *Sketch-Book*, as its name implies, was little more than a series of elaborated word pictures. Hawthorne, on the other hand aimed, not at diffusion, but at concentration upon a single situation. He substituted suggestion for detail, subjective analysis for pictorial effect, and has been considered by many to be the founder of the modern short story. Certainly he was the first to give it that unity of impression which is now its distinguishing characteristic.

To Edgar Allan Poe, however, belongs the credit of having been the first to feel the new demands of his age, to forecast the new art and to

formulate its laws. Something of this must be ascribed to the fact that Poe was for long a magazine editor, but more to an abnormally concentrated power of imagination subserved by a passion for form. Hence his finest efforts as, for example, *The Black Cat*. *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *William Wilson*, are models of action proceeding to an inevitable end, with every sentence, practically every word contributing to the final development. Nevertheless it must be recognised that his range was a narrow one. The shadow of death looms over all his stories, and although there is in them something more than pure horror, the less good among them tend to be *tours de force* rather than literary achievements of the highest order. Technically his stories are brilliant, but some of them owe more to invention than to the dual faculty of observation and sensibility which reveals a new meaning in the normal and humdrum.

AN UNHAPPY MAN WHO LOVED PROBLEMS

THIS much admitted, Poe remains unsurpassed in the evocation of the mystery whose hold over the mind is the terror of the irrational and the inexplicable. He, above all other authors, has the gift of rousing terror, not of the ghosts, the blood, and the clanking chains of the *Udolpho* school, but of the spiritual forces that penetrate the imperfect armour of the flesh. In his own life he knew the inhumanity and madness of existence and from bitter experience learnt to describe in vivid language the workings of those weird powers which terrify the very souls of men.

Poe was the first to consider the short story as a separate literary form and to give it prestige. His concentration on the abnormal, gloomy aspects of life, added to his natural genius, gave his work a distinction which soon won him recognition both in America and in Europe. Since his death, his influence has touched almost every outstanding writer of short stories in both continents.

But in addition to his preoccupation with horror and death, Poe was deeply interested in abstruse problems such as the decoding of ciphers and the unravelling of mysteries. Combined with his brilliant analytical ability and great literary skill, this interest led him to become the founder of the modern detective story. Between 1840 and 1845 he wrote five detective stories: *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Purloined Letter*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, all three of which deal with the exploits of the French detective Auguste Dupin, *Thou Art the Man* and *The Gold Bug*, which is often regarded as his finest mystery story. The most remarkable thing about these tales is that they contain practically all the technical ingenuities his successors have been able to discover. At best there are only about half a dozen methods of fooling the reader, and the germ of most of them is to be found in Poe. Moreover it is to the eccentric Dupin and his unnamed chronicler we owe the long and still increasing line of detectives and their biographers whose crowning glory is the immortal Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

The detective story has evolved a highly perfected technique, and at its best is a model of construction combined with considerable charm of presentation. It was about forty years, however, before Poe's most important innovation—the detective with a distinctive personality—bore

fruit in its original short story form. The vogue for crime fiction started earlier, with the novels of Emile Gaboriau, in France, and of Wilkie Collins in England; but it was not until 1887, with the electrifying success of Conan Doyle's *A Study in Scarlet*, that the detective story achieved the full measure of that popularity which it has never since lost. *A Study in Scarlet* was a novel; but it is now probably less well known than the series of Sherlock Holmes stories which followed it and made the fortune of the *Strand Magazine*. In his handling of the new medium Conan Doyle's chief merit was a crispness and polish which a host of followers and imitators have not been able to dim. Holmes is the first and greatest of modern detectives. After him the best-loved is perhaps Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown, but for ingenuity and omniscience, Austen Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke deserves to be singled out from a host of colleagues too numerous to name and among whom selection would be invidious.

Although Holmes and his successors, owing to their almost universal propensity for what the film magnates call wise-cracks, have been at their best in small doses, the short story of detection is, to-day, tending to suffer from the restriction of length imposed upon it by the requirements of its chief market, the magazine. The first writers of detective stories could afford to be prodigal with their plots because the field was a new one and the audience more eager than critical. But within recent years competition has become so keen and readers so expert at the game that the time and ingenuity required for the finding and working out of a new plot is no longer proportionate to the remuneration to be derived from the few thousand words into which it has to be compressed. The result is that the magazine no longer provides a satisfactory outlet for original work. Writers reserve their good plots for novels, and the short story of detection is declining into a mechanical affair which is told in brief, simply because it is not worth expanding.

THE MAGAZINE SETS THE PACE

SOMETHING of this same process has influenced the development of what, for want of a better term, is usually called the literary short story. The Victorians wrote for magazines with the enthusiasm, the excitement almost, that new movements, new outlets for expression, arouse in original minds; but their technique has become stereotyped through continual imitation, and to-day the writer who refuses to conform to the established pattern has to find his market elsewhere. This is a tendency whose influence on the short story as an art form must be recognised as revolutionary. For just as it is the virtue of the sonnet that it conforms to a pre-ordained pattern, and of the drama that it is expressed within the arbitrary divisions of a limited number of acts, so, too, it was the virtue of the short story in its initial stages that it performed its function in obedience to the technical demands of the medium in which it was intended to appear; that is to say, the magazine. The rapidly increasing class of short stories which have no natural home is, in fact, in something of the same predicament as those admirable plays whose only defect is that they cannot be acted.

There is thus an important technical difference between the best short stories of to-day and those of the nineteenth century ; and there is an equally important difference of inspiration. Generally speaking, the prevailing influence of the nineteenth century was that of the French *conte*, while that of the twentieth century is the more formless Russian short story. The reason for this is not hard to discover. In England, if not in America, the short story did not come into its own until the eighties. The mid-nineteenth century was the age of the novel, and although the great novelists wrote short stories on occasion they were inclined to look upon them as a pleasant relaxation from the more exacting and important business of writing novels. Moreover, great novelists rarely find themselves at home in the technique of the short story. But whether it was that the novelists could not write short stories, or that they were not interested in writing them, it is certain that the short story did not come to maturity in England until the established order, which had once seemed as fixed and immutable as a decree of Nature, began to show signs of breaking up. With the development of a social conscience, Maupassant's remorselessness and his artistic apprehension of the significantly little, became the model for every writer who acknowledged the necessity of looking life in the face. Later on, as existence became increasingly unsatisfactory, the dreariness, stagnation and apathetic pessimism expressed by Tchekov and the Russians seized hold of a generation no longer content with the completeness which, though it may be true to art, is not true to life.

STEVENSON : THE LAST ROMANTIC

THERE is thus, despite the charm of a beautiful prose style, an almost archaic quality about the short stories of Stevenson ; archaic from the standpoint not only of to-day, but of his immediate successors. For Stevenson, "mentally half a Frenchman ; in tastes, habits and prepossessions almost wholly French," as his step-son wrote of him, was born too soon, as Thackeray was born too soon, for the audience that would have sympathised with and understood his outlook on life. Unlike Thackeray, however, he took refuge in romance and fantasy. His first published story, *A Lodging for the Night*, which appeared in *Temple Bar* in 1877, dealt with an episode in the life of the mediæval French poet Villon. It was followed by others which likewise owed their inspiration to the past, by fantastic inventions such as the stories which make up the *New Arabian Nights*, and by grim conceptions such as *Thrawn Janet* and *Markheim*, rendered still more grim by an underlying hint of human cruelty and superstition. But there is nothing of contemporary significance in these stories, nothing forged out of the impact of life on a creative imagination. Perhaps it is that Stevenson was not, in the last resort, creative. He was a writing animal, but his imaginative work, both in the genre of the novel and the short story, lacks the prime virtue of vitality ; and although he was one of the first writers in England to endow the short story with an existence in its own right, the full possibilities of the innovation remained unrealised until Rudyard Kipling's volume of Indian stories, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, burst upon an astonished world in 1887.

It is Kipling's supreme achievement, which neither familiarity nor imitation has been able to stale, that at one bound, and at the very outset of his career, he brought the short story out of the domain of the mysterious and the fanciful into a world of colour, movement, and passion, of speaking men and women, of fresh air and the open day. Something of this he owes to the fortunate accident of his Indian background ; but the gods who gave him a subject to his hand also endowed him with the superb gifts for narrative, dialogue, and description, which have placed him in the front rank of the world's story tellers. His work is unequal, and frequently disfigured by stylistic mannerisms and technical crudities which would have been the downfall of a lesser writer. On the other hand he has a singularly fertile imagination combined with unusually developed powers of observation. In matter and spirit, if not in method, Mr. Kipling is wholly original. It is impossible here to do full justice to his range and variety, but mention must be made of the soldier-cycle which gave the world the immortal Private Terence Mulvaney ; the stories of childhood, and of the lives of British officials in India, of which the beautifully realised *Without Benefit of Clergy* is perhaps the best known ; the sensitive handling of the things of the spirit as in *They* and *The Brushwood Boy*, probably his two most famous stories ; the vivid re-creation of history in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* ; and the inspired beast-tales of the two *Jungle Books*, which many critics regard as his finest work.

For tautness of construction and brevity of statement Kipling remains, despite his numerous imitators, an unchallenged master of the English short story. His influence has been great not only in the realm of technique but also, and perhaps more importantly, in the widening of the scope of the short story to include the interpretation of contemporary life. The inspiration of his success was in large part responsible for the great vogue which the short story enjoyed in the nineties, when a host of magazines—*The National Observer*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *Macmillan's*, *Longman's*, *The Yellow Book*, *The New Review*—gave unrivalled opportunities to the bright young men of the period. George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Jerome K. Jerome, Kenneth Grahame, George Moore, Frank Harris, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and, among the living, Sir James Barrie, H. G. Wells, and W. W. Jacobs, are only a few of the talented writers who seized eagerly on this new form of literary expression. The work of Mr. Jacobs is especially noteworthy for raciness of dialogue. His skill in the portrayal of humble life is not always given the praise it deserves.

O. HENRY : SPINNER OF PLOTS

KIPLING's influence was as great in America as in England, perhaps, in some ways, even greater. He himself owed something to Bret Harte, whose *Luck of Roaring Camp*, remarkable for a novel combination of sentimentality, local colour and romance, unified by a sense of form inspired by Poe, is a landmark in the history of the American short story. In return, he taught the Americans that technical efficiency which is their chief virtue ; or, as the saying goes, " There is only one

Kipling, and O. Henry is his prophet." Whether O. Henry is America's greatest writer of short stories is a matter of dispute. There are those who would reserve that title for Henry James, whose subtle and impressionistic studies of situations brought the short story to the highest peak of artistry it has yet achieved, although they devitalised it to some extent in the process. Others, again, prefer the finished and powerful psychological stories of Ambrose Bierce. But O. Henry is the guiding spirit of the contemporary short story in America, and it is estimated that about ninety per cent. of the short stories that are being written in the United States to-day are imitations of his work. From Kipling he learned the bad trick of intruding his personality into the story; but he was one of the ablest spinners of plots who ever lived, and combined this gift with an amazing vocabulary of colloquialisms and slang, and a sympathetic knowledge of many sides of life and many kinds of people. His virtues and defects are well shown in the little sketch of a shop-girl, a type he excelled in depicting, called *An Unfinished Story*. Equally famous are *A Municipal Report*, *The Furnished Room*, and, perhaps most of all, *The Gifts of the Magi*. The simple themes of these stories, despite the trick device of the surprise ending, are treated with the economy, directness, and sympathy which indicate the master hand.

THE REVOLT FROM THE MAGAZINE : KATHERINE MANSFIELD

THE technical efficiency which the short story attained by the beginning of the twentieth century has had the inevitable result. On the one hand it has led to the conventionality of theme and construction seen in the average magazine story of to-day, and on the other it has caused the revolt, both in method and in substance, expressed in the work of such individual artists as Katherine Mansfield and Mr. A. E. Coppard. It is true that a great many gifted writers have been able to conform to the magazine standards without cheapening their art, and the work of Stacy Aumonier in particular deserves to be remembered for the sincerity and brilliant narrative skill which went to its making. Among living writers, Somerset Maugham is notable for gifts of style, constructive ability, and a matured point of view which distinguishes everything he writes. But it is none the less true that the most exciting and significant work is no longer appearing in the magazines. Indeed, in their way, the short stories of Katherine Mansfield mark an epoch as distinctly as those of Mr. Kipling. She derived straight from Tchekov, from whom she learnt to invest the minutiae of life with profound, almost breathless, interest, and from whom also she learnt the brutal realism of incompleteness: the beginning that is merely a start, and the end that is just a leaving off. Like Tchekov she aimed, not at imposing on life a pattern of her own making, but at reflecting life through the medium of a vision unclouded by preconceived notions as to what life should be. Thus *At the Bay* and *Prelude* are marvellous transcripts invested with an atmosphere of radiant comprehension, but her best and most subtle achievements are probably revealed in the exquisitely conceived interplay of human thought and feeling of *Je Ne Parle Pas Français*, and *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

“OF making many books there is no end,” said the Preacher, and the remark might truthfully be applied to the short story to-day. There are thousands of good short stories to choose from and a course of reading must therefore be arbitrarily selected from among the best, with a view to providing a criterion to test other stories which may subsequently be read.

Some of the greatest short stories in the world are given in the pages which follow. An interesting and valuable course of further short story reading would begin with Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and go on to compare these with G. K. Chesterton's *Innocence of Father Brown* and E. A. Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, especially the story entitled *The Gold Bug*. There would follow Rudyard Kipling's *The Courting of Dinah Shad (Life's Handicap)*, R. L. Stevenson's stories in *The New Arabian Nights* and *The Merry Men* and then, by way of contrast, Katherine Mansfield's *Garden Party* and James Joyce's *Dubliners*.

The most useful collections of short stories are *Great Short Stories of the World* edited by Clark and Lieber (Heinemann), *Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror*, two series, edited with a brilliant introduction by Dorothy L. Sayers (Gollancz), and the volumes edited annually by Edward O'Brien entitled *The Best English Short Stories* and *The Best American Short Stories* (Cape).

There is no standard English work on short story writing, but there are three accepted classics by American writers: *The Philosophy of Composition* and *Nathaniel Hawthorne* by Edgar Allan Poe and Brander Mathews' *Philosophy of the Short Story*.

FOUR GREAT SHORT STORIES

E. A. POE: MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-49) was the originator of the detective story and of the short tale of horror and mystery. His life was unhappy and unfortunate. He was born in New England of actor parents and was orphaned while still a child. He was taken into the evidently uncongenial family of a well-to-do tobacco merchant in Virginia and at seven was sent to school in England. He returned to America when he was twelve and afterwards went to Virginia University. He displeased his guardian and was put to an office life which he could not bear. He ran away as a common soldier, was bought out, appointed to a cadetship and court-martialled for neglect of duty. Thereafter he earned an insufficient living by his pen. He married his child-cousin of fourteen, Virginia Clemens, who died of consumption and perhaps of poverty at twenty-five. It is said that a great white cat was allowed to lie on her bed for the sake of keeping her warm. The haunting poem, "Annabel Lee," was written in her memory.

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyments. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talents into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random. I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not

only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied ; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior *acumen*. To be less abstract—Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power ; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess ; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly ; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist ; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by “the book,” are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions ; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all ; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand ; often counting trump by trump, and honour by honour, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognises what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word ; the accidental dropping or turning of a

card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment ; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement ; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity ; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The consecutive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony ; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candour which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading ; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervour and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price ; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city ; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not

inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St-Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates ; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamoured of the Night for her own sake ; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell ; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always ; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building ; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract ; his eyes were vacant in expression ; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the period in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais-Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words :

“He is a very little fellow, that’s true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*.”

“There can be no doubt of that,” I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extra-

ordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterwards I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of——?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"Of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a quondam cobbler of the Rue St-Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me; I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—— This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then

proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did ; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

" You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamertine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectingly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus ; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upwards to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up ; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter tirade upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line *Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum*. I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion ; and, from certain pun-gencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait ; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was sure then that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he *was* a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St-Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth storey of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crow-bar, and eight or ten of the neighbours entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased ; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth storey (the door of which, being found locked,

with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead ; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On the chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an ear-ring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *metal d'Alger*, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau*, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

“Of Madame L’Espanaye no traces were here seen ; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate !) the corpse of the daughter, head downwards, was dragged therefrom ; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger-nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

“After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

“To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue.”

The next day’s papers had these additional particulars.

“*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.* Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair” (the word “*affaire*” has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us), “but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

“*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth storey.

"*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighbourhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbours that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbours, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth storey. The house was a good house, not very old.

"*Isodore Musèt*, *gendarme*, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavouring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way upstairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the word '*sacré*' and '*diable*.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbour, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, the witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with

them frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"— *Odenheimer, restaurateur.* This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly, '*sacré,*' '*diable,*' and once '*Mon Dieu.*'

"*Jules Mignaud, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine.* Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year — (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Le Bon, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street—very lonely.*

"*William Bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*Mon Dieu.*' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.*

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth storey, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house

was a four-storey one, with garrets (*mansardes*). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door, was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"*Alfonzo Garcio*, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed upstairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth storey were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded upstairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discoloured, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discoloured. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely

separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

“*Alexandre Etienne*, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony and the opinions of M. Dumas.

“Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent.”

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St-Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

“We must not judge of the means,” said Dupin, “by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen*, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but not unfrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain’s calling for his *robe de chambre*—*pour mieux entendre la musique*. The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The truth lies not in the valleys where we seek her, but upon the mountain tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a sidelong way, by turning towards it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *full* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but, in the former, there is the more refined

capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought ; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement" (I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing), "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St-Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found ; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighbourhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Made-moiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Dupin scrutinised everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard ; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménageais* :—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humour now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasising the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said ; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself—but for the atrocity

of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room, the corpse thrust, with the head downwards, up the chimney ; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady ; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyse the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen* of the Government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking towards the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition ; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive ; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols ; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself ; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterwards have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method ; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found ; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party ; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it ?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement

in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish*.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French, this witness was examined through an interpreter*.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German*.' The Spaniard, 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English*.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia*.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian, but, '*not being cognisant of that tongue*, is, like the Spaniard, convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognise nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and *unequal*.' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions'; but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the

point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision.—Let us examine each by each the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Esplanade was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent 'impossibilities.' It is only for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavoured to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened;—the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must* then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash. I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have re-

closed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head.

“You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once ‘at fault.’ The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result,—and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clue. ‘There *must* be something wrong,’ I said, ‘about the nail.’ I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were encrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially embedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

“The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail,—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

“The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth storey were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the upper half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from

the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed, would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus affected.—By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

“I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished:—but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*—the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

“You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that ‘to make out my case’ I should rather under-value, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected.”

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend—as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

“You will see,” he said, “that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to suggest that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L’Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of

as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

“Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney head downwards. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigour of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down*!

“Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigour most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L’Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard

upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

“If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?”

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. “A madman,” I said, “has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighbouring *maison de santé*.”

“In some respects,” he replied, “your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L’Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it.”

“Dupin!” I said, completely unnerved; “this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair.”

“I have not asserted that it is,” said he; “but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a facsimile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as ‘dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger-nails,’ upon the throat of Mademoiselle L’Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a ‘series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.’”

“You will perceive,” continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, “that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally embedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them.”

I made the attempt in vain.

“We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial,” he said. “The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again.”

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

“This,” I said, “is the mark of no human hand.”

“Read now,” replied Dupin, “this passage from Cuvier.”

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the

large fulvous orang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an orang-outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice,—the expression, '*Mon Dieu!*' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterised by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner), as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognisant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The orang-outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of *Le Monde* (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:—

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst. (the morning of the murder), a very large, tawny orang-outang of the Bornese species. The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —, Rue—, Faubourg St-Germain — au troisième.*

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now, if, after all, I am wrong in my induction



A very large, tawny orang-outang of the Bornese species.

from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognisant although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the orang-outang. He will reason thus :—‘I am innocent ; I am poor ; my orang-outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger ? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed ? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clue. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognisant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognisance. Above all, *I am known*. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal, at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the orang-outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.’”

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

“Be ready,” said Dupin, “with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself.”

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision and rapped at the door of our chamber.

“Come in,” said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and moustache. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us, “Good evening,” in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchâtelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

“Sit down, my friend,” said Dupin. “I suppose you have called about the orang-outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him ; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be ?”

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone :—

“I have no way of telling—but he can’t be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here ?”

“Oh, no ; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at

a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honour of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honour to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair—but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the orang-outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant

curiosity of his neighbours, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailor's frolic on the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the orang-outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair ; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth storey of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the head-board of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the orang-outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor ; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped ; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night-clothes, had apparently been arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window ; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless ; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the orang-outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and embedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found ; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the orang-outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The orang-outang must have escaped from the chamber by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse ; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it ; for in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no stamen. It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master-stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'"

R. L. STEVENSON: THRAWN JANET

ROBERT (originally Lewis, later) LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894) is most widely known as the author of "Treasure Island" which has delighted several generations on more than one continent. This book of robust adventure was written by a delicate man who had a long struggle with consumption and who died at the age of forty-four.

Stevenson was the only child of a lighthouse builder in Edinburgh. He himself did creditable work as a student of engineering. But he left engineering for law and law for literature. His youth in the cold, grim city of Edinburgh was unhappy, and through his success as a writer he set himself free to travel and live in France, and to make the vagabond journey to America which is described in "Across the Plains." In America he found a wife. For the next seven or eight years his life seemed to hang by a thread, and when only thirty-eight he sailed for the South Seas in the hope of arresting the progress of his disease. He was enchanted with the beauty of Samoa and the charm of the natives, bought land and settled there. He was known as Tusitala, the teller of tales.

Stevenson wore unusual clothes and wished to be thought of as a pure artist in style. But he felt himself at heart "something of the shorter catechist," something of a preacher. He knew the manners, the language and the nature of the Scots intimately and naturally as a boy. The following powerful, unselfconscious story in the Scottish tongue is among his best work.

THE Reverend Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life, without relative or servant or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonition, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. Many young persons, coming to prepare themselves against the season of the Holy Communion, were dreadfully affected by his talk. He had a sermon on 1st Peter, v. and 8th, "The devil as a roaring lion," on the Sunday after every seventeenth of August, and he was accustomed to surpass himself upon that text both by the appalling nature of the matter and the terror of his bearing in the pulpit. The children were frightened into fits, and the old looked more than usually oracular, and were, all that day, full of those hints that Hamlet deprecated. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on the one side, and on the other many cold, moorish hill-tops rising toward the sky, had begun, at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry, to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and guidmen sitting at the clachan alehouse shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that uncanny neighbourhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule, with a gable to each; its

back was towards the kirktown of Balweary, nearly half a mile away ; in front of it, a bare garden, hedged with thorn, occupied the land between the river and the road. The house was two storeys high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on the one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the instance of his unspoken prayers ; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring schoolboys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

This atmosphere of terror, surrounding, as it did, a man of God of spotless character and orthodoxy, was a common cause of wonder and subject of inquiry among the few strangers who were led by chance or business into that unknown, outlying country. But many even of the people of the parish were ignorant of the strange events which had marked the first year of Mr. Soulis's ministrations ; and among those who were better informed, some were naturally reticent, and others shy of that particular topic. Now and again, only, one of the older folk would warm into courage over his third tumbler, and recount the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life.

Fifty years syne, when Mr. Soulis cam' first into Ba'weary, he was still a young man—a callant, the folk said—fu' o' book-learnin' an' grand at the exposition, but, as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion. The younger sort were greatly taken wi' his gifts and his gab ; but auld, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be sae ill-supplied. It was before the days o' the moderates—weary fa' them ; but ill things are like guid—they baith come bit by bit, a pickle at a time ; and there were folk even then that said the Lord had left the college professors to their ain devices, an' the lads that went to study wi' them wad hae done mair an' better sittin' in a peatbog, like their forbears of the persecution, wi' a Bible under their oxter an' a speerit o' prayer in their heart. There was nae doubt onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college. He was careful and troubled for mony things besides the ae thing needful. He had a feck o' books wi' him—mair than had ever been seen before in a' that presbytery ; and a sair wark the carrier had wi' them, for they were a' like to have smooored in the De'il's Hag between this and Kilmackerlie. They were books o' divinity, to be sure, or so they ca'd them ; but the serious were o' opinion there was little service for sae mony, when the hail o' God's Word would gang in the neuk o' a plaid. Then he wad sit half the day and half the nicht forbye, which was scant decent—writin', nae less ; an' first they were feared he wad read his sermons ; an' syne it proved he was writin' a book himsel', which was surely no' fitin' for ane o' his years an' sma' experience.

Onyway it behoved him to get an auld, decent wife to keep the manse for him an' see to his bit denners ; an' he was recommended to an auld

limmer—Janet M'Clour, they ca'd her—an' sae far left to himsel' as to be ower persuaded. There was mony advised him to the contrar, for Janet was mair than suspekkit by the best folk in Ba'weary. Lang or that, she had had a wean to a dragoon; she hadna come forrit¹ for maybe thretty year; and bairns had seen her mumblin' to hersel' up on Key's Loan in the gloamin', whilk was an unco time an' place for a God-fearin' woman. Howsoever, it was the laird himsel' that had first tauld the minister o' Janet; an' in thae days he wad hae gane a far gate to plesure the laird. When folk tauld him that Janet was sib to the de'il, it was a' superstition by his way o' it; an' when they cast up the Bible to him an' the witch of Endor, he wad threep it down their thrapples that thir days were a' gane by, an' the de'il was mercifully restrained.

Weel, when it got about the clachan that Janet M'Clour was to be servant at the manse, the folk were fair mad wi' her an' him thegither; an' some o' the guidwives had nae better to dae than get round her door-checks and chairge her wi' a' that was ken't again' her, frae the sodger's bairn to John Tamson's twa kye. She was nae great speaker; folk usually let her gang her ain gate, an' she let them gang theirs, wi' neither Fair-guid-een nor Fair-guid-day; but when she buckled to, she had a tongue to deave the miller. Up she got, an' there wasna an auld story in Ba'weary but she gart somebody lowp for it that day; they couldna say ae thing but she could say twa to it; till, at the hinder end, the guidwives up an' claught haud of her, an' clawed the coats aff her back, and pu'd her down the clachan to the water o' Dule, to see if she were a witch or no, soom or droun. The carline skirled till ye could hear her at the Hangin' Shaw, an' she focht like ten; there was mony a guidwife bure the mark o' her neist day an' mony a lang day after; an' just in the hettest o' the collieshangie, wha suld come up (for his sins) but the new minister!

"Women," said he (an' he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fair wud wi' terror—an' clang to him, an' prayed him, for Christ's sake, save her frae the cummers; an' they, for their pairt, tauld him a' that was ken't, an' maybe mair.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, no' a word o't. Forbye the bairn," says she, "I've been a decent woman a' my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, His unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Weel, it wad appear that when he askit that, she gave a girn that fairly frichtit them that saw her, an' they could hear her teeth play dirl thegither in her chafits; but there was naething for it but the ae way or the ither; an' Janet lifted up her hand an' renounced the de'il before them a'.

"And now," says Mr. Soulis to the guidwives, "home with ye, one and all, and pray to God for His forgiveness."

An' he gied Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a sark,

¹ "To come forrit"—To offer oneself as a communicant.

and took her up the clachan to her ain door like a ledly o' the land ; an' her screighin' an' laughin' as was a scandal to be heard.

There were mony grave folk lang ower their prayers that nicht ; but when the morn cam' there was sic a fear fell upon a' Ba'weary that the bairns hid theirsels, an' even the men-folk stood an' keekit frae their doors. For there was Janet comin' down the clachan—her or her likeness, nane could tell—wi' her neck thrawn, an' her heid on ae side, like a body that has been hangit, an' a girn on her face like an unstreakit corp. By an' by they got used wi' it, an' even speered at her to ken what was wrang ; but frae that day forth she couldna speak like a Christian woman, but slavered an' played click wi' her teeth like a pair o' shears ; an' fra that day forth the name o' God cam' never on her lips. Whiles she wad try to say it, but it michtna be. Them that kenned best said least ; but they never gied that Thing the name o' Janet M'Clour ; for the auld Janet, by their way o't, was in muckle hell that day. But the minister was neither to haud nor to bind ; he preached about naething but the folk's cruelty that had gi'en her a stroke of the palsy ; he skelpit the bairns that meddled her ; an' he had her up to the manse that same nicht, an' dwalled there a' his lane wi' her under the Hangin' Shaw.

Weel, time gaed by : and the idler sort commenced to think mair lichtly o' that black business. The minister was weel thocht o' ; he was aye late at the writing, folk wad see his can'le doon by the Dule water after twal' at e'en ; and he seemed pleased wi' himself an' upsitten as at first, though a' body could see that he was dwining. As for Janet, she cam' an' she gaed ; if she didna speak muckle afore, it was reason she should speak less then ; she meddled naebody ; but she was an eldritch thing to see, an' nane wad hae mistrusted wi' her for Ba'weary glebe.

About the end o' July there cam' a spell o' weather, the like o't never was in that countryside ; it was lown an' het an' heartless ; the herds couldna win up the Black Hill, the bairns were ower wearit to play ; an' yet it was gousty too, wi' claps o' het wund that rumm'led in the glens, and bits o' shouers that slockened naething. We aye thocht it büt to thun'er on the morn ; but the morn cam' an' the morn's morning, an' it was aye the same uncanny weather, sair on folks and bestial. O' a' that were the waur, nane suffered like Mr. Soulis ; he could neither sleep nor eat, he tauld his elders ; an' when he wasna writin' at his weary book, he wad be stravaguin' ower a' the country-side like a man possessed, when a'-body else was blithe to keep caller ben the house.

Abune Hangin' Shaw, in the bield o' the Black Hill, there's a bit enclosed grund wi' an iron yett ; an' it seems, in the auld days, that was the kirkyaird o' Ba'weary, 'an consecrated by the Papists before the blessed licht shone upon the kingdom. It was a great howff, o' Mr. Soulis's onyway ; there he wad sit and consider his sermons ; an' indeed it's a bielly bit. Weel, as he cam' ower the waist end o' the Black Hill, ae day, he saw first twa, an' syne fower, an' syne seven corbie craws fleein' round an' round abune the auld kirkyaird. They flew laigh an' heavy, an' squawked to ither as they gaed ; an' it was clear to Mr. Soulis that something had put them frae their ordinar. He wasna easy fleyed, an' gaed straucht up the wa's ; an' what suld he find



He was . . . black as hell, and his een were singular to see.



there but a man, or the appearance o' a man, sittin' in the inside upon a grave. He was of a great stature, an' black as hell, and his e'en were singular to see.¹ Mr. Soulis had heard tell o' black men, mony's the time ; but there was something unco about this black man that daunted him. Het as he was, he took a kind o' cauld grue in the marrow o' his banes ; but up he spak for a' that ; an' says he : " My friend, are you a stranger in this place ? " The black man answered never a word ; he got upon his feet, an' begoud on to hirsle to the wa' on the far side ; but he aye lookit at the minister ; an' the minister stood an' lookit back ; till a' in a meenit the black man was ower the wa' an' rinnin' for the bield o' the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly kenned why, ran after him ; but he was fair forjeskit wi' his walk an' the het, unhalosome weather ; an' rin as he likit, he got nae mair than a glisk o' the black man amang the birks, till he won down to the foot o' the hillside, an' there he saw him ance mair, gaun, hap-step-an'-lawp, ower Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis wasna weel pleased that this fearsome gangrel suld mak' sae free wi' Ba'weary manse ; an' he ran the harder, an', wet shoon, ower the burn, an' up the walk ; but the de'il a black man was there to see. He stepped out upon the road, but there was naeboddy there ; he gaed a' ower the gairden, but na, nae black man. At the hinder end, an' a bit feared as was but natural, he lifted the hasp an' into the manse ; and there was Janet M'Clour before his e'en, wi' her thrawn craig, an' nane sae pleased to see him. An' he aye minded sinsyne, when first he set his e'en upon her, he had the same cauld and deidly grue.

" Janet," says he, " have you seen a black man ? "

" A black man ! " quo' she. " Save us a' ! Ye're no wise, minister. There's nae black man in a' Ba'weary."

But she didna speak plain, ye maun understand ; but yam-yammered, like a powney wi' the bit in its moo.

" Weel," says he, " Janet, if there was nae black man, I have spoken with the Accuser of the Brethren."

An' he sat doun like ane wi' a fever, an' his teeth chittered in his heid.

" Hoots," says she, " think shame to yoursel', minister " ; an' gied him a drap brandy that she keepit aye by her.

Syne Mr. Soulis gaed into his study amang a' his books. It's a lang, laigh, mirk chalmer, perishin' cauld in winter, an' no' very dry even in the top o' the simmer, for the manse stands near the burn. Sae doun he sat, and thocht of a' that had come an' gane since he was in Ba'weary, an' his hame, an' the days when he was a bairn an' ran daffin' on the braes ; an' that black man aye ran in his heid like the owercome of a sang. Aye the mair he thocht, the mair he thocht o' the black man. He tried the prayer, an' the words wouldna come to him ; an' he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he couldna mak' nae mair o' that. There was whiles he thocht the black man was at his oxter, an' the swat stood upon him cauld as well-water ; and there was ither whiles, when he cam' to himsel' like a christened bairn an' minded naething.

¹ It was a common belief in Scotland that the devil appeared as a black man. This appears in several witch trials and I think in Law's *Memorials*, that delightful storehouse of the quaint and grisly.

The upshot was that he gaed to the window an' stood glowerin' at Dule water. The trees are unco thick, an' the water lies deep an' black under the manse ; an' there was Janet washin' the cla'es wi' her coats kilted. She had her back to the minister, an' he, for his pairt, hardly kenned what he was lookin' at. Syne she turned round, an' shawed her face ; Mr. Soulis had the same cauld grue as twice that day afore, an' it was borne in upon him what folk said, that Janet was deid lang syne, an' this was a bogle in her clay-cauld flesh. He drew back a pickle and he scanned her narrowly. She was tramp-trampin' in the cla'es, croonin' to hersel' ; and eh ! Gude guide us, but it was a fearsome face. Whiles she sang louder, but there was nae man born o' woman that could tell the words o' her sang ; an' whiles she lookit side-lang doun, but there was naething there for her to look at. There gaed a scunner through the flesh upon his banes ; an' that was Heeven's advertisement. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himsel', he said, to think sae ill o' a puir, auld afflicted wife that hadna a freend forbye himsel' ; an' he put up a bit prayer for him an' her, an' drank a little caller water—for his heart rose again' the meat—an' gaed up to his naked bed in the gloamin'.

That was a nicht that has never been forgotten in Ba'weary, the nicht o' the seeventeenth o' August, seeventeen hun'er' an' twal'. It had been het afore, as I hae said, but that nicht it was hetter than ever. The sun gaed doun amang unco-lookin' clouds ; it fell as mirk as the pit ; no' a star, no' a breath o' wund ; ye couldna see your han' afore your face, an' even the auld folk cuist the covers frae their beds an' lay pechin' for their breath. Wi' a' that he had upon his mind, it was gey an' unlikely Mr. Soulis wad get muckle sleep. He lay an' he tumbled ; the gude, caller bed that he got into brunt his very banes ; whiles he slept, an' whiles he waukened ; whiles he heard the time o' nicht, an' whiles a tyke yowlin' up the muir, as if somebody was deid ; whiles he thocht he heard bogles claverin' in his lug, an' whiles he saw spunkies in the room. He behoved, he judged, to be sick ; an' sick he was—little he jaloused the sickness.

At the hinder end, he got a clearness in his mind, sat up in his sark on the bed-side, an' fell thinkin' ance mair o' the black man an' Janet. He couldna weel tell how—maybe it was the cauld to his feet—but it cam' in upon him wi' a spate that there was some connection between thir twa, an' that either or baith o' them were bogles. An' just at that moment, in Janet's room, which was neist to his, there cam' a stramp o' feet as if men were wars'lin', an' then a loud bang ; an' then a wund gaed reishling round the fower quarters o' the house ; an' then a' was ance mair as seelent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was feared for neither man nor de'il. He got his tinder-box, an' lit a can'le, an' made three steps o't ower to Janet's door. It was on the hasp, an' he pushed it open, an' keeked bauldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's ain, an' plenished wi' grand, auld solid gear, for he had naething else. There was a fower-posted bed wi' auld tapestry ; an' a braw cabinet o' aik, that was fu' o' the minister's divinity books, an' put there to be out o' the gate ; an' a wheen duds o' Janet's lying here an' there about the floor. But nae Janet could Mr. Soulis see ; nor any sign o' a contention. In he gaed (an' there's few that

wad hae followed him) an' lookit a' round, an' listened. But there was naething to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in a' Ba'weary parish, an' naething to be seen but the muckle shadows turnin' round the can'le. An' then, a' at aince, the minister's heart played dunt an' stood stock-still; an' a cauld wund blew amang the hairs o' his heid. Whaten a weary sicht was that for the puir man's e'en! For there was Janet hangin' frae a nail beside the auld aik cabinet: her heid aye lay on her shouter, her e'en were steekit, the tongue projected frae her mouth, an' her heels were twa feet clear abune the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thocht Mr. Soulis, "poor Janet's dead."

He cam' a step nearer to the corp; an' then his heart fair whammled in his inside. For by what cantrip it wad ill beseem a man to judge, she was hangin' frae a single nail an' by a single wursted thread for darnin' hose.

It's a awfu' thing to be your lane at nicht wi' siccan prodigies o' darkness; but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned an' gaed his ways oot o' that room, an' lockit the door ahint him; an' step by step, doun the stairs, as heavy as leed; and set doun the can'le on the table at the stair-foot. He couldna pray, he couldna think, he was dreepin' wi' caul' swat, an' naething could he hear but the dunt-dunt-duntin' o' his ain heart. He micht maybe hae stood there an hour, or maybe twa, he minded sae little; when a' o' a sudden he heard a laigh, uncanny steer upstairs; a foot gaed to an' fro in the chalmers whaur the corp was hangin'; syne the door was opened, though he minded weel that he had lockit it; an' syne there was a step upon the landin', an' it seemed to him as if the corp was lookin' ower the rail and doun upon him whaur he stood.

He took up the can'le again (for he couldna want the licht), an' as saftly as ever he could, gaed straucht out o' the manse an' to the far end o' the causeway. It was aye pit-mirk; the flame o' the can'le, when he set it on the grund, brunt steedy and clear as in a room; naething moved, but the Dule water seepin' and sabbin' doun the glen, an' yon unhaly footstep that cam' ploddin' doun the stairs inside the manse. He kenned the foot ower weel, for it was Janet's; an' at ilka step that cam' a wee thing nearer, the cauld got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made an' keepit him; "and, O Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was comin' through the passage for the door; he could hear a hand skirt alang the wa', as if the fearsome thing was feelin' for its way. The saughs tossed an' maned thegither, a long sigh cam' ower the hills, the flame o' the can'le was blawn aboot; an' there stood the corp of Thrawn Janet, wi' her grogram gown an' her black mutch, wi' the heid aye upon the shouter an' the girn still upon the face o't—leevin', ye wad hae said—deid, as Mr. Soulis weel kenned—upon the threshold o' the manse.

It's a strange thing that the soul of man should be that thirled into his perishable body; but the minister saw that, an' his heart didna break.

She didna stand there lang; she began to move again an' cam' slowly towards Mr. Soulis whaur he stood under the saughs. A' the life

o' his body, a' the strength o' his speerit, were glowerin' frae his e'en. It seemed she was gaun to speak, but wanted words, an' made a sign wi' the left hand. There cam' a clap o' wund, like a cat's fuff; oot gaed the can'le, the saughs skreighed like folk; an' Mr. Soulis kenned that, live or die, this was the end o't.

"Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone—if you be dead, to the grave—if you be damned, to hell."

An' at that moment the Lord's ain hand out o' the Heevens struck the Horror whaur it stood; the auld, deid desecrated corp o' the witch-wife, sae lang keepit frae the grave and hirsled round by de'ils, lowed up like a brunstane spunk an' fell in ashes to the grund; the thunder followed, peal on dirlin peal, the rairin' rain upon the back o' that; and Mr. Soulis lowped through the garden hedge, an' ran, wi' skelloch upon skelloch, for the clachan.

That same mornin', John Christie saw the Black Man pass the Muckle Cairn as it was chappin' six; before eicht, he gaed by the change-house at Knockdow; an' no' lang after, Sandy M'Lellan saw him gaun linkin' doun the braes frae Kilmackerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwalled sae lang in Janet's body; but he was awa' at last; an' sinsyne the de'il has never fashed us in Ba'weary.

But it was a sair dispensation for the minister; lang, lang he lay ravin' in his bed; an' frae that hour to this, he was the man ye ken the day.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT: THE NECKLACE

GUY DE MAUPASSANT (1850-1893) is the greatest of French writers of the short story. He practised writing with the utmost diligence for seven years and his work was submitted to his godfather Flaubert, who at the end of that time, when De Maupassant was thirty, said "This is well done." At once he published a volume of verse and prose and found himself famous. He was born in Normandy. His mother was a talented woman who had been the playmate of Flaubert and who allowed her own children to run wild among the woods, the fields and the country people, storing their minds with impressions of the real world. Guy became very strong and looked "like a young Breton bull." In due course he went to the University, served in the Franco-Prussian war and afterwards became a civil servant. From the first moment of publication and for the next ten years he was astonishingly fertile and endlessly successful. He burnt the candle at both ends and died at forty-three in an asylum.

The world which De Maupassant created is narrow, and what portion of life he had the interest and capacity to see, he saw so sharply and clearly that his stories are like mirrors of actuality. He saw some situation as powerful: he dwelt upon it in his mind until its clearest and most surprising outlines revealed themselves, freed of all confusing irrelevance. The story then shaped itself, sentence by sentence, word by word. It remained only to write down what has astonished the world ever since by its perfection in its own kind.

The following story illustrates the sort of material which De Maupassant deals with and his way of conveying the moral and spiritual repercussions of events through description of the concrete.

SHE was one of those pretty and charming young girls who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, and wedded by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of birth and breeding. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent ante-chambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. She thought of long reception halls hung with ancient silk, of the dainty cabinets

containing priceless curiosities and of little coquettish perfumed reception rooms made for chatting at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup ! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest ; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinxlike smile while you are eating the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home.

But one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper quickly and drew out a printed card which bore these words :

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau request the honour of M. and Madame Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering :

"What do you wish me to do with that ?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go ; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently :

"And what do you wish me to put on my back ?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered :

"Why, the gown you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter ? What's the matter ?" he asked.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped away her tears :

"Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am."

He was in despair. He resumed :

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions—something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied hesitatingly :

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks there of a Sunday.

But he said :

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown."

The day of the ball drew near and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening :

"What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days."

And she answered :

"It annoys me not to have a single piece of jewellery, not a single ornament, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers," said her husband. "They're quite fashionable at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are!" her husband cried. "Go and look up your friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're intimate enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy :

"True! I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel :

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian gold cross set with precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking :

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look further; I don't know what you like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt :

"Will you lend me this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, and then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and filled with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attachés of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, intoxicated by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage and admiration, and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went towards the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace round her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned distractedly towards him.

"I have—I have—I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried. He stood up, bewildered.

"What!—how? Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the minister's house."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you—didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box that had contained it and went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a necklace like the other, trying to recall it, both sick with chagrin and grief.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked signing a note without even knowing whether he could meet it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweller's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she

had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she took the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evenings, making up a tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had looked so beautiful and been so much admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How strange and changeable is life! How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysées to refresh herself after the labours of the week, she suddenly saw a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognise her at all and stammered:

"But—madame!—I do not know— You must be mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had a very hard life, since I last saw you, and great poverty—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, for us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very similar."

And she smiled with a joy that was at once proud and ingenuous.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!"

O. HENRY: SUPPLY AND DEMAND

O. HENRY, whose real name was William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), was an American writer of short stories who won considerable popularity. His life was odd. He was born in the beautiful and temperate state of North Carolina. He had a brief schooling and went into a chemist's shop, or as he would have said, into a drug store. Ill-health sent him to work on a cattle ranch in Texas. At about twenty-two he went into a bank in the same State and became also a journalist. When he was about thirty-four he was accused of having embezzled money in the bank and he was imprisoned for three years. In prison he worked hard at the writing of stories about odd characters whom he had met. They were accepted by editors and when he was free he was engaged to write a story a week for the *New York World* for a fee of about twenty pounds each. He was intemperate, but he turned out a huge bulk of work. The pleasure which his stories have given his readers comes chiefly from the surprising turn in almost all and from the sense of the funny which is characteristic of most of them. His characters are superficially observed and lack depth, while his prose style misses fineness and distinction. Nevertheless, he has many sincere admirers. The following typical story is sometimes printed under the title of "Shoes."

JOHN DE GRAFFENREID ATWOOD ate of the lotus, root, stem, and flower. The tropics gobbled him up. He plunged enthusiastically into his work, which was to try to forget Rosine.

Now, they who dine on the lotus rarely consume it plain. There is a sauce *au diable* that goes with it; and the distillers are the chefs who prepare it. And on Johnny's menu card it read "brandy." With a bottle between them, he and Billy Keogh would sit on the porch of the little consulate at night and roar out great, indecorous songs, until the natives, slipping hastily past, would shrug a shoulder and mutter things to themselves about the "*Americanos diablos*."

One day Johnny's *mozo* brought the mail and dumped it on the table. Johnny leaned from his hammock, and fingered the four or five letters dejectedly. Keogh was sitting on the edge of the table chopping lazily

with a paper knife at the legs of a centipede that was crawling among the stationery. Johnny was in that phase of lotus-eating when all the world tastes bitter in one's mouth.

"Same old thing!" he complained. "Fool people writing for information about the country. They want to know all about raising fruit, and how to make a fortune without work. Half of 'em don't even send stamps for a reply. They think a consul hasn't anything to do but write letters. Slit those envelopes for me, old man, and see what they want. I'm feeling too rocky to move."

Keogh, acclimated beyond all possibility of ill-humour, drew his chair to the table with smiling compliance on his rose-pink countenance, and began to slit open the letters. Four of them were from citizens in various parts of the United States who seemed to regard the consul at Coralio as a cyclopædia of information. They asked long lists of questions, numerically arranged, about the climate, products, possibilities, laws, business chances, and statistics of the country in which the consul had the honour of representing his own government.

"Write 'em, please, Billy," said the inert official, "just a line, referring them to the latest consular report. Tell 'em the State Department will be delighted to furnish the literary gems. Sign my name. Don't let your pen scratch, Billy; it'll keep me awake."

"Don't snore," said Keogh, amiably, "and I'll do your work for you. You need a corps of assistants, anyhow. Don't see how you ever get out a report. Wake up a minute!—here's one more letter—it's from your own town, too—Dalesburg."

"That so?" murmured Johnny, showing a mild and obligatory interest. "What's it about?"

"Postmaster writes," explained Keogh. "Says a citizen of that town wants some fact and advice from you. Says the citizen has an idea in his head of coming down where you are and opening a shoe store. Wants to know if you think the business would pay. Says he's heard of the boom along this coast, and wants to get in on the ground floor."

In spite of the heat and his bad temper, Johnny's hammock swayed with his laughter. Keogh laughed too; and the pet monkey on the top shelf of the bookcase chattered in shrill sympathy with the ironical reception of the letter from Dalesburg.

"Great bunions!" exclaimed the consul. "Shoe store! What'll they ask about next, I wonder? Overcoat factory, I reckon. Say, Billy—of our 3000 citizens, how many do you suppose ever had on a pair of shoes?"

Keogh reflected judicially.

"Let's see—there's you and me and——"

"Not me," said Johnny, promptly and incorrectly, holding up a foot encased in a disreputable deerskin *zapato*. "I haven't been a victim to shoes in months."

"But you've got 'em, though," went on Keogh. "And there's Goodwin and Blanchard and Geddie and old Lutz and Doc Gregg and that Italian that's agent for the banana company, and there's old Delgado—no; he wears sandals. And, oh, yes; there's Madama

Ortiz, "what kapes the hotel"—She had on a pair of red kid slippers at the *baile* the other night. And Miss Pasa, her daughter, that went to school in the States—she brought back some civilised notions in the way of footgear. And there's the *comandante's* sister that dresses up her feet on feast-days—and Mrs. Geddie, who wears a two with a Castilian instep—and that's about all the ladies. Let's see—don't some of the soldiers at the *cuartel*—no: that's so; they're allowed shoes only when on the march. In barracks they turn their little toes out to grass."

"Bout right," agreed the consul. "Not over twenty out of the three thousand ever felt leather on their walking arrangements. Oh, yes; Coralio is just the town for an enterprising shoe store—that doesn't want to part with its goods. Wonder if old Patterson is trying to jolly me! He always was full of things he called jokes. Write him a letter, Billy. I'll dictate it. We'll jolly him back a few."

Keogh dipped his pen, and wrote at Johnny's dictation. With many pauses, filled in with smoke and sundry travellings of the bottle and glasses, the following reply to the Dalesburg communication was perpetrated:

MR. OBADIAH PATTERSON,
DALESBURG, ALA.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour of July 2nd, I have the honour to inform you that, according to my opinion, there is no place on the habitable globe that presents to the eye stronger evidence of the need of a first-class shoe store than does the town of Coralio. There are 3000 inhabitants in the place, and not a single shoe store! The situation speak for itself. This coast is rapidly becoming the goal of enterprising business men, but the shoe business is one that has been sadly overlooked or neglected. In fact there are a considerable number of our citizens actually without shoes at present.

Besides the want above mentioned, there is also a crying need for a brewery, a college of higher mathematics, a coal yard, and a clean and intellectual Punch and Judy show. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your Obt. Servant,
JOHN DE GRAFFENREID ATWOOD,
U.S. Consul at Coralio.

P.S.—Hello! Uncle Obadiah. How's the old burg racking along? What would the government do without you and me? Look out for a green-headed parrot and a bunch of bananas soon, from your old friend,
JOHNNY.

"I throw in that postscript," explained the consul, "so Uncle Obadiah won't take offence at the official tone of the letter! Now, Billy, you get that correspondence fixed up, and send Pancho to the post-office with it. The *Ariadne* takes the mail out to-morrow if they make up that load of fruit to-day."

The night programme in Coralio never varied. The recreations of the people were soporific and flat. They wandered about, barefoot and aimless, speaking lowly and smoking cigar or cigarette. Looking down on the dimly lighted ways one seemed to see a threading maze of brunette

ghosts tangled with a procession of insane fireflies. In some houses the thrumming of lugubrious guitars added to the depression of the *triste* night. Giant tree-frogs rattled in the foliage as loudly as the end man's "bones" in a minstrel troupe. By nine o'clock the streets were almost deserted.

Nor at the consulate was there often a change of bill. Keogh would come there nightly, for Coralio's one cool place was the little seaweed porch of that official residence.

The brandy would be kept moving; and before midnight sentiment would begin to stir in the heart of the self-exiled consul. Then he would relate to Keogh the story of his ended romance. Each night Keogh would listen patiently to the tale, and be ready with untiring sympathy.

"But don't you think for a minute"—thus Johnny would always conclude his woeful narrative—"that I'm grieving about that girl, Billy. I've forgotten her. She never enters my mind. If she were to enter that door right now, my pulse wouldn't gain a beat. That's all over long ago."

"Don't I know it?" Keogh would answer. "Of course you've forgotten her. Proper thing to do. Wasn't quite O.K. of her to listen to the knocks that—er—Dink Pawson kept giving you."

"Pink Dawson!"—a world of contempt would be in Johnny's tones—"Poor white trash! That's what he was. Had five hundred acres of farming land, though; and that counted. Maybe I'll have a chance to get back at him some day. The Dawsons weren't anybody. Everybody in Alabama knows the Atwoods. Say, Billy—did you know my mother was a De Graffenreid?"

"Why, no," Keogh would say; "is that so?" He had heard it some three hundred times.

"Fact. The De Graffenreids of Hancock County. But I never think of that girl any more, do I, Billy?"

"Not for a minute, my boy," would be the last sounds heard by the conqueror of Cupid.

At this point Johnny would fall into a gentle slumber, and Keogh would saunter out to his own shack under the calabash tree at the edge of the plaza.

In a day or two the letter from the Dalesburg postmaster and its answer had been forgotten by the Coralio exiles. But on the 26th day of July the fruit of the reply appeared upon the tree of events.

The *Andador*, a fruit steamer that visited Coralio regularly, drew into the offing and anchored. The beach was lined with spectators while the quarantine doctor and the custom-house crew rowed out to attend to their duties.

An hour later Billy Keogh lounged into the consulate, clean and cool in his linen clothes, and grinning like a pleased shark.

"Guess what?" he said to Johnny, lounging in his hammock.

"Too hot to guess," said Johnny, lazily.

"Your shoe-store man's come," said Keogh, rolling the sweet morsel on his tongue, "with a stock of goods big enough to supply the continent as far down as Terra del Fuego. They're carting his cases over to the custom-house now. Six barges full they brought ashore and have

paddled back for the rest. Oh, ye saints in glory ! won't there be regalements in the air when he gets on to the joke and has an interview with Mr. Consul ? It'll be worth nine years in the tropics just to witness that one joyful moment."

Keogh loved to take his mirth easily. He selected a clean place on the matting and lay upon the floor. The walls shook with his enjoyment. Johnny turned half over and blinked.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that anybody was fool enough to take that letter seriously."

"Four-thousand-dollar stock of goods !" gasped Keogh, in ecstasy. "Talk about coals to Newcastle ! Why didn't he take a shipload of palm-leaf fans to Spitzbergen while he was about it ? Saw the old codger on the beach. You ought to have been there when he put on his specs and squinted at the five hundred or so barefooted citizens standing around."

"Are you telling the truth, Billy ?" asked the consul, weakly.

"Am I ? You ought to see the buncoed gentleman's daughter he brought along. Looks ! She makes the brick-dust *senoritas* here look like tar-babies."

"Go on," said Johnny, "if you can stop that asinine giggling. I hate to see a grown man make a laughing hyena of himself."

"Name is Hemstetter," went on Keogh. "He's a—— Hello ! what's the matter now ?"

Johnny's moccasined feet struck the floor with a thud as he wriggled out of his hammock.

"Get up, you idiot," he said, sternly, "or I'll brain you with this inkstand. That's Rosine and her father. Gad ! what a drivelling idiot old Patterson is ! Get up, here, Billy Keogh, and help me. What the devil are we going to do ? Has all the world gone crazy ?"

Keogh rose and dusted himself. He managed to regain a decorous demeanour.

"Situation has got to be met, Johnny," he said, with some success at seriousness. "I didn't think about its being your girl until you spoke. First thing to do is to get them comfortable quarters. You go down and face the music, and I'll trot out to Goodwin's and see if Mrs. Goodwin won't take them in. They've got the decentest house in town."

"Bless you, Billy !" said the consul. "I knew you wouldn't desert me. The world's bound to come to an end, but maybe we can stave it off for a day or two."

Keogh hoisted his umbrella and set out for Goodwin's house. Johnny put on his coat and hat. He picked up the brandy bottle, but set it down again without drinking, and marched bravely down to the beach.

In the shade of the custom-house walls he found Mr. Hemstetter and Rosine surrounded by a mass of gaping citizens. The customs officers were ducking and scraping, while the captain of the *Andador* interpreted the business of the new arrivals. Rosine looked healthy and very much alive. She was gazing at the strange scenes around her with amused interest. There was a faint blush upon her round cheek as she greeted her old admirer. Mr. Hemstetter shook hands with Johnny in a very friendly way. He was an oldish, impractical man—one of that numerous

class of erratic business men who are for ever dissatisfied, and seeking a change.

"I am very glad to see you, John—may I call you John?" he said. "Let me thank you for your prompt answer to our postmaster's letter of inquiry. He volunteered to write to you on my behalf. I was looking about for something different in the way of business in which the profits would be greater. I had noticed in the papers that this coast was receiving much attention from investors. I am extremely grateful for your advice to come. I sold out everything that I possess, and invested the proceeds in as fine a stock of shoes as could be bought in the North. You have a picturesque town here, John. I hope business will be as good as your letter justifies me in expecting."

Johnny's agony was abbreviated by the arrival of Keogh, who hurried up with the news that Mrs. Goodwin would be much pleased to place rooms at the disposal of Mr. Hemstetter and his daughter. So there Mr. Hemstetter and Rosine were at once conducted and left to recuperate from the fatigue of the voyage, while Johnny went down to see that the cases of shoes were safely stored in the customs warehouse pending their examination by the officials. Keogh, grinning like a shark, skirmished about to find Goodwin, to instruct him not to expose to Mr. Hemstetter the true state of Coralio as a shoe market until Johnny had been given a chance to redeem the situation, if such a thing were possible.

That night the consul and Keogh held a desperate consultation on the breezy porch of the consulate.

"Send 'em back home," began Keogh, reading Johnny's thoughts.

"I would," said Johnny, after a little silence; "but I've been lying to you, Billy."

"All right about that," said Keogh, affably.

"I've told you hundreds of times," said Johnny, slowly, "that I had forgotten that girl, haven't I?"

"About three hundred and seventy-five," admitted the monument of patience.

"I lied," repeated the consul, "every time. I never forgot her for one minute. I was an obstinate ass for running away just because she said 'No' once. And I was too proud a fool to go back. I talked with Rosine a few minutes this evening up at Goodwin's. I found out one thing. You remember that farmer fellow who was always after her?"

"Dink Pawson?" asked Keogh.

"Pink Dawson. Well, he wasn't a hill of beans to her. She says she didn't believe a word of the things he told her about me. But I'm sewed up now, Billy. That tomfool letter we sent ruined whatever chance I had left. She'll despise me when she finds out that her old father has been made the victim of a joke that a decent schoolboy wouldn't have been guilty of. Shoes! Why he couldn't sell twenty pairs of shoes in Coralio if he kept store here for twenty years. You put a pair of shoes on one of these Caribs or Spanish brown boys and what'd he do? Stand on his head and squeal until he'd kicked 'em off. None of 'em ever wore shoes, and they never will. If I send 'em back home, I'll have to tell the whole story, and what'll she think of me? I want that girl worse

than ever, Billy, and now when she's in reach, I've lost her for ever because I tried to be funny when the thermometer was at 102."

"Keep cheerful," said the optimistic Keogh. "And let 'em open the store. I've been busy myself this afternoon. We can stir up a temporary boom in footgear anyhow. I'll buy six pair when the doors open. I've been around and seen all the fellows and explained the catastrophe. They'll all buy shoes like they was centipedes. Frank Goodwin will take cases of 'em. The Geddies want about eleven pairs between 'em. Clancy is going to invest the savings of weeks, and even old Doc Gregg wants three pairs of alligator hide slippers if they've got any tens. Blanchard got a look at Miss Hemstetter; and as he's a Frenchman, no less than a dozen pairs will do for him."

"A dozen customers," said Johnny, "for a \$4000 stock of shoes! It won't work. There's a big problem here to figure out. You go home, Billy, and leave me alone. I've got to work at it all by myself. Take that bottle of three-star along with you—no, sir; not another ounce of booze for the United States consul. I'll sit here to-night and pull out the think stop. If there's a soft place on this proposition anywhere I'll land on it. If there isn't, there'll be another wreck to the credit of the gorgeous tropics."

Keogh left, feeling that he could be of no use. Johnny laid a handful of cigars on a table and stretched himself in a steamer chair. When the sudden daylight broke, silvering the harbour ripples, he was still sitting there. Then he got up, whistling a little tune, and took his bath.

At nine o'clock he walked down to the dingy little cable office and hung up for half an hour over a blank. The result of his application was the following message, which he signed and had transmitted at a cost of \$33

TO PINKNEY DAWSON,
DALESBURG, ALA.

Draft for \$100 comes to you next mail. Ship me immediately 500 pounds stiff, dry cockle-burrs. New use here in arts. Market price twenty cents pound. Further orders likely. Rush.

Within a week a suitable building had been secured in the Calle Grande, and Mr. Hemstetter's stock of shoes arranged upon their shelves. The rent of the store was moderate; and the stock made a fine showing of neat white boxes, attractively displayed.

Johnny's friends stood by him loyally. On the first day Keogh strolled into the store in a casual kind of way about once every hour, and bought shoes. After he had purchased a pair each of extension soles, congress gaiters, button kids, low-quartered calfs, dancing pumps, rubber boots, tans of various hues, tennis shoes and flowered slippers, he sought out Johnny to be prompted as to the names of other kinds that he might inquire for. The other English-speaking residents also played their parts nobly by buying often and liberally. Keogh was grand marshal, and made them distribute their patronage, thus keeping up a fair run of custom for several days.

Mr. Hemstetter was gratified by the amount of business done thus

far ; but expressed surprise that the natives were so backward with their custom.

"Oh, they're awfully shy," explained Johnny, as he wiped his forehead nervously. "They'll get the habit pretty soon. They'll come with a rush when they do come."

One afternoon Keogh dropped into the consul's office, chewing an unlighted cigar thoughtfully.

"Got anything up your sleeve?" he inquired of Johnny. "If you have it's about time to show it. If you can borrow some gent's hat in the audience, and make a lot of customers for an idle stock of shoes come out of it, you'd better spiel. The boys have all laid in enough footgear to last 'em for ten years ; and there's nothing doing in the shoe store but *dolcy far nienty*. I just came by there. Your venerable victim was standing in the door, gazing through his specs at the bare toes passing by his emporium. The natives have got the true artistic temperament. He and Clancy took eighteen tintypes this morning in two hours. There's been but one pair of shoes sold all day. Blanchard went in and bought a pair of fur-lined house-slippers because he thought he saw Miss Hemstetter go into the store. I saw him throw the slippers into the lagoon afterwards."

"There's a Mobile fruit steamer coming in to-morrow or next day," said Johnny. "We can't do anything until then."

"What are you going to do—try to create a demand?"

"Political economy isn't your strong point," said the consul, impudently. "You can't create a demand. But you can create a necessity for a demand. That's what I am going to do."

Two weeks after the consul sent his cable, a fruit steamer brought him a large, mysterious brown bale of some unknown commodity. Johnny's influence with the custom-house people was sufficiently strong for him to get the goods turned over to him without the usual inspection. He had the bale taken to the consulate and snugly stowed in the back corner.

That night he ripped open a corner of it and took out a handful of the cockleburrs. He examined them with the care with which a warrior examines his arms before he goes forth to battle for his lady-love and life. The burrs were the ripe August product, as hard as filberts, and bristling with pines as tough and sharp as needles. Johnny whistled softly a little tune, and went out to find Billy Keogh.

Later in the night, when Coralio was steeped in slumber, he and Billy went forth into the deserted streets with their coats bulging like balloons. All up and down the Calle Grande they went, sowing the sharp burrs carefully in the sand, along the narrow sidewalks, in every foot of grass between the silent houses. And then they took the side streets and byways, missing none. No place where the foot of man, woman or child might fall was slighted. Many trips they made to and from the prickly hoard. And then, nearly at the dawn, they laid themselves down to rest calmly, as great generals do after planning a victory according to the revised tactics, and slept, knowing that they had sowed with the accuracy of Satan sowing tares and the perseverance of Paul planting.

With the rising sun came the purveyors of fruits and meats, and arranged their wares in and around the little market-house. At the end of the town near the seashore the market-house stood; and the sowing of the burrs had not been carried that far. The dealers waited long past the hour when their sales usually began. None came to buy. "*Qué hay?*" they began to exclaim, one to another.

At their accustomed time, from every 'dobe and palm hut and grass-thatched shack and dim *patio* glided women—black women, brown women, lemon-coloured women, women dun and yellow and tawny. They were the marketers starting to purchase the family supply of cassava, plantains, meat, fowls, and tortillas. *Decollété* they were and bare-armed and bare-footed, with a single skirt reaching below the knee. Stolid and ox-eyed, they stepped from their doorways into the narrow paths or upon the soft grass of the streets.

The first to emerge uttered ambiguous squeals, and raised one foot quickly. Another step and they sat down, with shrill cries of alarm, to pick at the new and painful insects that had stung them upon the feet. "*Qué picadores diablos!*" they screeched to one another across the narrow ways. Some tried the grass instead of the paths, but there they were also stung and bitten by the strange little prickly balls. They plumped down in the grass, and added their lamentations to those of their sisters in the sandy paths. All through the town was heard the plaint of the feminine jabber. The venders in the market still wondered why no customers came.

Then men, lords of the earth, came forth. They, too, began to hop, to dance, to limp, and to curse. They stood stranded and foolish, or stooped to pluck at the scourge that attacked their feet and ankles. Some loudly proclaimed the pest to be poisonous spiders of an unknown species.

And then the children ran out for their morning romp. And now to the uproar was added the howls of limping infants and cockle-burred childhood. Every minute the advancing day brought forth fresh victims.

Doña Maria Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas stepped from her honoured doorway, as was her daily custom, to procure fresh bread from the *panaderia* across the street. She was clad in a skirt of flowered yellow satin, a chemise of ruffled linen, and wore a purple mantilla from the looms of Spain. Her lemon-tinted feet, alas! were bare. Her progress was majestic, for were not her ancestors *hidalgos* of Aragon? Three steps she made across the velvety grass, and set her aristocratic sole upon a bunch of Johnny's burrs. Doña Maria Castillas y Buenventura de las Casas emitted a yowl even as a wild-cat. Turning about, she fell upon hands and knees, and crawled—ay, like a beast of the field she crawled back to her honourable door-sill.

Don Señor Ildefonso Federico Valdazar, *Juez de la Paz*, weighing twenty stone, attempted to convey his bulk to the *pulperia* at the corner of the plaza in order to assuage his matutinal thirst. The first plunge of his unshod foot into the cool grass struck a concealed mine. Don Ildefonso fell like a crumpled cathedral, crying out that he had been fatally bitten by a deadly scorpion. Everywhere were the shoeless citizens hopping, stumbling, limping, and picking from their feet the venomous insects that had come in a single night to harass them.

The first to perceive the remedy was Estebán Delgado, the barber, a man of travel and education. Sitting upon a stone, he plucked burrs from his toes, and made oration :

"Behold, my friends, these bugs of the devil ! I know them well. They soar through the skies in swarms like pigeons. These are dead ones that fell during the night. In Yucatan I have seen them as large as oranges. Yes ! There they hiss like serpents and have wings like bats. It is the shoes—the shoes that one needs ! *Zapatos—zapatos para mí !*"

Estebán hobbled to Mr. Hemstetter's store, and bought shoes. Coming out, he swaggered down the street with impunity, reviling loudly the bugs of the devil. The suffering ones sat up and stood upon one foot and beheld the immune barber. Men, women and children took up the cry : "*Zapatos ! zapatos !*"

The necessity for the demand had been created. The demand followed. That day Mr. Hemstetter sold three hundred pairs of shoes.

"It is really surprising," he said to Johnny, who came up in the evening to help to straighten out the stock, "how trade is picking up. Yesterday I made but three sales."

"I told you they'd whoop things up when they got started," said the consul.

"I think I shall order a dozen more cases of goods, to keep the stock up," said Mr. Hemstetter, beaming through his spectacles.

"I wouldn't send in any orders yet," advised Johnny. "Wait till you see how the trade holds up."

Each night Johnny and Keogh sowed the crop that grew dollars by day. At the end of ten days two-thirds of the stock of shoes had been sold ; and the stock of cockleburrs was exhausted. Johnny cabled to Pink Dawson for another 500 pounds, paying twenty cents per pound as before. Mr. Hemstetter carefully made up an order for \$1500 worth of shoes from Northern firms. Johnny hung about the store until this order was ready for the mail, and succeeded in destroying it before it reached the post office.

That night he took Rosine under the mango tree by Goodwin's porch, and confessed everything. She looked him in the eye, and said : "You are a very wicked man. Father and I will go back home. You say it was a joke ? I think it is a very serious matter."

But at the end of half an hour's argument the conversation had been turned upon a different subject. The two were considering the respective merits of pale blue and pink wall paper with which the old colonial mansion of the Atwoods in Dalesburg was to be decorated after the wedding.

On the next morning Johnny confessed to Mr. Hemstetter. The shoe merchant put on his spectacles, and said through them : "You strike me as being a most extraordinary young scamp. If I had not managed this enterprise with good business judgment my entire stock of goods might have been a complete loss. Now, how do you propose to dispose of the rest of it ?"

When the second invoice of cockleburrs arrived Johnny loaded them and the remainder of the shoes into a schooner, and sailed down the coast to Alazan.

There, in the same dark and diabolical manner, he repeated his success ; and came back with a bag of money and not so much as a shoestring.

And then he besought his great Uncle of the waving goatee and starred vest to accept his resignation, for the lotus no longer lured him. He hankered for the spinach and cress of Dalesburg.

The services of Mr. William Terence Keogh as acting consul, *pro tem.*, were suggested and accepted, and Johnny sailed with the Hemstetters back to his native shores.

Keogh slipped into the sinecure of the American consulship with the ease that never left him even in such high places. The tintype establishment was soon to become a thing of the past, although its deadly work along the peaceful and helpless Spanish Main was never effaced. The restless partners were about to be off again, scouting ahead of the slow ranks of Fortune. But now they would take different ways. There were rumours of a promising uprising in Peru ; and thither the martial Clancy would turn his adventurous steps. As for Keogh, he was figuring in his mind and on quires of Government letter-heads a scheme that dwarfed the art of misrepresenting the human countenance upon tin.

"What suits me," Keogh used to say, "in the way of a business proposition is something diversified that looks like a longer shot than it is—something in the way of a genteel craft that isn't worked enough for the correspondence schools to be teaching it by mail. I take the long end ; but I like to have at least as good a chance to win as a man learning to play poker on an ocean steamer, or running for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket. And when I cash in my winnings, I don't want to find any widows' and orphans' chips in my stack."

The grass-grown globe was the green table on which Keogh gambled. The games he played were of his own invention. He was no grubber after the diffident dollar. Nor did he care to follow it with horn and hounds. Rather he loved to coax it with egregious and brilliant flies from its habitat in the waters of strange streams. Yet Keogh was a business man ; and his schemes, in spite of their singularity, were as solidly set as the plans of a building contractor. In Arthur's time Sir William Keogh would have been a Knight of the Round Table. In these modern days he rides abroad, seeking the Graft instead of the Grail.

Three days after Johnny's departure, two small schooners appeared off Coralio. After some delay a boat put off from one of them, and brought a sunburned young man ashore. This young man had a shrewd and calculating eye ; and he glanced with amazement at the strange things that he saw. He found on the beach some one who directed him to the consul's office ; and thither he made his way at a nervous gait.

Keogh was sprawled in the official chair, drawing caricatures of his Uncle's head on an official pad of paper. He looked up at his visitor.

"Where's Johnny Atwood?" inquired the sunburned young man, in a business tone.

"Gone," said Keogh, working carefully at Uncle Sam's necktie.

"That's just like him," remarked the nut-brown one, leaning against the table. "He always was a fellow to gallivant round instead of tending to business. Will he be in soon?"

"Don't think so," said Keogh, after a fair amount of deliberation.

"I s'pose he's out at some of his tomfoolery," conjectured the visitor, in a tone of virtuous conviction. "Johnny never would stick to anything long enough to succeed. I wonder how he manages to run his business here, and never be 'round to look after it."

"I'm looking after the business just now," admitted the *pro tem.* consul.

"Are you?—then, say!—where's the factory?"

"What factory?" asked Keogh, with a mildly polite interest.

"Why, the factory where they use them cockleburrs. Lord knows what they use 'em for, anyway! I've got the basements of both them ships out there loaded with 'em. I'll give you a bargain in this lot. I've had every man, woman and child around Dalesburg that wasn't busy pickin' 'em for a month. I hired these ships to bring 'em over. Everybody thought I was crazy. Now, you can have this lot for fifteen cents a pound, delivered on land. And if you want more I guess old Alabam' can come up to the demand. Johnny told me when he left home that if he struck anything down here that there was any money in he'd let me in on it. Shall I drive the ships in and hitch?"

A look of supreme, almost incredulous, delight dawned in Keogh's ruddy countenance. He dropped his pencil. His eyes turned upon the sunburned young man with joy in them mingled with fear lest his ecstasy should prove a dream.

"For God's sake tell me," said Keogh, earnestly, "are you Dink Pawson?"

"My name is Pinkney Dawson," said the cornerer of the cocklebur market.

Billy Keogh slid rapturously and gently from his chair to his favourite strip of matting on the floor.

There were not many sounds in Coralio on that sultry afternoon. Among those that were may be mentioned a noise of enraptured and unrighteous laughter from a prostrate Irish-American, while a sunburned young man, with a shrewd eye, looked on him with wonder and amazement. Also the "tramp, tramp, tramp," of many well-shod feet in the streets outside. Also the lonesome wash of the waves that beat along the historic shores of the Spanish Main.

ENGLISH PROSE

INTRODUCTION *by* HILAIRE BELLOC

THE object of Prose is to convey in written words to the reader's mind exactly what was in the writer's mind. Hence lucidity is the test of prose. The aim of Poetry is to arouse emotion by the magic of words. Prose which also does this we call Rhetoric ; but Rhetoric is not true Prose : it is Prose mixed with Poetry. In any language the mastery of Prose is best apparent where the element of beauty or of any other quality arousing strong emotion is absent. The ideas conveyed may arouse such emotion ; but if the magic of words is relied upon for the emotional effect, then your Prose ceases to be pure prose and becomes Rhetoric. Thus, Swift, the least Poetic of our writers, is the greatest of our masters in Prose.

Relationship between the parts of a sentence, exactitude of terms and economy in the use of words are the three difficult things to attain in Prose, and all three must be attained to create good prose : this triple difficulty it is which renders good Prose so rare and its achievement so admirable ; as for instance, the *Our Father*, which Napoleon said was the best piece of prose he knew. Now the English language presents special characters which render good Prose particularly hard to reach in that medium. The relationship between the parts of an English sentence tend to be confused because English has lost nearly all its inflections and genders. The magic of English words, which fits them for Lyric verse and still more for Rhetoric, gives them too vague an outline for precision.

From both of these causes arises a necessity for qualification which militates against economy ; and this last difficulty is the major one in the writing of English prose. For it is the object of economy to save the reader fatigue and therefore confusion. There is no virtue in mere paucity of words, and to miss lucidity by using too few is a defect ; but as the tendency is to use too many, economy is hard to achieve. It is also the less easily achieved in English because of that "undefined edge" which marks English words. Some English words have so exact a definition that they express in one syllable a whole complex of ideas : for instance, the modern word "*cad*." But the greater part of our English terms are either nebulous or ambiguous. Which of many meanings has a writer in mind when he uses the word "*Gentleman*" or the word "*Christianity*" ? He must expand and qualify to attain any precision in them.

But if not the greatest yet the most obvious and continually recurrent difficulty in writing English Prose arises from the lack of inflections—of cases and genders and diverse forms of the verb. Almost every inanimate object or idea is, in English, neuter. We have a possessive case and, in a few words only, a case which has to do duty for accusative, dative and ablative as well ; in the great mass of words we have not even that.

We have a plural—of the same sound as our genitive—but in that plural we have no cases at all—not even a genitive. Our verbs have a past tense, but no future and only in one rare fashion a conditional. We have to do all by such auxiliaries as “have” and “will.” To replace cases lacking to our nouns we have to fall back on prepositions and relatives—“which” and “who” and the exasperatingly ambiguous “that.” “Trailing relatives” attack English prose as smallpox did our ancestors. They are the plague of the language.

To avoid these difficulties the noble classic style from Milton to Johnson relied increasingly upon constructed paragraphs on the Roman model; and this *almost* crystallised into a final form for English, as the Ciceronian became a final form for Latin. It was killed by the upheaval of Society at the end of the eighteenth century, the isolation of England from Europe, the violent Romantic movement and the growing influence of the industrial towns and of the English speaking world beyond the oceans. Of that Classical English which so nearly reached permanence the greatest example is Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. It is still the most readable book in the language. If the classical method had been granted another lifetime in which to take firm root we should be using it still, but it was thoroughly killed between 1793 and Waterloo. It can never be revived.

Another method of meeting the difficulties in our way has been adopted; the short sentence, the qualification of thought by piling up brief phrases, each lucid enough in itself but fatally given to leaving the whole page unconstructed and chaotic. As a consequence we have arrived at a stage in which, while the number of those who write has multiplied by a hundred, the number of those who write on a sufficiently high level has lessened out of all knowledge. The old Classical English could be passably written by any one, almost. It had a *norm*, a generally accepted convention, which the average educated man could acquire as he acquires grammar. The new English—it is no longer very new—is at the mercy of caprice and indolence, and the art of construction is failing. We accept any style and concern ourselves with the content alone. We are no longer sensitive to the marks of decline, to the redundant, the otiose, the wrong term. By that process a nation loses its literary power and Doctor Johnson was never more right than when he said that the greatness of a people lay in their writers.

Two elements remain which may settle this chaos and slowly erect a standard again giving new life to English letters. The first of these is the presence of much noble prose preserved from the period before the Classic, from the later sixteenth and earlier seventeenth century. Of this the chief monument is the Jacobean Bible. It is archaic and its model makes rather for rhetoric than for pure prose; but it sets a form. The second is an influence recently noted by Dean Inge, himself the best modern writer of English Prose: it is the effect of writing for the large new audience created by Universal state instruction. This necessity has already produced a new direct style, very lucid and fairly exact. An instance of it is Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*. Huxley was the pioneer thereof. It may be that these two influences will counteract the forces now so rapidly making for decay. It is devoutly to be prayed for.

ENGLISH PROSE

VOICE OF REASON AND THOUGHT

by SYLVIA NORTON, B.A. (Oxon.)

“**W**HAT is prose?” we may ask, when we consider that the novel and newspaper we are reading, the speech we have just heard on the wireless and the injunction to “pass right down the car please!” are all prose. Molière in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* makes his M. Jourdain demand “neither prose nor verse” for the letter which the Master of Philosophy is to compose for him; when he learns that he has been speaking prose for forty years his astonishment is great. Although we may not be under the same misapprehension as M. Jourdain, yet we may ask ourselves how much we know about prose and attempt some definition.

Prose is the natural language of man as opposed to verse, which takes the form of some definite scheme of rhythm and sometimes rhyme. Verse is said to be the older, rhyme being used as an aid to memory. We see this tendency at work in traditional sayings such as “Change n’er a clout till May be out,” and “Red sky at morning, the shepherd’s warning.” Prose is the language in which we ordinarily speak and write. It consists of words and their arrangement, and it is the individual choice of words and their order which constitutes style. Just as an apple varies in kind and in quality, so does prose, and it should be almost as easy to recognise good prose as to tell a good apple, for there are definite standards by which we may judge either to be good, bad or indifferent. Again of prose as of apples, there are many kinds, and the choice of one rather than another is, in the usual way, a matter for individual taste. This, however, with one reservation—and a very important one: just as a dessert apple is useless for baking, and vice versa, so the style must be suited to the writer’s matter.

WARS THAT BROUGHT WEALTH TO THE LANGUAGE

MODERN English may appear to be a simple language with few restrictions, but this apparent simplicity has been achieved only by the natural growth of the language through the centuries. Our grammar is easy in comparison with German or French, but if we take an English sentence and examine each word, we gain some idea of the many and varied sources of our vocabulary.

The history of the language is the history of the land. We have only to look back upon the greatest events in our history to learn how English began, how it grew to be the language we know and, if we are sufficiently interested in such things, we can watch it grow, judging by modern tendencies what will be the English of to-morrow. The Saxon invasion gave us the bedrock of the language, for it is from this Germanic tongue that modern English is descended. The first great change was due to the settlement of the Danes in England in the ninth century; they gave

us the names of everyday things, and words relating to war and the navy. From them we took our pronouns *They, Them, Their*, in place of the Saxon ones, and in the fifteenth century we find Caxton wondering whether to print the Old English word *Ey* or the Scandinavian word *Egg*. The Norman conquest was a far bigger landmark than the Scandinavian. The Normans were the ruling class, their tongue became the official speech, and we find a fourteenth century prose writer complaining that children learn to speak French before they know their mother tongue.

Feudalism came from France, giving us such words as *vassal*. To the Normans, too, we owe our law terms : *prison, male, heir* ; our military words : *defend, army* ; words connected with religion : *virtue, charity* ; with hunting, cooking, gaming and dress. Just as French is the language of the upper classes in Belgium as opposed to Flemish, the peasants' tongue, so it stood in relation to Old English. In *Ivanhoe* Scott makes the Saxon swineherd and another argue over the new-fangled terms *Mutton* and *Beef* which have been introduced for *Sheep* and *Oxen* when killed for food. The Revival of Learning is the next milestone ; the new interest in art and literature which awoke in France and Italy in the Middle-Ages came into England as early as the fourteenth century, bringing Latin and Greek words into our vocabulary and influencing our sentence structure.

HOW TO RECOGNISE GOOD PROSE

LITERARY prose is the subject of this article ; here we are not concerned with the language of colloquial speech which is so very different from the written word. There are many ways of writing the same thing, and the writer must choose the kind of prose most suited to what he has to say. In judging whether prose is good or bad we first decide if the style is suited to the subject ; for example, a business letter in the elaborate style of Meredith would be as bad as *Treasure Island* in the stately manner of Dr. Johnson. When we have made up our minds that theme and treatment are in harmony, we next ask ourselves what impressions the prose makes upon us. Are the descriptions in the *Pilgrim's Progress* beautiful ? Is Captain Silver of *Treasure Island* sinister ? Is the anecdote in *Pickwick* of Mr. Winkle on the ice funny ? It is easy to tell what kind of impression the author is seeking to create, but a great deal harder to discover why he fails or succeeds. The sound of the words, the way they are arranged, small words in short, sharp-sounding sentences to convey fear or suspense, big words in long rhythmical sentences for descriptions of peaceful country scenes ; these are some of the means at the author's disposal. The style of the "Penny Dreadful" and the cheaper magazine story we can recognise as bad prose by any of these tests which we have applied to classic writers.

The prose writer with a good style pays attention to choice of words and their arrangement in order to achieve the right expression of his thought. He seeks to put "the right word in the right place," and in doing this, he obtains beauty of expression, that is, style ; he writes good prose. The purist or the writer who insists too strongly on classical and pedantically correct expression, is in danger of robbing the language of

its vitality. He neglects the law that the controlling force, the genius of the language, is determined by the popular will, and that it cannot be governed altogether by rules.

When we read a piece of prose we may find that although we can clearly see what impression the author is trying to convey, his work, in fact, has a different effect. He may attempt to make us sad but only succeed in making us merry. He may aim at being dignified and serious, but only manage to appear ridiculous. The cause lies in some lack of harmony between the thought and its expression. If we examine prose of this kind, we shall nearly always find the author guilty of tricks of style, such as "the purple patch," exaggeration, the over-ornate, journalese.

EARLY ENGLISH PROSE : THE CHRONICLE AND KING ALFRED

OUR earliest prose consists of a small collection of Old English manuscripts of which the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, dating from about the eighth century A.D., comes first. In this, every outstanding event was set down, so that it forms an invaluable storehouse for the student of Anglo-Saxon history. To the general reader it is not only unintelligible owing to the great changes which have since taken place in our language, it is also rather dull. The first English prose writer of interest to us to-day is King Alfred. Most of his work consists of translations from the Latin but he interspersed his translations with thoughts of his own which reveal him to us as a remarkably enlightened man and king, and one who longed ardently to improve the culture of his people. His work can be read and enjoyed in translation, but he wrote in Anglo-Saxon, which, although it is the basis of modern English, is as different from it as German or Latin.

It is not until the fifteenth century that with Sir Thomas Malory's translation of the *Morte d'Arthur* we have a prose work of the first order, easily understood by any modern reader who is prepared to take a little trouble in looking up unusual words. By this time Anglo-Saxon had undergone so many alterations at the hands of the Danes and Normans that from middle English it had become early modern English.

The introduction of printing in the fifteenth century takes us a long way on from the days when King Alfred referred to the three copies of the Bible in all England. The monasteries now began their collections of books, and literature flourished. It was at this time that Malory brought all the many age-old tales of Arthur together and made a book which should be a delight to any reader. The beauty of the chivalric idea and the simple narrative in which the tales are unfolded make it one of the permanent things in literature. The story of the Holy Grail, all the colour and mysticism of that age of chivalry, of "battles long ago" have made one of the rarest books in our tongue.

The *Morte d'Arthur* stands alone among early English prose works. After its printed publication about 1485, there is nothing comparable to

it to claim our attention until, nearly a hundred years later, we reach the days of Queen Elizabeth. The age of Elizabeth was the age of romance. The national consciousness was increasing; the exploits of Raleigh and Drake, and the discoveries in science and letters were all one with the temper of the age. A courtier of Queen Elizabeth might write sonnets to his lady—the sonnet was a new form of verse from Italy—or go in search of Spanish gold, for the delight of fresh experience in every field was the quintessence of sixteenth century England.

A GALLANT KNIGHT AND A POET : SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was most representative of his age by virtue of that gallant spirit in which he gained distinction as courtier, soldier, scholar, and not least as poet. His prose works, the *Arcadia*, a romance, and the *Defense of Poesie*, are essentially the prose of a poet. The *Defense* is one of the loveliest writings in praise of poetry and ranks with the *Essays* of Shelley and Francis Thompson. Sidney's prose is full of metaphor; he talks of "the speaking picture of Poetry," and again, "the poet has all, from Dante's heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen." Lovely as his writing is, it is essentially poetic prose, and he sways the emotions rather than the intellect by an imaginative appeal. The style of the *Arcadia* is much more involved than that of the *Defense*, and it is here that we see the need for a simpler, more direct, prose for the telling of a story than that of the Elizabethans. Lyly's *Euphues*, sometimes said to be the first English novel, shows us more clearly still that a language so weighed down with classical allusion, rhetorical question and antithesis is no fit medium for narrative, despite the fact that Lyly had set out with the idea of improving English prose. Of the Elizabethans, Bacon was the first to break away from this elaborate writing, though he delights in Latin quotation and his *Essays* are riddled with tags, not always correctly quoted. Montaigne was his master, and possibly the French passion for form did something towards clarifying Bacon's thought. He is fond of classical allusion and carefully balanced phrases, but his sentences are short and his imagery is not laboured like Lyly's.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH PROSE CLASSIC : THE BIBLE

THE *Authorised Version of the Bible* is generally said to be the first English prose classic, as it is the greatest. There were several early translations; Bede put the Gospel of St. John into Old English, Wycliffe made a translation, but our greatest debt is to Tyndale and Coverdale, and the *Authorised Version* of 1611 is in essentials that of Tyndale. Since the whole Bible deals with man's relation to God and the Universe, it must appeal to every one alike, and when we consider how this theme is treated, with what passion and poetry, we may realise why it is the greatest book in the world. The Hebrew imagination is that of the poet. The language is essentially concrete and as there are no words in Hebrew for abstract ideas, these must be expressed in symbol. Thus expressions such as "The Cedar of Lebanon," or "Wine and oil," are used to signify the majesty and providence of God. Since the sense of the Bible

demanding urgent expression, the writers practised the utmost economy of style ; there was no room for any writing descriptive or otherwise, which might be spared from the account. This is seen in the unadorned narrative of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, where no irrelevant detail is included, and in the simplicity of statements such as : "And God said ' Let there be Light and there was Light,' " and again, " Jesus wept."

The translators, always sensible of their high calling and conscious that they must make the Bible accessible to everybody, translated literally, adding nothing, but working to preserve the original. Coverdale indeed introduced some of our most beautiful words : " loving kindness " and " tender mercy," which are the most literal rendering of the Hebrew, but neither he nor Tyndale presumed to tamper with the original.

The Bible has been more studied and quoted in England than in any other country, and its influence both upon the substance and upon the manner of our literature has been tremendous. Within a comparatively short time of its publication, the custom arose of reading aloud passages from " the good book " in Church, home and school. From their earliest years children were accustomed to hear its fine rhythms, droned out, it may be, in a dreary monotone, but nevertheless spoken aloud every day. The influence thus unconsciously exerted on the formation of a prose style in even the least gifted writer is incalculable. In our greatest authors the result has been an unrivalled beauty and grandeur of expression, combined with a weight and dignity of thought. Men such as Bunyan and Carlyle who, in their youth, had no other book to read, profited more from this one teacher than perhaps later writers gain from all the libraries at their disposal.

PROSE RICH IN IMAGERY : MILTON, BURTON, BROWNE

MILTON's prose at its best, like Sidney's, is the prose of a poet, but of a poet who has studied the Bible closely, and has also steeped himself in Greek and Latin. In the *Areopagitica* (a plea for uncensored printing) there is imagery worthy of the author of *Paradise Lost*. Speaking of England, he says : " Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms." The grand and statuesque inspire his metaphor here as in verse, and his sense of rhythm makes his prose at times lyrical, as when he asks : " And who shall silence all the airs and mad-rigs that whisper softness in chambers . . . ? "

But in spite of superb passages such as these, much of Milton's prose is difficult and uninteresting reading. Most of it consists of pamphlets which are nothing but treatises on Church matters of the day, written in long, winding sentences with many subordinate clauses, a Latin

form utterly unsuited to English. Long words abound, and there are many coined from the Latin, such as *inquisituriens*, *matriculated confutant*, *connivant*, *oscitant*. The love of rhetoric adds weight to invective, but often dulls the edge of argument, and Biblical and classical allusion so remote as to escape any but the most scholarly makes for a prose which is likely to be neglected except by the student.

The seventeenth century was rich in scholars. Whereas the Elizabethans were interested in their own discoveries, the masque from Italy, the Morris dance, as much as the voyages of Hakluyt and Frobisher, men like Robert Burton, Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor dwelt upon the thoughts and fashions of the Ancients, preferring the old world to the new. Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* set out to give a history of melancholy in its fullest sense.

It will be remembered that the Greek theory of the humours reached this country from the great Arabian schools of medicine in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and influenced many authors, notably Ben Jonson, as we see in his play, *Every Man in his Humour*. According to this theory the human body was said to contain four humours; blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile (melancholy). A superabundance of any one of these was held to be bad. Although Burton was said to be "very merrie, facete and juvenile" an excess of the fourth humour seemed to him to be the lot of the majority of mankind, and accordingly he set out to make a study of it. He was learned and an omnivorous reader, and like his great contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, versed in medicine as well as literature.

Perhaps the chief merits of the *Anatomy* are its human interest together with the wealth of quaint story and instance. We read enthralled of "the country fellow that had four knives in his belly with other baggage," of the young maid in Amatus Lusitanus that "would wash her hair in the heat of the day," and so on. The *Anatomy* is a book to browse in, a little library in itself. It has been as much loved as perhaps any book in English with the exception of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Johnson himself, who counted indolence as one of his worst vices, paid it the high tribute of declaring that it "was the only book that ever drew him out of bed an hour sooner than he would otherwise have got up." If other recommendation is needed, it is to be found in Lamb's *Essays of Elia* (*Mackery End in Hertfordshire*) where Lamb describes himself "hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton." It was Lamb, amongst others in the nineteenth century, who revived interest in Burton, Sir Thomas Browne and their contemporaries.

PROSE UNMATCHED IN LATER CENTURIES

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was possibly the greatest of the group of writers, including Burton and Taylor, known as the Antiquaries. A doctor in Norwich, he combined, like Burton, the interests of literature and medicine. In his *Religio Medici*, his best known work, he set out to clear his profession from the ancient stigma of irreligion to which Chaucer amongst others alludes. Browne's deep religious faith and mysticism shine through all his writings. He says: "We carry with us the wonders

we seek without us : there is all Africa and her prodigies in us." His faith was simple, as we see from his belief in witchcraft ; he declares that it is a riddle to him how any one can doubt the existence of witches. It is Browne's whimsical manner of argument which makes for a great deal of his charm. The style of *Religio Medici*, *Urn Burial*, and Browne's other writings is typical of his age. Biblical and classical allusion, balanced sentences, Latin quotations, give the prose a grandeur, a rhetorical roll unmatched in later centuries but unsuited to the exact expression of clear thought. The prose typical of the seventeenth century is not so much the limpid prose of the *Bible* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* as the melodious prose-poetry of *Urn Burial*.

In spite of its funereal title, *Urn Burial* is not gloomy ; it is imbued rather with the sad and gentle beauty of autumn. Passages such as the following linger in the memory long after their context is forgotten :

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? *Herostratus* lives that burnt the Temple of *Diana*, he is almost lost that built it ; Time hath spared the Epitaph of *Adrians* horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equall durations ; and *Thersites* is like to live as long as *Agamemnon*, Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, then any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and *Methuselahs* long life had been his only Chronicle."

IZAAC WALTON had many of the characteristics of his age ; a devout faith, a reverence for antiquity, a love of learning, but to these he added a delight in country things which was practically unknown to his contemporaries. Unlike the *Anatomy* and *Religio Medici*, the *Compleat Angler* has always been a favourite book with many different kinds of readers. The simple way in which it is written, and the dialogue form which makes concentration so easy, have ensured a wide reading. Above and beyond the question of style, the charm of Walton's personality is evident in every phrase. We go with him, almost hand in hand, on "a fine fresh May morning," through the pleasant fields of Hertfordshire, along the river bank, listening to the strangest fishing stories we have ever heard, part fact, part folk lore. We may learn much of the simple faith and ancient learning, and around and about us are the sights and smells of the English countryside. Now we are told what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers, or how to take the chavender or chubb, or that a learned physician tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape and partly in condition. The prose flows like one of Walton's silver streams through a most pleasant land. Walton's *Lives*, though not ranking with the *Compleat Angler*, are full of interest, particularly the *Life of Donne*, and anyone who loves the author of *Death, be not proud* and *The Ecstasy* should read it.

THE PLAIN STYLE WINS : THE BIRTH OF MODERN PROSE

WITH one or two outstanding exceptions such as the *Bible* and Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense of Poesie*, all the greatest works in English prose written before about 1660 are distinguished by a gorgeousness and elaboration of style entirely unsuited to the varied ends prose now has to serve. The seventeenth century was an age of great prose, but a poetic, imaginative prose as far removed from the ordinary language of conversation or even letter-writing as the poetry of *Paradise Lost*. After the Restoration, with the advent of Dryden and Bunyan, English prose put off its silks and satins, as it were, changed to serge and tweeds and showed itself ready, at last, for the serious business of exact expression.

Among the many reasons for this important revolution, perhaps the most influential was the growth of that rationalism which, refusing to be bound by faith, insists on the right of the individual mind to criticise and examine the world for itself. The interest in science revealed strongly in the work of Francis Bacon, shining fitfully in the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, gathered force throughout the seventeenth century until it resulted in the foundation of the Royal Society to foster research, and to make known to the people the discoveries of the scientists.

But the language of Browne and Burton was not well fitted to describe chemical experiments with clearness and accuracy. With the rise of popular interest in science, it was inevitably superseded, at first by a plain style, sometimes colloquial to the point of vulgarity, later by the dignified, straightforward, pointed prose of the eighteenth century.

The new prose was not confined to scientific and practical writings. It won approval from poet, dramatist, critic and reader alike ; in the hands of such masters as Dryden, Bunyan, Swift, with Fielding, Sterne and Smollett among the novelists, it soon achieved glories as great in their way as those of the older style.

THE FATHERS OF MODERN PROSE : DRYDEN AND BUNYAN

UNTIL the age of Dryden, prose had not been regarded as the equal of verse as a means of literary expression, and it was Dryden amongst others who did away with the disparity. Dryden in his *Essays* and *Prefaces* shows the lucid, direct writing of the new age at its best. He achieved the mastery of prose with the famous *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* which he began about 1665. The style consists of short, well-balanced sentences ; there is restraint, precision, lucidity, a tone of friendly intercourse with the reader, an ease which never becomes familiarity, a dignity which is never pompous. This essay and the *Preface to the Fables*, published in 1700, are perhaps the chief of his prose works.

Dryden came of a good family. He belonged to the fashionable London society of his day and held an honoured and secure position in

literature. The man who shares with him the distinction of being the founder of modern English prose, could lay claim to neither breeding nor education. John Bunyan was of lowly birth ; he is known to have lived as a tinker and wandering preacher, and his most famous work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was written in Bedford Gaol. In spite of this, his work has exercised a deep and wide influence on English thought and expression, and there are people who rank *The Pilgrim's Progress* as second only to the Bible and the Prayer Book.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PROSE : JONATHAN SWIFT

THE eighteenth century is known as the Age of Reason, because more weight was given to the testimony of the intellect than to that of the emotions. The easier ways of communication, the life of the town with its coffee houses and assembly rooms and the first clubs, gave us a public who were eager for the novel and the journal. From such beginnings as the Elizabethan romance the novel grew until we have Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Defoe and Richardson. Fashion and the talk of the town were recorded by Addison and Steele in the *Spectator*, which marks the beginning of journalism. Twice as much was written as before, and the influence upon prose was naturally great ; it became more adaptable and equally suited to the breathless narrative of Defoe's *Moll Flanders* or the entertaining letters of Horace Walpole.

Swift was the first and perhaps greatest prose writer of the new century. His prose is some of the finest in the language. It is clear and pointed, and therefore most easy to read. He never uses a word too many or, conversely, a word too few. He seems to be able always to say exactly what he wants and he has no tricks of style. It is generally agreed that his prose was much influenced by that of Sir William Temple, his patron and a prose writer of standing. *Gulliver's Travels*, one of the greatest political satires and yet one of the best children's books, shows Swift's style at its best ; here it is like a diamond for point and brilliance. *The Tale of a Tub*, *The Journal to Stella* and *The Battle of the Books* are all magnificent prose. When he wishes, Swift can conjure up the most vivid picture without any recourse to fine writing. This is well shown in his description of Virgil in *The Battle of the Books* : "On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour completely fitted to his body ; he was mounted on a dapple grey steed ; the slowness of his pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour." Any reader of the *Aeneid* will at once cry : "There is Virgil !"

"THE GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER" : DOCTOR JOHNSON

ONE might say of Johnson that he was born and brought up in a bookshop. He read omnivorously, and mixed almost entirely with men of letters and those whose interests lay in books and the conversations of the club and coffee-house. He was a dictator in letters ; questions of literature or morality were referred to him, and his pronouncements were final. When asked whether an author should write for money, he answered : "Sir, none but a fool ever wrote except for

money." His downright, equable mind was typical of the Age of Reason, and it was these qualities, allied to his attractive and vigorous personality, which established him as a literary authority. His style shows the influence of Latin diction, and he loved long words, but it is the balance of thought which makes for his balance of sentence and, at best, results in a concentrated and precise style. The *Letter to Lord Chesterfield* is perhaps the finest example of Johnson's prose. His writing at its worst, or *Johnsonese*, as it has been termed, becomes pompous, as when he says: "The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of our fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together." Nevertheless, he did much to discipline prose, handing on his love of order to the younger generation, so that the writers in the second half of the century owed him much. That his authority was still great in the nineteenth century we know from *Vanity Fair*, where Miss Pinkerton, commending his famous dictionary to her pupils, refers to him with awe as "the great lexicographer."

Edmund Burke was a friend of Johnson and came under his influence. His prose is that of the day, the latter half of the eighteenth century, as regards idiom and structure. It is removed from the direct conversational prose of Dryden and Swift by changed social circumstances; it has more dignity, weight and conventional elegance, and for these Burke was indebted to Johnson. It is most important to remember that Burke was first of all an orator, and that in the composition of his speeches he is thinking not of his reader, but of his audience. He had a passionate temperament, his imagination was readily fired by the wrongs of others, and he chose a diction which would, by its very sound, convey his feeling. His vivid imagery is reminiscent of Milton, Browne, Taylor, Clarendon, though his prose is never that of the poet since there is no lyrical note. This is clearly seen by comparing one of his speeches on the Warren Hastings Trial or the French Revolution, or America with the *Areopagitica*, or with the romantic prose of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Carlyle and Ruskin.

POETRY COMES AGAIN TO PROSE: KEATS AND CARLYLE

WITH the nineteenth century Romantic Revival and return to Nature, imagination and emotion prevailed over "good sense" and "reason," and the change was quickly felt in prose. The age was rich in poets whose prose was of a very high order, as for example, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and, later, Francis Thompson. With these Keats can compete, and indeed many would hold that in his *Letters* he excels them all. The Lake poets and Shelley wrote about poetry, its philosophical conception and theories of diction. Keats does the same, but he traces the growth of his own genius in relation to his poetic ideals. His development can be realised as much from the *Letters* as from the poems. For beauty of image these letters compare favourably with the prose of any of the poets and offer an intimate survey of Keats' mind from the time when he was sensible of his poetic vocation until

the close of his life. They record his feeling and thought with regard to poetry and the many and varied influences which played upon his mind. Here is Keats' passion for beauty, "the shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades, changes, surprises," his yearning for knowledge, "which is needful to thinking people, it takes away the heat and fever, and helps by widening speculation to ease the Burden of the Mystery."

This period is so rich in prose that there is room here only for the bare mention of many great names. We must pass over De Quincey, whose romantic prose, as in the *Mail Coach* and the *Opium Eater*, is infused with the imaginative quality of a dream consciousness; Lamb, with his gentle, whimsical *Elia*; Hazlitt, whose high spirits and easy-flowing style in *My first acquaintance with the Poets* belie his assurance that he found writing so hard.

Carlyle's prose is so individual as to be unlike that of anyone else. His thought, feeling and imagination are alike violent, and the forcefulness of his style is born of the essential quality of his mind. His writing gives one the impression of a coloured cinematograph, for vivid scenes flash in swift succession. When his imagination, fired by political or social ideas, is at white heat, he gives us such memorable pictures as the flight to Varennes in the *History of the French Revolution*. However much we may admire Carlyle, we must admit that he is not easy reading; his sentences are jerked out, words tumble one after another; this sentence is typical of his style: "Surely also, in some place not of honour, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see,—one squalidest bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse dung: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel." Ruskin is always associated in our minds with Carlyle as far as ideas are concerned, but he was not much influenced as regards style. The essential differences in the prose of the two men is shown by comparing Ruskin's chapter on *The Nature of Gothic* in the *Stones of Venice* with Carlyle's *On Labour*.

PROSE IN THE NINETIES: STEVENSON, PATER, WILDE

STEVENSON frankly admitted that he had modelled his style on that of the best authors. In his essay *A College Magazine*, which appears in the collection entitled *Memories and Portraits*, he said: "I have played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Oberman. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." Whether as the result of this careful study, or a natural feeling for style, possibly a fusion of the two, the result was fortunate. The vigour of his mind, the spirit of romance and adventure which inspired such different books as *Treasure Island* and *Travels with a Donkey* prevented his writing even in the earlier essays from being that of the author who is too self-conscious in the matter of style.

Pater's prose is so much the outcome of his philosophy that it is imperative to examine his doctrine. He believed that amongst the "changes and chances" of the world the only stability lay in Art for Art's sake; life he held to be a series of moments, and its aims to make

the moment as exquisite as possible. This theory caused him to handle prose with the same meticulous care as a jeweller touches the mechanism of a watch. The result is beautiful but brilliant, with the hothouse beauty of an orchid. Pater was not a little afraid of rough winds ; for him art was "not only an interpretation of life, but an escape from it," and this approach makes for a feeling of impending decay in his work and the sense that his prose is overlaboured. *Marius the Epicurean* is a fine romantic novel ; the *Renaissance Studies* and the *Child in the House* are to be recommended. Here are colour, romance, Roman philosophy and Italian art portrayed with an exquisite pen akin to that of George Moore.

The aesthetic movement of which Pater and Oscar Wilde were representative each in his way has been called "the perfumed dusk of the nineties." This epigram has survived because "dusk" is apt for the atmosphere of shadow and unreality, so is "perfumed" for the predominance of sensuous beauty of the most exotic kind. Wilde is extravagant in his choice of image and phrase ; metaphors taken from pomegranates, poppies, turquoise and jasper adorn his prose to the point of making it appear like a woman who is wearing too many jewels. In his later work, however, this quality is not so evident, and *De Profundis* has a simple grandeur both of thought and of style.

PROSE AT THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THE twentieth century saw a large increase in the number of first class authors, and they all brought their contribution to prose. Hardy wrote a fine unpretentious style, the beauty of which is most apparent, either when he is describing some moment of tense drama, as, for example, when Tess goes to the scaffold, or some country scene such as the opening of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Kipling wrote a narrative prose which is of its kind unsurpassed, and the descriptive passages in *Kim*, particularly the chapter where Kim and his Llama reached the Himalayas, are superb. One could multiply instances of fine prose from novelists and others ; Galsworthy's *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and Walpole's descriptions of Cumberland in the *Rogue Herries* trilogy are only two of the many. Amongst the wealth of writers in the early twentieth century, W. H. Hudson stands apart by virtue of the quality of his mind. He was happiest in the virgin forests of Patagonia, alone with "those vanished scenes, those rushy and flowery meres with their varied and multitudinous wild life, the cloud of shining wings, the heart-enlivening wild cries" (*Far away and Long Ago*). He had something of Wordsworth's nature mysticism, and of Gilbert White's naturalist genius, and this rare combination makes his books unique. Of his prose Conrad said : "One can't tell how this fellow gets his effects : he writes as the grass grows."

That extraordinary creative vitality which made Lawrence a force in literature, which spent itself in human relationship, and in the attempt to find some way of living to meet his needs and what he felt to be the

needs of his contemporaries, informs his prose. He has something in common with Hudson, the love of nature at her most elemental. It is interesting to compare Lawrence's description of the Australian bush in *Kangaroo* with that of the forest in Hudson's *Green Mansions*. There the affinity ends, however, for Lawrence was less of a mystic than Hudson, and his interest in human nature was foreign to Hudson. Lawrence's prose is very uneven. At times he gives us descriptive passage of the greatest distinction, such as the descriptions of flowers in *Sons and Lovers*, the scene in *Women in Love* where the lovers watch the cats, much of the writing in the *White Peacock*, where the fever of high summer is so wonderfully suggested and in numerous letters from Italy and Germany. On the other hand, his torrential vitality often lacks restraint, making his prose abrupt, distorted and confused. Lawrence is not at his best in passages such as this: "Even the athletic young man that wanted to be approved of. Even he. He had not much true spunk. But what was he feeling now? Unless, of course, he had got into business and was successfully coining money. That seemed to be the only safety-valve: success in money-making. But how many men were successful, now?"

MODERN EXPERIMENTS IN ENGLISH PROSE

LAWRENCE bridges the gulf between pre-war and post-war writers. We are conscious, more in the *Letters* than in his novels, of the restless spirit of war time which, pressing in on him, joins forces with the fever of his own genius to drive him further to challenge the old ideals and search for new ones. After the Great War the changes in social and economic life found their counterpart in literature. A shifting of values meant the overthrow of certain traditions.

The philosophers of new schools of thought have found their disciples amongst men of letters, and everywhere we see the new ideas, revealed especially in a tendency to experiment. We have been experimenting with prose since Elizabethan days, but in no age has this tendency been so strong as in our own. The Time Philosophy is one of the twentieth century ideas which has exerted most influence on writing. The purely physical Time theory of Einstein, Bergson's philosophical conception of the duration of time (the psychological aspect of time, in conjunction with the theory of timelessness) have left their mark on both matter and form, particularly in the case of the novel. Roughly the effect in literature of the study of the Time Philosophy has been for writers to assume that we can, if we will, transcend our human conditions as regards time, impossible though that may be for practical purposes, such as catching a train. So it is that James Joyce, who heads the list of those who have experimented with subject-matter and form, confines the action of *Ulysses* to one day, and in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* he writes: "So timeless seemed the grey, warm air, so fluid and impersonal his own mood, that all ages were as one to him." Joyce's public is necessarily limited by difficulties of style, as much as by the nature of his subject-matter. He has, however, been widely read by literary people, and his influence on the moderns has been considerable.

In the writings of Virginia Woolf, for instance, the affinity with Joyce is very strongly marked. Like him she takes the time-limit of one day for her novels *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, and her method of describing everything "from the inside out," as Wyndham Lewis terms it in *Time and the Western Man*, is the psychological approach of Joyce, though it is not easy to see where the influence of Joyce ends and that of Proust begins. *Swann's Way*, the English translation of Proust's masterpiece, has had a very great influence on contemporary prose, and no one owes him more than Virginia Woolf. Like him she takes a small canvas and makes her subject live by a wealth of significant detail, the light and shade of her painting. Like a flower under the microscope she shows us some moment in perfect proportion, but the structure revealed in such detail that common experience recognises its truth; the description of the dinner-party in *To the Lighthouse* is an admirable example. She writes in a subjective manner, for she gets right into the minds of her characters, and subjects and incidents are significant only as they inspire the thoughts and feelings of her people.

This method makes for a special kind of descriptive prose. In *To the Lighthouse* Mrs. Ramsay calls her daughter from her easel to ask her whether the guests have returned. It is not the question but the psychological effect of it which is significant, and calls for such analytical description. "The words seemed to be dropped into a well, where, if the waters were clear they were also so extraordinarily distorting that, even as they descended, one saw them twisting about to make Heaven knows what patterns on the floor of the child's mind."

An experiment such as *The Waves*, however interesting in form, gives us nothing in the same class as the skating scene in *Orlando*, or the brilliant description of the thieves' den in Whitechapel in *Flush*, where everything—sights, smells, impressions—is described from the dog's point of view.

EDITH SITWELL DELIGHTS IN STRANGE BEAUTY

EDITH SITWELL has also experimented in prose, though not to the same extent as Virginia Woolf. In that intimate yet scholarly criticism in which she excels, her writing is succinct, direct and vivid. As in her verse, she is fond of expressing one sensuous impression in terms of another, as when she says: "The sound is thick, gross and blind as stupidity itself." This method gives her great descriptive power, although it is easy to see that it might become a trick of style. Another of her characteristics is the tendency to coin composite adjectives, as when she speaks of "the air-born lightness of the Zambra Dance," and "the water-smooth beauty of Annus Mirabilis." Her love of strange, fantastic beauty; bright-coloured cockatoos, rare Eastern silks, and so forth, goads her into making great lists of them through sheer delight in the music of their names and the images conveyed; this is particularly noticeable in *Bath*. It is certainly a very effective device, though again it might well prove dangerous.

Gertrude Stein and James Joyce have experimented in prose to such an extent that it is permissible to wonder whether they are not

experimenting for experiment's sake. In Gertrude Stein's *Composition as Explanation*, for example, with its repetition and extraordinary syntax, it is difficult to see the value of a passage such as this : " There is singularly nothing that makes a difference a difference in beginning and in the middle and in ending except that each generation has something different at which they are looking." Here we see the tendency towards analysis, towards the simplification of thought and construction which predominates in all modern English prose, carried to the point of absurdity.

WHAT AMERICA IS DOING FOR ENGLISH PROSE

EARLY American novelists, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving, wrote a prose which does not differ greatly from that of their English contemporaries. In our schooldays, Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* did not strike us as being very differently written from *Black Beauty* or *Alice in Wonderland*. It is true that we read of children eating limes, a fruit which had never come our way, and of the excitements of Thanksgiving Day parties, a festival unknown to us, but there the difference ended. It is not until comparatively recently that America began to influence prose. The English tradition flowered into the most exquisite literary prose in Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. The writing is classical and belongs to the old world England of the nineteenth century, rather than the new. Willa Cather has some lovely descriptive writing in her novels, especially in *Death comes for the Archbishop* where she conveys both the peace and the loneliness of vast tracts of uninhabited country, but again this still beauty is expressed in a style which might equally well be that of an English author. It is only when we come to consider the prose of Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill and particularly Theodore Dreiser that we realise what great changes are taking place. The national consciousness of America is very wide awake ; until the last century her energies were devoted largely to the making of a new country and a new nation. She has now a background against which her own art and letters may flourish.

As regards language, words coined in America and those adopted from the different European languages are being absorbed into the vocabulary and find their way into literary prose. Dreiser's style is particularly interesting in that it shows two strong elements at work. The first is the German influence which is revealed in the coining of composite nouns or adjectives, such as *Girlshy*, *Roadhouse*, *Bellboy*, *View-point* (compare with the German, *Zeitgeist*, *Hausfrau*). The other is the evidence of the Celtic imagination in word and phrase, the tendency to exaggerate and the use of vivid metaphor. When we consider the large German and Irish strains in the American race, the reason for these characteristics is easily understood.

Dreiser's prose is powerful in the extreme ; the atmosphere of horror and suspense in the scene of the murder by the lake in *An American Tragedy* is peculiarly haunting ; so is the picture of the dreary little family trapesing the streets with their harmonium. When we examine the style we may ask how it is that he gets his effects : here are familiar words used in a strange way, psychic for mental for example, sentences

which give the impression of a rush of words, so little regard is there for order ; and yet this style grips the attention throughout a very long novel, leaving vivid impressions which linger in the memory. His strong creative force achieves the effect, making the reader forget the means he has employed.

It is obvious that many influences are abroad which are likely to affect English prose permanently, the American influence which we have been considering, the influence of the cinematograph and of the wireless. The films have done much towards popularising American phrases, many of which are likely to find their way into literary prose. The influence of the wireless will probably be even more far reaching ; it is conceivable that the conditions for a radio play, for example, may give rise to passages of fine description in the same way as the limitations of the Elizabethan stage were responsible for such poetry as Queen Gertrude's account of the death of Ophelia in *Hamlet*.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

PROSE is a means of expression, not an end in itself ; therefore he who reads prose must at the same time be reading a novel, an essay, a sermon or some other form of literature. Prose is best approached either through fiction or through newspapers and periodicals. The courses of reading recommended at the end of the articles on the novel and the short story will give those interested in prose an introduction to and a liking for well-written English. The same end can alternatively be achieved by making a habit of reading the third leading article in *The Times* or the literary column on the back page of the *Manchester Guardian*. In this way readers will make the acquaintance of many styles of English prose and, by deciding which they prefer, will form their own tastes. They will then be in a position to begin the course of reading suggested for the essay, confident of enjoyment and profit.

For detailed analysis of the prose of individual writers, readers are referred to the suggestions following the article on criticism. A short general review of English prose is given by Arthur Clutton-Brock's essay, *Defects of English Prose*, in the anthology *Essays and Essayists* (Nelson), edited by Sir Henry Newbolt.

The selections which follow are arranged to show the development of English prose ; each passage is recognised as one of the greatest in English literature.

GREAT PASSAGES FROM ENGLISH PROSE

THE BIBLE: THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN

THE Authorised Version of the Bible, which was begun in 1604 and finished in 1611, is the greatest translation in the English language. It has the final quality of an original work of art. The Bible is made up of many books both in the Old Testament and in the New ; it represents indeed a whole literature of that race, the Jewish, which of all races of the world has the deepest sense of God. To read now in one book, now in another, is to hear, as it were, the voice of one man at different times. The unity is given by the same quality of rhythm and has profoundly deepened the religious influence of the Bible on the English people. This rhythm, so personal and so moving, is the common voice of a group of forty-seven men, purified of the merely individual by a common pious reverence for "the word of God." It is heard alike in the narrative of Naaman the Syrian, in the dry statements of the Proverbs, in the plangent cry of the Preacher, the jubilant Song of Solomon, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, that uses such words as a father uses to his children, and in Saint Paul's philosophical and beautiful discourse on the greatest of virtues.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the Revil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain : in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail ; because man goeth to his long home ; and the mourners go about the streets : or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern : then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher ; all is vanity. And moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge ; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words ; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished : of making many books there is no end ; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep his commandments ; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.—ECCLESIASTES, CHAPTER 12.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

I AM the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples ; for I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved ! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart : behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines : for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his ; he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

AND he said, A certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat ; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger ! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against

Heaven, and before thee. And am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry ; for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field ; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in ; therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad ; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again : and was lost, and is found.—ST. LUKE, CHAPTER 15.

THE VIRTUE OF CHARITY

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.—I CORINTHIANS, 13.

FRANCIS BACON : ON REVENGE

FRANCIS BACON, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans (1561-1626), was a man of ambiguous character and of an intellect and an outlook upon the universe that have elevated him to a place in the history of European thought. He was in spirit a modern scientist. He pointed out that nature cannot be commanded except by being obeyed, and urged close and accurate observations and slow and careful conclusions, "for the subtlety of nature is many times greater than the subtlety of our logic." He looked upon human nature with the same interest in what is, not in what should be.

In his "Essays" he noted down his observations and conclusions, and proved himself a writer of fine prose. His essays are dense in thought and dense in style. They consist of short, pithy statements grouped round some subject; and the close, stiff texture of the prose is enriched by brilliant images that make memorable the thought, such as: "Revenge is a kind of wild justice;" "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark and as that natural fear is increased in children with tales, so is it with the other;" or "This same Truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight."

He called his essays in the sub-title of the book "Counsels Civil and Moral." They are practical, rather than ideal, counsels on the part played by men in social and civil life. The following essay "On Revenge" is a fine example of his work.

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out: for as for the first wrong it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking Revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "*It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.*" That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come, therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other.

The most tolerable sort of Revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the Revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take Revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "*You shall read (saith he) 'that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.'*" But yet the spirit of Job

was in a better tune : " *Shall we,*" saith he, " *take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also ?*" and so of friends in a proportion.

This is certain, that a man that studieth Revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

Public Revenges are for the most part fortunate ; as that for the death of Cæsar ; for the death of Pertinax ; for the death of Henry the Third of France ; and many more. But in private Revenges it is not so ; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches : who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: ON HIMSELF

S*R THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682) is the author of "Religio Medici," "the religion of a doctor." He was all his life in easy circumstances. He went to Winchester and Oxford, he studied in Leyden and made prolonged travels in Europe. When thirty-three he settled at Norwich. While the Civil War devastated the country he was serenely absorbed in his work and in metaphysical speculations on the mysteries of life. He made a name for himself in medical and scientific knowledge and before he was thirty he had written his most famous book.*

It is a strange book. Its author was introspective and sceptical and never without a sense of the essential mystery and unity of all life and all its manifestations. He had extraordinary breadth of view and of sympathy as the following passages show. He wrote of "Vulgar Errors ;" but although or because he was a trained and indefatigable observer of facts he did not cast error aside without finding some explanation for its existence. From the character of his thought and the range of his knowledge he loved to comment, to point out analogies, and to amplify.

From his Latin learning he added to our vocabulary many words that he borrowed to express more exactly his meaning and which add depth to the music of his branching sentences. His lovers find the peculiar force of his genius and of his majestic style most fully in his descant on the variety of human life, "Urn Burial," which he wrote on the discovery in Norfolk of ancient burial urns. The following passages are taken from the second part of "Religio Medici."

Now for that other Virtue of Charity, without which Faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed Laws of Charity. And if I hold the true Anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue ; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather Idiosyncrasie, in dyet, humour, air, any thing. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers ; but being amongst them, make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander : at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in my self those common Antipathies that I can discover in others : those National

repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch ; but where I find their actions in balance with my Countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree.

I was born in the eighth Climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey ; I am in England every where, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds ; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing : my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil ; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition.

If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude : that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God ; but, confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no breach of Charity to call these *Fools* ; it is the style all holy Writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in Canonical Scripture, and a point of our Faith to believe so. Neither in the name of *Multitude* do I onely include the base and minor sort of people ; there is a rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these ; men in the same Level with Mechanicks, though their fortunes do somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as, in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them ; so neither are a troop of these ignorant *Doradoes* of that true esteem and value, as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet.

Let us speak like Politicians : there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his Desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times and the byas of present practice wheel another way, thus it was in the first and primitive Commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-order'd Politics, till corruption getteth ground ; ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations contemn, every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a licence or faculty to do or purchase any thing.

ON THE MUSICK OF THE SPHEARS

IT is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony ; and sure there is musick even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick where ever there is a harmony, order, or proportion : and thus far we may maintain the musick of the Sphears ; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.

Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony ; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all Church-musick. For my self, not only from my obedience, but my particular Genius, I do embrace it : for even that vulgar and Tavern-Musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer.

There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers : it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole World, and creatures of God ; such a melody to the ear, as the whole World, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto Musick : thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rhythme. This made Tacitus, in the very first line of his Story, fall upon a verse ; and Cicero, the worst of Poets, but declaiming for a Poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect Hexameter.

JOHN BUNYAN: THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

JOHAN BUNYAN (1628-1688) in "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" gave pure and immortal expression to the religion of the heart, to the conviction of sin and the faith in grace abounding. For the intellectual aspects of Protestant religion, for the attempted reconciliation of man's free-will with God's omniscience we must turn to the author of "*Paradise Lost*." From early times in England the common folk had struggled to express themselves in forms more simple and direct than those of the Roman Catholic or Anglican Church, and in Bunyan for the first time their feelings were expressed in a permanent literary form. The same religious conscience was to find expression for itself again in the evangelical movements of the eighteenth century.

Bunyan and his father called themselves "braziers" or, as we should say, "whitesmiths." Bunyan learned reading and writing "according to the rate of other poor men's children," but by sixteen he had forgotten them "even almost utterly." At that age he was levied as a soldier for the Civil War, but on which side he fought is not certainly known. When he was disbanded he returned to his village of Elstow, near Bedford, and his trade. At about twenty he married. "This woman and I came together," he said, "as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between us both." His wife was religious and owned two pious books.

He was gay, daring and an adept at swearing. He loved dancing on the village green, tipcat and bellringing, but he gave up his pleasures and felt himself a Christian. Yet one day while he was tinkering pots he heard some poor women "sitting at a door in the sun and talking about the things of God," and at once he came to realise the inner life of a Christian.

He suffered severe conflicts and strange experiences. Like Blake and Cowper, he saw visions and heard voices. The unreal things he saw were as clear as was Macbeth's dagger. At twenty-seven he became a powerful preacher : at thirty-two

he was imprisoned for twelve years as a "common upholder of unlawful meetings"; after his release he was a pastor until his death at the age of sixty.

Bunyan's power of seeing visions was also his power to write so concretely of Christian's progress from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, that "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" can be read by children as a book of vivid and adventurous travel. The comfort he can give to the religious can be seen from the following beautiful passage.

THE talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible.

There, said they, is "Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." (Heb. xii. 22-24). You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. (Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4, 5; xxii. 5). There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit—sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; "for the former things are passed away." (Isa. lxxv. 16, 17). You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets—men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now "resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness."

The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place?

To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. (Gal. vi. 7, 8). In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; for "there you shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2).

There, also, you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.

There, also, you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put in an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you, also, shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him. (1 Thess. iv. 13-17; Jude 14, 15; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3).

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was



Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them.



said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have forsaken all for his holy name ; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." (Rev. xix. 9). There came out, also, at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious voices, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world ; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side : some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions, continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high ; so that the very sight was, to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together ; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the City itself in view ; and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever ; oh ! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed ! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold,

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY." (Rev. xxii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate : the which when they did, some from above, looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc.—to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place : and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning. Those, therefore, were carried into the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men ? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, "that the righteous nation (said he) that keepeth the truth may enter in." (Isa. xxvi. 2.)

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate ; and, lo ! as they entered, they were transfigured ; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps

and crowns, and gave them to them ; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them,

“ ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD.”

I also heard the men themselves sing with a loud voice, saying—

“ BLESSING, AND HONOUR, AND GLORY, AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOR EVER AND EVER.” (Rev. v. 13.)

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun ; the streets, also, were paved with gold ; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, “ Holy, holy, holy is the Lord ! ” And after that they shut up the gates ; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

JOHN DRYDEN: LISTENING TO THE SOUND OF A BATTLE AT SEA

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700) is the greatest man of letters, though not the greatest writer, in English literature. During forty years he wrote twenty-eight plays (mostly against the grain), a great deal of original verse, translations of Virgil and other poets, and critical remarks and references to himself scattered in prefaces and dedications. He was not of the finest order of poets, or of minds, but there was nothing he could not do well. He is unmatched in the world as a personal satirist and peerless in English as a writer of prose that combines ease with excellence.

He was born of a good Puritan family and was educated at Westminster, the school of Cowley, and later went to Cambridge. As he was an outstanding figure in political controversy, as a satirist, and in literary controversy and as a critic, he was attacked from many sides. He changed his religion after the accession of King James. It is now certainly, if little, known that his conversion to Catholicism brought him no material advantage. He shines out of his own time for his common sense and for seeing things sanely in contemporary political and critical problems.

He was the first of really modern writers of English, that is, the first to aim consciously at modern syntax and grammar, which he helped to stabilise. “ Every word,” said Dr. Johnson, “ seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. . . . Though all is easy, nothing is feeble ; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh ; and though since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.”

The following opening paragraphs of “ *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* ” are a fair example of his superb table-talk.

It was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch ; a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe : while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his royal highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city ; so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him ; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it ; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius, and Neander to be in company together ; three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town ; and whom I have chosen to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a barge which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired : after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently ; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney : those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets.

After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory : adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, Crites, a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill-nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battle had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on that subject : adding, that no argument could escape some of those eternal rhymers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey ; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry ; while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their poems, as to let them be often desired and long expected.

JONATHAN SWIFT: EDUCATION IN LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) is the best English prose-writer. Dr. Johnson said of him that "he always understands himself: and his reader always understands him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge: it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things." Swift said of himself that if he wrote well it was by the help of much thinking and much conversation. The benefits of good conversation he probably enjoyed fully for the first time when, after leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he became secretary to Sir William Temple. The history of the passing from the old-fashioned prose, as it is illustrated by the extract from Sir Thomas Browne, to modern prose, as it is illustrated by Dryden, Addison and Swift, is the realisation that English prose is but English speech, sufficiently organised according to the ordinary syntax of speech to convey what, in speech, is expressed partly by intonation.

Swift was a clergyman in Ireland although himself of English extraction, and he was sharply interested in politics. For two years, at about the age of thirty-eight to forty, he lived in London. He met the leading statesmen and men of letters of the day, and it is hardly too much to say that through his papers to the "Examiner" he embodied the whole power of the Press on the Tory side. At forty-six he was made Dean of St. Patrick's: when he was fifty-nine "Gulliver's Travels" was published: at seventy-three he became insane and never recovered.

Almost everything that Swift wrote is ironic. He is the master of irony. He lived in the age of reason like Addison, but he commented on his fellows not with sweet but with savage reasonableness. His way was to make some simple assumption, as that the men of Lilliput are about six inches high, and to proceed with the utmost fullness and naturalness of detail. So well has he succeeded that "Gulliver's Travels" is on the one hand a tale that delights children and on the other a fierce satire for thinking men. The following extract shows his method of turning narrative to satirical account.

THEIR notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. They will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was not a benefit in itself. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, clemency, religion, and love of

their country ; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great ; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller and greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies ; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year ; the visit is to last but an hour ; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting ; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner ; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us ; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex ; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness : neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust ; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them ; for their maxim is that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is a marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of the females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees : those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their

gettings, to be a portion for the child ; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition ; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public ; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals ; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: REBUKE FOR PATRONAGE DEFERRED

*S*AMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784), had he written nothing other than the following letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, would have been recognised as a great prose writer. Perhaps he commands more affection with admiration than any other man of letters. He was the son of a bookseller in Lichfield and was a precocious reader. A customer of the father, struck by the boy's talents, sent him to Pembroke College, Oxford. He distinguished himself by his erudition and by his personality, but he was so poor as not to own a decent pair of boots. He taught, but two years after his marriage, when he was twenty-eight, he decided to go to London with Garrick, who had been his pupil, and who became the famous actor, to earn his living by writing. He was sometimes so poor that he had to roam the streets for lack of a bed.

Ten years after his coming, he issued a plan for his "Dictionary." He laboured upon it for eight years with the help of six clerks. Meanwhile he became known as the author of an impressive poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes" and of a paper, "The Rambler," which was issued twice a week and which brought him considerable fame. Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had originally inscribed the plan of the "Dictionary" and who had neglected and offended Johnson, wrote two papers in the "World" commending the work. He drew upon himself the following letter of just pride and severe but human dignity.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* ;—that I might obtain that regard for

which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JOHN KEATS : LETTER ON WORDSWORTH

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821) was of course a great poet, but he also wrote remarkable letters. From them we learn much about the moral and intellectual growth of a great poet, a young man of strong personality and fine intelligence. He was born at the Stable at the sign of the Swan and Hoop, 24 The Pavement, Moorfields, the youngest son of an ostler who had married his master's daughter. When Keats was eight, when he first went to an excellent school, he lost his father, and when fourteen, his mother. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, studied at St. Thomas's and Guy's and was appointed a dresser at the latter hospital. Soon, however, he devoted himself entirely to poetry. "I find I cannot exist without poetry," he says, ". . . half the day will not do."

But in order to be a poet he realised that he had to "get learning—get understanding." "I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence—some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet—and in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great Nature—there is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study and thought. I will pursue it ; . . ."

This poet's critical powers and human wisdom matured even more quickly than his creative gifts. He died before he was twenty-six. No one has been wiser about him than himself. The following letter written from Teignmouth on May 3rd, 1818, to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds, shows the quality of his mind and his penetration as a critic. The prose is characteristic.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,

. . . We will have some such days upon the heath like that of last summer—and why not with the same book? or what say you to a black-letter Chaucer, printed in 1596: aye, I've got one, huzza! I shall have it bound en gothique—a nice sombre binding—it will go a little way to unmodernise. And also I see no reason, because I have been away this last month, why I should not have a peep at your Spenserian—notwithstanding you speak of your office, in my thought a little too early, for I do not see why a Mind like yours is not capable of har-bouring and digesting the whole Mystery of Law as easily as Parson Hugh does pippins, which did not hinder him from his poetic canary. Were I to study Physic or rather Medicine again, I feel it would not make the least difference in my Poetry; when the mind is in its infancy a Bias is in reality a Bias, but when we have acquired more strength, a Bias becomes no Bias.

Every department of Knowledge we see excellent and calculated towards a great whole—I am so convinced of this that I am glad at not having given away my medical Books, which I shall again look over to keep alive the little I know thitherwards; and moreover intend through you and Rice to become a sort of pip-civilian. An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people—it takes away the heat and fever; and helps, by widening speculation, to ease the Burden of the Mystery, a thing which I begin to understand a little, and which weighed upon you in the most gloomy and true sentence in your letter. The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this: in the latter case we are falling continually ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again, without wings, and with all [the] horror of a bare-shoulder creature—in the former case, our shoulders are fledged, and we go through the same air and space without fear. . . .

You may perhaps be anxious to know for fact to what sentence in your Letter I allude. You say, "I fear there is little chance of anything else in this life"—you seem by that to have been going through with a more painful and acute zest the same labyrinth that I have—I have come to the same conclusion thus far. My Branchings out therefrom have been numerous: one of them is the consideration of Wordsworth's genius and as a help, in the manner of gold being the meridian Line of worldly wealth, how he differs from Milton. And here I have nothing but surmises, from an uncertainty whether Milton's apparently less anxiety for Humanity proceeds from his seeing further or not than Wordsworth: and whether Wordsworth has in truth epic passion, and martyrs himself to the human heart, the main region of his song. In regard to his genius alone—we find what he says true as far as we have experienced, and we can judge no further but by larger experience—for axioms in philosophy are not axioms till they are proved upon our pulses. We read fine things,

but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the author.—I know this is not plain ; you will know exactly my meaning when I say that now I shall relish Hamlet more than I ever have done. . . . Until we are sick, we understand not ; in fine, as Byron says, " Knowledge is sorrow " ; and I go on to say that " Sorrow is wisdom "—and further for aught we can know for certainty " Wisdom is folly." . . .

I will return to Wordsworth—whether or no he has an extended vision or a circumscribed grandeur—whether he is an eagle in his nest or on the wing. And to be more explicit and to show you how tall I stand by the giant, I will put down a simile of human life as far as I now perceive it ; that is, to the point to which I say we both have arrived at. Well—I compare human life to a large Mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the Infant, or Thoughtless Chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second Chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it ; but are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us—we no sooner get into the second Chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of Misery and Heartbreak, Pain, Sickness, and oppression—whereby this Chamber of Maiden-Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil ; we are in a mist, *we* are now in that state, we feel the " Burden of the Mystery."

To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*, and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark Passages. Now, if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them. He is a genius and superior to us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them. Here I must think Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though I think it has depended more upon the general and gregarious advance of intellect, than individual greatness of Mind. From the *Paradise Lost* and the other Works of Milton, I hope it is not too presuming, even between ourselves, to say, that his Philosophy, human and divine, may be tolerably understood by one not much advanced in years. . . . He did not think into the human heart as Wordsworth has done. Yet Milton as a Philosopher had sure as great powers as Wordsworth. What is then to be inferred ? O many things. It proves there is really a grand march of intellect, it proves that a mighty Providence subdues the mightiest minds to the service of the time being, whether it be in human Knowledge or Religion. . . .

For modern English prose the reader is referred to the passages chosen from modern novels and to G. K. Chesterton's essay " On Seriousness."

“ESSAIES—THAT IS, DISPERSED MEDITATIONS.”¹

by F. W. BATESON, B.A., B. Litt. (Oxon.)

THE essay is one of the youngest, perhaps *the* youngest, of the literary forms. It is three hundred and sixty-three years old. Its inventor was Michel de Montaigne, a French nobleman of the sixteenth century, who has recorded both the time when and the place where he wrote his first essay. The time was the month of March, 1571 (a few weeks before Shakespeare's seventh birthday), and the place was “the second story of the old tower of the castle of Montaigne, in a study to which the philosopher withdrew, surrounded by his books, close to his chapel, sheltered from the excesses of the fatiguing world.”

Montaigne was one of those enchanting people, like our own Pepys, who are interested in everything. A raging and insatiable curiosity possessed him. His writings are one long eager “Why?” There was literally nothing that he was not inquisitive about—from the band round the belly that his doctors recommended against seasickness to such grave problems as “Whence this custom ariseth, to bless and say God help to those that sneeze?” But Montaigne's curiosity, though always intense, was always short-lived. He was one of the world's smatterers, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, who skimmed the surface of a hundred subjects and never got to the bottom of one. There were a great many things that he knew a little about, but the only topic on which he was an expert was—himself. And so when Montaigne came to put his experiences and observations into writing the result was not a book in the ordinary sense at all. It was too disconnected, too trivial, too personal for that. A book that is worth the name is an orderly affair, whether it is a fictitious narrative or a philosophical discourse. But Montaigne's writings are a rag-bag into which he poured the chips and shavings of scores of books. They are specimens, fragments, casual notes and isolated chapters of the books he never wrote—or, to use his own word, *essais* (trials).

“IT IS MYSELF I PORTRAY”

MONTAIGNE's *Essais* are, both in name and in fact, the first essays. There had never been anything remotely resembling them before. But the stuff out of which they are made—day-dreams, whims, fantastic speculations, trivial observations, and odds and ends of learning—is of course as old as mankind. Montaigne's originality did not consist in thinking things that no one had thought, but in recording things that no one had thought it worth while to record. He was interested in everything impartially and the zest of his interest communicated itself

¹ Francis Bacon.

to his writings. The little things that most of us are half ashamed of, our tricks of speech, our mannerisms, our secret ignobilities, were just as important to him as the big things. His shamelessness is his fortune. Literature has always been unduly dominated by the Superman—the sublime thinker, the heroic actor, the tragic lover, the Plato, the Achilles, the Romeo. Montaigne put the Superman in his place. Montaigne's hero was the average man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, that fascinating and complicated compound of little hypocrisies and generousities that he recognised in the retired magistrate of Perigueux who was himself. "It is myself," he begins by warning his reader, "I portray."

THE ESSAY IS NEITHER TOO LONG NOR TOO SHORT

THE world, which is lazy and self-centred, has never ceased to be grateful to Montaigne. Life is short—and books are long. But the essay is neither too long nor too short. It is as long as a twopenny bus-ride and it is as short as a solitary meal; it accompanies the smoker through his pipe; it is finished before the bedside candle is out. And the essayist's subject is the one subject that is always certain to enthrall even the dullest and the most altruistic of us—ourselves. It is of course true that human nature is the ultimate subject of all literature. (That is what Matthew Arnold meant when he called poetry a "criticism of life.") But the essayist is the only writer who is content to take human nature as he finds it. The others, the poets and preachers, the novelists and satirists, are secretly dissatisfied, one and all, with what Wordsworth has called "human nature's daily food." They demand a rarer diet. The poet wants to spiritualise you, the preacher to improve you, and the novelist to make you more exciting. The satirist, with the blazing eyes, is angry with you because you will not conform to his ideals.

The essayist is more tolerant. He will share your aspirations, and he will sympathise with you when you fail to live up to them. He does not expect too much. You are what you are, sensible and kindly perhaps, but forgetful and unimaginative. And nothing, not even falling in love or the experience of a religious conversion or the rites of psycho-analysis, is going to alter you very much one way or the other. Your hair will go white and your skin will break into wrinkles, but the man or woman inside you, your inner self, is not going to change. You will get more cunning and more confident as you grow older, but the important things about you, the things that make you what you are, will always remain the same. You can never escape from yourself until you die.

It is this sobering philosophy that the essayist teaches. But, though he will not let you blink this horrid truth, he is really more concerned to offer you certain consolations. Why, after all, should you wish to change yourself? Are you not noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals? Hamlet's temperament was not that of an essayist, far from it, but his "What a piece of work is man!" is a splendid summary of the essayist's creed.

The essayist is a believer in man. He is a humanist. To those who, like Shelley, see in man a potential angel, or, like D. H. Lawrence, a

fallen animal, the essayist retorts that it is better to be a man than an angel or an animal. The cure for our discontents is to be *more human, more manly*. *Homo sum*, the old Latin poet wrote, *nihil humanum alienum mihi puto*. I am a man, the essayist would agree, and the proper study of mankind is man. Mr. Aldous Huxley, one of the cleverest of contemporary essayists, has called one of his collections *Proper Studies*. But all essays are proper studies. For human nature in the long run is more interesting, more attractive and more satisfying to the essayist than anything that has ever been or ever can be proposed as a substitute for it. That is the challenge he makes the world. If you subscribe to its truth you will read and enjoy the essayists to whom you are now to be introduced. You are an essayist in embryo yourself. But if you deny it, if you are an explorer of other worlds and terrestrial Paradises, you will be wasting your time. The essay is not everybody's meat.

THE ENGLISHMAN THINKS ALOUD

THE essay, in spite of Montaigne, is the peculiar glory not of French but of English literature. Montaigne was not only the first but, for all practical purposes, the last French essayist. His followers, Pascal, La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld, developed a parallel form, the *pensée* or aphorism, that was better suited than the wavering outlines of the essay to the clear-cut and logical genius of France. The English, on the other hand, less methodical and less anxious to press everything into the strait-waistcoat of a definition, found in the essay, almost from the first, a *genre* that has proved curiously congenial to the national temperament. The frankness and unpretentiousness of Montaigne were qualities that are characteristically English, and when the *Essais* were "done into English," in a brilliant if at times fantastically inaccurate version, by John Florio in 1603, English literature was only reclaiming what was really her own. The essay is the way in which an Englishman naturally expresses himself.

There are essays of a sort, brilliant essays, imbedded in the narrative poems of Chaucer, and Caxton's inimitable *Prologues* and *Epilogues* are only essays in disguise. But before Montaigne there was no recognised mould into which writings of this kind could be poured. They had to survive as best they could as digressions in, or introductions to, longer works. Montaigne provided the essayist with the pretext and the formula to exist in his own right. The history of the English essay from the time of Florio's translation is the record of the avidity with which the opportunity was grasped. For the essay has come to be the most English of all the different ways of writing. It is the quality of Englishness, that paradoxical mixture of poetry with common sense and obstinacy with gentleness which insists on recurring in these islands, that gives the essay its peculiar flavour. All the great essayists possess it, even Frenchmen like Anatole France and Germans like Heine. (A piquant illustration of the invincible Englishness of the essay is that the French and German words for the essayist—*l'essayiste*, *der Essayist*—are taken straight from the English. The thing was so English that the name had to be English too.)

A study of the essay is something more, therefore, than the investigation of a particular way of putting words on to paper. It is the study of a manner of thinking, a philosophy of conduct. The essay is the English contribution not only to the literature of the world but to the life of the world. You will never surprise the reserved and inarticulate Englishman out of the whole of his secret, but you will come nearer to it in his essays than anywhere else. The essay is the Englishman thinking aloud.

FRANCIS BACON : THE FIRST ENGLISH ESSAYIST

THE first English essayist is Bacon, the first edition of whose *Essays* was published in 1597, only five years after Montaigne's death. But Bacon, who "wrote of science like a Lord Chancellor," is only chronologically the first English essayist. He had not the true essayist's temperament or style. "Reading," he wrote in one of those tremendous sentences of his that seem to be cut in iron, "maketh a full man ; Conference a ready man ; and Writing an exact man ; and therefore, if a man write little he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."

Writing made Bacon an exact man. He knew exactly what he wanted to say and he said it in exactly the way he intended. But exactness is the essay's deadliest enemy. An essay is by definition a trial, an experiment, a tentative groping for truths whose wings we may brush but that we can never quite capture. Bacon was too clever and too confident. He had an explanation for everything. His wisdom is a worldly wisdom that only reaches the gross exteriors of things and leaves out the imponderables and the fine shades that are the essayist's real prey. It is impossible not to admire Bacon's *Essays*. They have a sonorous eloquence veined with poetry that is above praise and almost explains why Shakespeare's plays have been fathered on him, but they are not essays at all except in name. The first genuine English essayist was a much humbler person, though a more attractive personality.

ABRAHAM COWLEY : AN ESSAYIST OF MODEST AMBITION

"WHO now reads Cowley ?" Pope was able to ask only seventy years after Abraham Cowley's death. And the answer, both then and now, must be "Very few." But Cowley is an essayist and a poet worth knowing. A gentle, retiring creature naturally, whose greatest happiness was to sit and bask in the sun, he was caught up, like the rest of his contemporaries, in the maelstrom of the Civil War, in which he acquitted himself with distinction on the Royalist side. But the court and the camp were not his choice and he escaped from them as soon as he was able. The *Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*—first published in 1668, but written earlier—are the record of the sense of relief and exhilaration that he felt when he was at last his own master and could retire into the country and vegetate. The titles of his essays tell their own story—*Of Liberty, Of Solitude, Of Obscurity, Of Agriculture, The Garden, The Country Life*. "I never had any other desire so strong,"

he writes, "and so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden." A modest ambition, but it was not achieved until the very end of his life. "I still stick," he complained to Evelyn the diarist, "in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish, and without that pleasantest work of human industry the improvement of something which we call—not very properly, but yet we call—our own."

Cowley is a real essayist, a true follower of the "Sieur de Montagn," whom he quotes in the essay *Of Greatness*, because he strikes the personal note. In this he is the antithesis of Bacon who, except indirectly, does not portray himself in his writings at all. Cowley, on the other hand, whatever the subject he is discoursing upon, is always reverting to himself. But it is with humility, without ostentation, without forcing himself upon his reader. "There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland," he writes, "where I might be a great man, and in that case I should be like Cæsar—you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in anything—and choose rather to be the first man of the village than second at Rome." He is almost apologising, you see, for the intrusion of insignificant Mr. Cowley in such exalted company.

But the apology was unnecessary. Cowley's best essay is *Of Myself*, and the best passages in the other essays are those in which he turns to illustrate his theme by a personal reference. Here is one example from *Of Greatness*: "I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty." And here is a longer passage, a particularly charming one, from *Of Myself*:

"I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found everywhere there, though my understanding had little to do with all this, and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and the dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old."

THE FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH ESSAY

COWLEY's essays had a small success when they were published after his death, but the essay did not come into its own as a literary form, as a rival of the poem and the play, until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Addison and Steele are the real fathers of the English essay. They made it popular and they made it respected. After them it was no longer possible to overlook the essay or to pooh-pooh it as a mere *parvenu* in the society of letters. The best of Addison's essays are perfect of their kind. They do something that could not be done in any other way either in poetry or in prose.

Addison and Steele were the inventors of the *periodical* essay. *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, in which all their best essays were printed, were newspapers that came out three times and six times a week, but the contents of each issue instead of being different items of news was a single essay by either Addison or Steele, or occasionally by one of their friends. (Swift, for example, contributed several papers to *The Tatler*.) They were dashed off, therefore, on the spur of the moment and are naturally more unequal than the leisurely compositions of Bacon and Cowley. The level of *The Spectator* especially is extraordinarily high considering the circumstances in which it was written, but no one in his senses would sit down and read the whole of it or of *The Tatler*. They should be dipped into or read in selections. Three or four essays by Steele and ten or twenty by Addison are all that any one except the expert need be expected to be familiar with. If you like them you can read on, but *The Spectator* is not every one's taste. A great many of the essays are rather more solemn and didactic than we are accustomed to nowadays, and the lighter moments are mainly satirical. A little of Addison's playful and almost caressing satire can be very enjoyable, but it becomes wearisome as page follows page and the raillery of extinct fashions and forgotten affectation continues.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

ADDISON and Steele achieved their masterpiece in the series of Essays in *The Spectator* that are concerned with Sir Roger de Coverley. The Worcestershire baronet is one of the most delightful figures in English literature. We are introduced to him in his country house by Addison, in No. 106, and Steele completes the picture in No. 107. No. 108 (by Addison) is devoted to Sir Roger's friend and neighbour, the incomparable Will Wimble—who "hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country and is very famous for finding out a hare." The next number, on the family portraits of the de Coverleys, was by Steele, and in No. 112, Addison accompanies Sir Roger to church—where he "will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself. For if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant." No. 113, by Steele and one of the best of the series, is devoted, in a mixed spirit of sympathy and fun, to Sir Roger's disappointment in love. It was a widow, a fascinating and heartless creature, who had been his undoing. "After she had done speaking to me," he confides, "she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

A later series, all by Addison, brings Sir Roger to London, and we accompany him to Westminster Abbey, to the theatre, and on the river,

until, finally, in a letter from the butler, we hear that the old baronet has breathed his last. "We were once," the butler writes, "in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life. But this only proved a lightening before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels which belonged to my good old Lady his mother."

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH

DR. JOHNSON and Goldsmith are the best of Addison and Steele's immediate followers. *The Rambler* and *The Idler* are full of Johnson's characteristic good sense, and the style, though not without its absurdities, is also not without vigour and a certain monumental beauty. "The graces of writing and conversation," we read in No. 14 of *The Rambler*, "are of different kinds." Johnson certainly talks a great deal better in Boswell's pages than he ever wrote. But he wrote well enough, and his essays are quite as good, really, as Goldsmith's livelier but superficial *Citizen of the World*. Goldsmith, according to Garrick, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* are angelic, but I cannot help wondering if Garrick had read Goldsmith's essays. I have heard poor Poll chattering in more than one of them. The best of them are the series in the *Citizen of the World*, of which the delicious Beau Tibbs is the hero.

WILLIAM HAZLITT : MAN OF ENTHUSIASMS

THE world of Addison and Steele, and of Johnson and Goldsmith, is a foreign country to most of us. A tour in it can be very exhilarating, but we cannot live there. The people are too different from us. They look at things from another angle ; it is difficult for us either to laugh with them or to be serious with them. But the world of the nineteenth century, the world of essayists like Lamb and Hazlitt, is our world. We feel at home again. These are writers who speak the language we speak and who are interested in the things that interest us. Their essays could be printed in our magazines and newspapers, and we should never know that the authors had been dead and buried a hundred years or more.

Hazlitt, indeed, is more alive to-day than he ever was. In the best of his essays he seems to be speaking directly to us over the gulf of the years and appealing to us against his own time. *You* will understand me, he seems to be saying, *you* will do me justice. It is Hazlitt's sincerity, the fire of conviction that burns in him, that is so winning. We believe him implicitly. His loves and his hatreds are genuine. He really felt like that ; he did not assume the feeling, as Stevenson often did, in order to write an essay about it. And on the whole we share his likes and dislikes.

"I never was in a better place," he begins one essay, "or humour than I am at present for writing. I have a partridge getting ready for

my supper, my fire is blazing on the hearth, the air is mild for the season of the year, I have had but a slight fit of indigestion to-day (the only thing that makes me abhor myself), I have three hours good before me." We agree with him at once. If we had to write an essay ourselves—as (who knows?) we may one day have to—we should choose just such a moment as Hazlitt's. A whiff of the partridge cooking coming under the door would encourage us to persevere, and, if we found ourselves without ideas, we would stare into the fire until we found them in the red coals. And it is the same with Hazlitt's hatreds. "A lady," he writes, "the other day, could not refrain from expressing her surprise to a friend, who said he had been reading *Delphine*. She asked if it had not been published some time back?" How he hated that lady! But we know her just as well as Hazlitt did, we meet her at every other tea-party, and we loathe her with just his inextinguishable loathing.

Hazlitt's likes and dislikes were clear-cut and intense. When he hated he hated with passionate venom; when he loved he loved with an enthusiastic ardour that is irresistible. And what a strange and motley company his loves were! A game of fives, a country walk, Richard Wilson's paintings, a boxing-match, Fielding's novels! Hazlitt is the most infectious writer in the whole of English literature. It is impossible not to fall in with his enthusiasms. When he has praised a picture there is nothing to do but go and see it. When he praises a book it must be bought. When he describes a friend of his we want to meet him. In the essay *On the Conversation of Authors* he writes:

"There was L. himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun, and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hair-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters, while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors!"

An immortal conversation! And we can reconstruct it. For, if Hazlitt's essays provide one side of it, the other side is provided by the essays of "L." For "L." was, of course, no other than Charles Lamb, the greatest, except for Hazlitt himself—some would say greater even than Hazlitt—of all the English essayists.

THE ESSAYIST OF MANY MOODS

LAMB once called his essays "a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked out in an affected array of antique modes and phrases," and the overstatement possesses a kernel of truth. Lamb's style is not as good as Hazlitt's. The old authors of the seventeenth century, Burton, Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne, whose folios were

always in his hands, and whose phrases were never out of his mouth, stand between us and him. We cannot hear Lamb's own voice for theirs. The charm that he exercised in conversation, of which Hazlitt is only one of many witnesses, does not quite carry over into his writings. There is always an element of artificiality, of preciousness even, in his essays. They do not ring quite true.

But if Lamb is not a perfect essayist, he is a very good essayist. Take this as a specimen of his quality :

"All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile : and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring ; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in ; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure ; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, 'he had no friends.'"

The tender pathos of a passage such as this is the quality in which Lamb excels. It recurs in such masterpieces as *Old China*, *Mackery End*, *Christ's Hospital Thirty-five Years Ago*, and, loveliest of all, *Dream Children*. But Lamb is an essayist of many moods. He has his satirical moments, as in *The Old and New Schoolmaster* and *A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People*. He can be simply and gaily absurd, as in *All Fools' Day* and *Popular Fallacies*. And he is always a brilliant portrait-painter—witness Samuel Salt and Lovell in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, George Dyer in *Oxford in the Vacation*, and, above all, the heroic and indomitable Sarah Battle.

THE ESSAY TO-DAY

LAMB and Hazlitt are incomparably the best, but they are not the only essayists of the nineteenth century. Their contemporaries, Leigh Hunt and De Quincey, are still readable, and R. L. Stevenson, though he won his real triumphs elsewhere, was an essayist of quality. But these writers, delightful though they can be, did not add anything new to the essay. The form stagnated in their hands. It was not until the very end of the century, with Max Beerbohm and G. K. Chesterton, that a new note was struck.

Beerbohm has introduced himself, a debonair and unobtruding figure, into several of his essays and caricatures, and into at least one of his short stories. (It was in the presence of the young Max, just down

from Oxford, that Enoch Soames sold his soul to the devil.) But he remains persistently in the background. He is the chorus, not the protagonist in his writings. "My life," he has said, "(though to me it has been, and is, extremely interesting) is without a single point of general interest." And so there is no autobiography in his essays. What he contributes to the essay is a novel point of view and a malicious, twinkling, all-observing eye.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF MAXISM

THE best of Beerbohm's essays are in the collections entitled *Works* (1896) and *And Even Now* (1920). *More* (1899) is not so fresh and well written as *Works*, and prolongs the fun of its predecessor, that of an impudent, adolescent sophistication, without elaborating or improving it. *Yet Again* (1909) is a book full of good ideas, rather than a good book. It is better, though, than *More* and one or two of the essays, that *On Shakespeare's Birthday*, for instance, are among Mr. Beerbohm's best. But it is to the raffish impertinences of *Works* and the matured and mellow wit of *And Even Now* that the true Beerbohmite returns. There we have the quintessence of Maxism—a suave and imperturbable epicureanism imbedded in an impeccable style. If I were compelled to choose the two best essays Beerbohm has written, I would take one from *Works*, perhaps *Dandies and Dandies*, which, beginning with Brummel, is a complete and devastatingly witty analysis of *le dandysme* of the nineteenth century—and for the other that exquisite reminiscential vignette of Swinburne's later years, *No. 2, The Pines*, from *And Even Now*.

G. K. CHESTERTON : LOGICIAN OF THE ILLOGICAL

G. K. CHESTERTON is unique among contemporary essayists in possessing a consistent and articulate philosophy. He has condensed his credo into the statement that "life is not only a pleasure, but a kind of eccentric privilege," and the whole of his writings may be considered an elaborate commentary upon this epigram. It means, put more simply, that Chesterton has been attempting to recapture the point of view of the child. He is the logician of the illogical. He has given a metaphysical basis to the old fairy stories of Grimm and Perrault. He has justified the cosmos of Wonderland. He is the apologist of the Great Gromboolian Plain. It is true, Mr. Chesterton argues, that bean-stalks are frequently not more than a few feet high. But is that any reason why Jack's bean-stalk should not climb into the skies? Is it impossible to imagine a bean-stalk five miles high? Of course not, Mr. Chesterton replies, every nursery in England has done it.

G. K. Chesterton's metaphysics are delightful. They enable him to enter into our modern world *sub persona infantis* and to see old controversies from new angles. But they are not the whole of his equipment as an essayist. Mr. Chesterton is the owner of a grotesque sense of humour, which expresses itself in shameless puns and comically

unexpected illustrations. And his jokes, generally good in themselves, are always heightened by the air of solemnity with which he introduces them. In one of the essays he has interrupted a serious discussion of optimism and pessimism with the remark that he discovers "a sort of allegorical truth" in "the mysterious but suggestive definition said to have been given by a little girl: 'An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.'" The quotation is from *Orthodoxy*, one of the most ambitious of Chesterton's collections of essays because it develops, with a considerable degree of success, a continuous argument. But *Orthodoxy* is not Chesterton's best book. The collected essays that deserve that title best are probably *Tremendous Trifles* and *A Miscellany of Men*. They can be recommended with absolute confidence to the incipient Chestertonian.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE

G. K. CHESTERTON and MAX BEERBOHM are the best of the older living essayists. But they made their names and formed their styles before the cataclysm of 1914. They are survivors from that giant race before the flood, the Edwardians, which is already becoming mythical. J. B. Priestley and Aldous Huxley, on the other hand, with whom we must conclude this survey of the English essay, are post-War. They are our own contemporaries, and they represent the best that has been done in the field of the essay in the course of the ten years 1924 to 1934.

Priestley's novel, *The Good Companions*, alternated between moods of jovial humour and poetic sentiment. There is the same dichotomy in his essays. In his jovial mood Priestley reveals himself as a shrewd and companionable observer of our foibles. He is an apotheosis of the uncles of our childhood, always patting us on the back or digging us in the ribs. Our secret sorrows are open books to him. In an essay *On Haberdashers* he shares with us the agonies of buying a new hat. In *Song* he divines our unwhispered ambitions. He, too, has the irrational conviction we all have that we can sing:

"We know that Art could do much for us, but, at the same time, we are convinced that Nature, in her own kindly fashion, has carried us a great way upon the road. It is not that we want to be singers, but that we are singers by nature and have simply not chosen either to make a business or even a hobby of song.

'I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing'

we cry with Tennyson; only most of our piping is done not in public but in strict privacy; indeed, to be brief and perhaps brutal, in the bath-room."

But there is a poetic as well as a prosaic Mr. Priestley. It is the poet in him, indeed, that gives his essays their peculiar distinction. The poetic Mr. Priestley is a sort of divine simpleton, a modern Don Quixote, all innocence and unsophistication, who looks out on the world with

clear and incredulous eyes. He walks up and down London in a dream. It is all a mirage, much too wonderful to be true. *Dixie*, in *I for One* (the best of his collections of essays), is a gem of whimsical poetry. But one can imagine what the prosaic Mr. Priestley would have made of it. How he would have chuckled at the inanity of the Dixie songs! What remorseless fun he would have made of those triumphs of vulgarity! But with the poetic Mr. Priestley even the cotton fields and Uncle Joe and the roses round the door turn to favour and to prettiness. Is not this a delicious piece of anthropology?

"It seems that, at the beginning of last century, a certain slaveholder called Dixie removed his slaves from Manhattan Island to the Southern States, where the poor creatures fared much worse. They began to sigh for their old home, which they called Dixie's Land. Gradually, as time went on, the old folks, telling their tales, lost sight of reality, and the credulous, imaginative younger generations added their share of myth, until Dixie's Land became one of the Delectable Kingdoms, a land of milk and honey, the land of Beulah, 'where the sun shineth night and day.' It became Dixie. Thus, to the great list, Hesperian Fields, Fortunate Islands, Tir-na-nog—the Land of the Living, the Island of the Seven Cities, the Isles of the Blest, the Isle of Avalon, and I know not how many more—to this great list another name was added. Another quaint shape suddenly appeared on that map which I have called the map of moonshine, though I believe it to be more significant, perhaps closer to essential reality, than those maps, so cocksure in their bright blues and pinks, that we receive from the hands of cartographers. After all, moonshine endures, and will outlast all your Gas Light and Coke Companies."

It is obvious that Priestley is a stylist. But his style is of a very different kind from your common-or-garden essayist. He hates, he tells us, "'snip-snap' that takes a breath every other moment, avoids conjunctions, and achieves a mechanical, rattling effect, coming to the ear like the noise of a machine gun." J. B. Priestley's prose is the leisurely meditative and weighty prose that one associates with the seventeenth century, though it is sometimes, like that prose, too self-conscious, too indifferent to the art that conceals art, and too indulgent to the *bravura* that revels in its own strength.

ALDOUS HUXLEY : ESSAYIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

ALDOUS HUXLEY, an undoubted essayist by temperament, is an essayist almost in spite of himself. The reader of his very entertaining novels will remember how often he brings the plot to a standstill to permit one of his puppets to soliloquise in what are, in all but name, admirable essays. Mr. Scogan, in *Chrome Yellow*, and Mr. Cardan, in *Those Barren Leaves*, are only the most hardened offenders. Occasionally too, as in the analysis of bores in the opening pages of *Two or Three Graces*, Huxley drops all 'pretence of writing a novel, and we get an essay from him in his own person. But the remarkable thing is that these divagations, which would be intolerable in another novelist, are

not only inoffensive but are actually the tit-bits of the novels. For Huxley, though a novelist of talent, is an essayist of genius.

On the Margin is probably the best of Huxley's collections of essays. The book begins, in an essay on the Shelley centenary of some years back, by contrasting the stuffiness of our celebrations with the fun the Italians got out of the six-hundredth anniversary of Dante's death about the same time. In England we had to be content with speeches and sermons and the unveiling of statues. In Italy they had military reviews and *maifestazioni sportive*—football matches, hill-climbs and bicycle races. Huxley's comment is well worth reading, for it illustrates his witty, careful prose and the indignation and sincerity that give his essays their unique air of distinction.

It is, above all, the intensity of Huxley's bitterness that is so impressive. The despairs and humiliations that the war forced upon every sensitive person seem to have been concentrated and exaggerated in him. He has become the point of focus, as it were, of the disillusionment of a whole generation. And this emotional background, perhaps because his reticence is as marked as his sincerity, has given his writings a firmness of outline that is not common in contemporary literature. The supple, incisive strength of his prose is more reminiscent of Voltaire. It cannot be entirely a coincidence that the best of all his essays, a kind of *confessio fidei* for our time, should be *On Re-reading "Candide."*

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

THE essay, as it is concerned with human nature itself, is modern in appeal, regardless of the date when it was written. Consequently, he who sets out for the first time to make the acquaintance of the essayists may either begin with a contemporary author, such as G. K. Chesterton or Hilaire Belloc, and work backwards to Montaigne, or he may choose to start with Lamb or Hazlitt, go forward to contemporary writers and then return to Addison, Bacon and Montaigne.

Whichever route is chosen, the most convenient way to reach it is by a good anthology of essays. Two collections which begin with the earliest writers and include essays by Edward Thomas, G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc are *A Century of English Essays* (Everyman), edited by Ernest Rhys, and *Essays and Essayists* (Nelson), edited by Sir Henry Newbolt. A good anthology of the contemporary essay is in the *World's Classics* series (Oxford University Press), edited by H. S. Milford, and entitled *Modern English Essays*. The series *Essays of To-day and Yesterday* (Harrap) includes selections from Philip Guedalla, Alice Meynell, A. C. Benson, J. B. Priestley, C. E. Montagu and others, and is especially valuable because it provides introductions and bibliographies.

Those who are interested in the development of the essay are referred to Professor Hugh Walker's *Essays and Essayists* in the series entitled *Channels of English Literature* (Dent), edited by Oliphant Smeaton.

The essays which follow may each be read as a standard of the highest achievement in this form of literature.

FOUR FAMOUS ESSAYS

MONTAIGNE : OF GLORY

MICHEL ETQUEM DE MONTAIGNE (1533-92) is one of the first three or four writers of France, and one of the great writers of the world. Pascal said of him (and so would any discerning reader say), "It is not in Montaigne, but in myself, that I find all that I see in him." His work is the fruit of experience, and most to be savoured by those who have acquired some measure of experience. At thirty-five Montaigne freed himself from the "servitude of the law" and retired to his country estates. He had been a magistrate and a city councillor, and was elected Mayor of Bordeaux, as his father had been, for two terms of office. He travelled much; but chiefly he occupied his ample leisure by reading and reflecting. His sustained search for the truth, which can never be found, made him wise. He attained a finely qualified sense of ignorance.

To know oneself and to convey a truthful account of that uncertain thing is hard. "We hear of but two or three of the ancients who have beaten this road," he says. "No one since has followed the track; 'tis a rugged road, more so than it seems, to follow a pace so rambling and uncertain, as that of the soul; to penetrate the dark profundities of its internal windings; to choose and lay hold of so many little nimble motions; 'tis a new and extraordinary undertaking, and that withdraws us from the common and most recommended employments of the world." So well has Montaigne succeeded, that, more than any other book, his seems to be life itself.

John Florio (1553-1625), the translator of Montaigne's "Essays," was a dictionary maker and a professor of languages at Oxford. He was born of Italian Protestant parents who were refugees in London. King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland appointed him to read Italian with Queen Anne, and to become a groom of the Chamber. His translation of Montaigne's "Essays" was published in 1603, eleven years after Montaigne's death. It is not always accurate or clear: it veils the simplicity and directness of Montaigne's thought and style, by an Elizabethan richness of language; but it catches the spirit of the original and is one of the most famous translations in English literature.

The following essay, taken from the Second Book of Florio's translation, Chapter XVI., shows something of Montaigne's humanism. We have kept the original spelling, punctuation and arrangement of capital letters.

... I CARE not so much what I am with others, as I respect what I am in my selfe. I will be rich by my selfe, and not by borrowing. Strangers see but externall apparences and events: every man can set a good face upon the matter, when within he is full of care, griefe and infirmities. They see not my heart, when they looke upon my outward countenance. There is great reason the hypocrisie that is found in war should be discovered: For, what is more easie in a man of practise, then to flinch in dangers and to counterfeit a gallant and a boaster when his heart is full of faintnesse, and ready to droope for feare? There are so many waies to shunne occasions for a man to hazard himselfe in

particular, that wee shall have deceived the world a thousand times, before we need engage our selves into any perillous attempt ; and even when wee find our selves entangled in it, wee shall not want skill how to cloake our sport with a good face, stearne countenance, and bold speeches ; although our heart doe quake within us. And hee that had the use of the Platonick Ring, whose vertue was to make him invisible that wore it upon his finger, if it were turned toward the flat of the hand ; many would hide themselves, when they should most make shewe of their worth, and would be sorie to be placed in so honourable a place, where necessity may be their warrant of safetie.

*Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem ?*

HOR, i. *Epi.* xvi. 39.

False honour tickles ; false defame affrights,
Whom, but the faulty, and [falcified] sprights ?

See how all those judgements, that men make of outward appearances, are wonderfully uncertaine and doubtfull, and there is no man so sure a testimony, as every man is to himselfe : How many horse-boyes have we in them as parteners and companions of our glory ? He that keepes his stand in an open trench, what doth he more, but divers poore pioners doe as much before him, who open the way for him, and with their bodies shelter him, for poore sixpence a day, and happily for lesse ?

*—non quicquid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas, examénque improbum in illa
Castiges trutinâ, nec te quæsieris extrâ.*

PERS. *Sat.* i. 5.

If troublous Rome set ought at naught, make you not one,
Nor chastise you unjust examination
In balance of their lode :
Nor seeke your selfe abroad.

We call that a magnifying of our name, to extend and disperse the same in many mouthes, we will have it to be received in good part, and that it's increase redound to his benefit : This is al that is most excusable in it's desseigne : But the infirmity of it's excesse proceeds so farre, that many labour to have the world speake of them, howsoever it be. *Tregus Pempeius* saith of *Herostratus*, and *Titus Livius* of *Manlius Capitolinus*, that they were more desirous of great, then good reputation. It is an ordinary fault ; we endeavour more that men should speake of us, then how and what they speake, and it sufficeth us, that our name run in mens mouthes, in what manner soever. It seemeth that to be known, is in some sort, to have life and continuance in other mens keeping. As for me, I hold that I am but in my selfe ; and of this other life of mine, which consisteth in the knowledge of my friends, being simply and barely considered in my selfe, well I wot, I neither feele fruite or jovissance of it, but by the vanity of fantastick opinion. And when I shall be dead, I shall much lesse have a feeling of it : And shall absolutely lose the use of true utilities, which sometimes accidentally follow it : I

shall have no more fastnesse to take hold on reputation, nor whereby it may either concerne or come unto mee. For, to expect my name should receive it : First I have no name that is sufficiently mine : Of two I have, the one is common to all my race, yea and also to others. There is a family at *Paris* and another at *Montpellier*, called *Montaigne*, another in *Britany*, and one in *Xaintogne*, surnamed *delà-Montaigne*. The removing of one only syllable may so confound our webbe, as I shall have a share in their glory, and they perhaps a part of my shame. And my Ancestors have here-to-fore beene surnamed *Higham*, or *Eyquem*, a surname which also belongs to a house well knowen in *England*. As for my other name, it is any bodies that shall have a minde to it. So shall I happily honour a Porter in my stead. And suppose I had a particular marke or badge for my selfe, what can it marke when I am no more extant ? May it desseigne or favour inanity ?

—*nunc levior cippus non imprimit ossa ?*
Laudat posteritas, nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo fortunæque favillâ
Nascuntur violæ ?—Ibid. 37.

Doth not the grave-stone on such bones sit light ?
 Posterity applaudes : from such a spright,
 From such a tombe, from ashes blessed so,
 Shall there not violets (in Cart-lodes) grow ?

But of this I have spoken elsewhere. As for the rest, in a whole battell, where ten thousand are either maymed or slaine, there are not peradventure fifteene that shall be much spoken off. It must be some eminent greatnes, or important consequence, that fortune hath joyned unto it, to make a private action prevaile, not of a meane shot alone, but of a chieftaine : For, to kill a man, or two, or tenne ; for one to present himselfe undantedly to death, is indeed something to every one of us in particular ; for, a mans free-hold goes on it : But in regarde of the world, they are such ordinary things, so many are daily seene, and so sundry alike must concurre together to produce a notable effect, that wee can looke for no particular commendation by them.

—*casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam*
Tritus, et è medio fortunæ ductus acervo.

JUVEN. *Sat. xiii. 9.*

This case is knowne of many, worne with nothing,
 Drawne from the middle heape of fortunes doting.

Of so many thousands of worthie-valiant men, which fifteene hundred yeares since have died in *France*, with their weapons in hand, not one hundred have come to our knowledge : The memory not onely of the Generals and Leaders, but also of the battells and victories lieth now low-buried in oblivion. The fortunes of more then halfe the world, for want of a register, stirre not from their place, and vanish away without continuance. Had I all the unknowne events in my possession, I am perswaded I might easily supplant those that are knowne in all kindes

of examples. What? Of the Romanes themselves, and of the Grecians, amongst so many writers and testimonies, and so infinit rare exploits and matchless examples : How are so few of them come to our notice ?

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 646.

Scarcely to us doth passe

Fames thin breath, how it was.

It shall be much, if a hundred yeares hence, the civill warres which lately we have had in *France*, be but remembred in grosse. The Lacedemonians as they were going to their battles, were wont to sacrifice unto the Muses, to the end their deedes might well be written, and worthily registered ; deeming it a divine favour, and unusuall grace, that noble actions might finde testimonies able to give them life and memory. Thinke we that at every shot that hits us, or at every dangerous attempt we runne into, to have a Clarke present to enrole it : And besides, it may be, that a hundred Clarkes shall write them, whose Commentaries shall not continue three daies, and shall never come to any bodies sight. We have but the thousanth part of ancient writings : It is Fortune, which according to her favor gives them either shorter or longer life : and what we have, we may lawfully doubt-of, whether it be the worse, since we never saw the rest. Histories are not written upon every small trifle : It is requisite that a man have beene conqueror of an Empire, or of a Kingdome ; a man must have obtained two and fiftie set battles, and ever with a lesser number, as *Cæsar* was and did. Tenne thousand good-fellowes, and many great Captaines have died most valiantly and coragiously in pursuite of her, whose names have continued no longer then their wives and children lived :

—quos fama obscura recondit.

VIRG. *Æn.* v. 292.

Whom fame obscure before

Layes up in unknowne store.

Even of those, whom we see to doe excellently well, if they have but once continued so three months, or so many yeares, there is no more speech of them, then if they had never bin. Whosoever shall in due measure proportion, and impartially consider, of what kinde of people, and of what deedes the glory is kept in the memory of bookes, he shall finde, there are few actions, and very few persons, that may justly pretend any right in them. How many vertuous men have we seene to survive their owne reputation, who even in their presence have seene the honor and glorie, which in their young daies, they had right-justly purchased, to be cleane extinguished ? *And doe we for three yeares of this fantastickall and imaginarie life, lose and forgoe our right and essentiall life, and engage our selves in a perpetuall death ?* The wiser sort propose a right-fairer, and much more just end unto themselves, to so urgent and weighty an enterprise. *Rectè facti, fecisse merces est : Officii fructus, ipsum officium est* (SENEC. *Epist.* lxxxii.). *The reward of well doing, is the doing, and the fruit of our duty, is our duty.*

CHARLES LAMB: A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834), wrote de Quincey, was the most perfect "moral being" he had ever known or read of "in the total compass of his relations to this world's duties, in the largeness and diffuseness of his charity, in the graciousness of his condescension to inferior intellects . . . in the mingled purity . . . and the benignity of his nature." He had a "long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes," and the fineness of his head and face we can see for ourselves by looking at Hazlitt's portrait of him as a Venetian Senator, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. For his contemporaries his smile was "unforgettable"; it had "a painful sweetness," "seeming saved out of the fire."

At twenty-one, when he had been a clerk at the East India House for four years, he undertook sole responsibility for his sister, Mary. She had killed her mother in a fit of insanity which recurred almost yearly. He continued to work at the East India House until he retired with a pension at fifty, and during those years he and Mary were visited by the poets and writers of their day. Of his friendships Lamb has left a record in letters of great interest and charm. They are the most spontaneous of all his writings, but they are of a piece with everything else that he wrote and show that the style and fancy of "The Essays of Elia" was natural to him. Indeed, a letter to Coleridge on roast pig parallels the following most famous dissertation. Lamb died in 1834, five months after Coleridge, at the age of fifty-nine. Mary, who was ten years older, lived to be eighty-two.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smok-

ing remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.



*He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget
a son that should eat burned pig.*



Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,¹ I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.²

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,³ the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice

¹ The world of eatables.

² The first among dishes.

³ Love of dirt.

as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—“Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death came with timely care”—his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lover's kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbour's fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in my own. “Presents,”

I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give every thing." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their methods of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

WILLIAM HAZLITT: ON GOING A JOURNEY

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830) was a man of varied gifts, many of which he cultivated. He brought to the essay the findings of many developed interests. He was the son of a noted Unitarian minister, and was himself sent to a Unitarian college to prepare for the ministry. He gave up the idea at about the age of nineteen, and his whole outlook remained that of one who did not easily conform and who had a keen relish for the independent search for truth. He had a strong metaphysical bent, and at twenty, when he met Coleridge, was at work on his "*Principles of Human Action*." He read devouringly. He had an elder brother a painter, and he decided to become a painter also. At twenty-four he was studying seriously in Paris. He did not reach the standard of his own ambitions, but his sense of the colours and shapes of the natural world remained to heighten his enjoyments and resolve his bitter moments into harmony.

In the following essay, "*On Going a Journey*," a journey which he was unwilling to share with us in the flesh, we can see the face of the world with his eyes. It is said that he read few books after the age of thirty, but he had stored his mind well before, and as he walked, the scene before him was enriched by the experience of other poets, and when he wrote, their words tumbled from his pen. Our going a journey with Hazlitt bustles with more real life than any we can undertake by ourselves.

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.—"The fields his study, nature was his book."—I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising the hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

——— 'a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.'

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

'May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,'

that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give

me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “sunken wrack and sumless treasures,” burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. “Leave, oh, leave me to my repose !” I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me “very stuff of the conscience.” Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald ? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon ? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone.

I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. “Out upon such half-faced fellowship,” say I. I like to be either entirely to myself or entirely at the disposal of others ; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that “he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time.” So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. “Let me have a companion of my way,” says Sterne, “were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.” It is beautifully said : but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid : if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once I like to have it all my own way ; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at

it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour.

Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation ; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.”

My old friend C——,¹ however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. “He talked far above singing.” If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme ; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. . . .

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects : it should be reserved for Table-talk. L——² is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors ; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey ; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom ; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to “take one's ease at one's inn !” These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop : they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,—“The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,”—and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet ! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel ; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani !*³ These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up

¹ Coleridge.² Lamb.³ Far off be the profane.

in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk ; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place ; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself.

But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits ; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world : but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of one's-self, uncumber'd with a name." Oh ! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour* ! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture ; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world : an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society !

I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day ; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's "Camilla."

It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of

the "New Eloise," at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospects, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.—"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then went; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly any thing that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All

that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast ;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us ? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange ! Things near us are seen of the size of life : things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piece-meal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence ; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression : we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years ; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten !—To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to : in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. “ The mind is its own place ” ; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

“ With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn’d ”—

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian ; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Ciceroni that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-place beauties in matchless pictures.

As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sym-

pathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen : there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech ; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears ; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied ; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones : I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled : nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people !

There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else : but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity ; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive ; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings, "Out of my country and myself I go." Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them : but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !

G. K. CHESTERTON: ON SERIOUSNESS

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-1936), scattering brilliant paradoxes, is our champion of orthodoxy. He instils new life into old truths and reconciles us and our old tastes by his wit and humour. At seventeen Mr. Chesterton entered the Slade School of Art: at twenty-six he was sufficiently practised and successful in criticism and reviewing to become a professional writer. As a lover of enjoyment he disliked the Puritanical suspicion of life and as a man of common sense he distrusted the workings of mere intelligence, unregulated by wisdom. The experience of centuries is our best guide and that seemed to him to be incorporated in the teachings of the Church, especially of that Church which does not rely on individual inspiration and the individual interpretation of the Scriptures but on authority. Consequently at forty-six he became a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

He looks to the past for help in the reconstruction of the present and is the President of the Distributist League which desires to see a revolt against Capitalism in a direction opposed to Socialism. It would break up "big business" and redistribute the population and again strengthen "the small man."

Mr. Chesterton is the most spontaneous of our essayists. On this account his work is uneven and much of it ephemeral; and on this account, too, his great charm, his sweetness of humour and his persuasive common sense reveal themselves even more to the listener to his actual or broadcast words than to the reader of his pages. The following essay is in his most winning style.

I DO not like seriousness. I think it is irreligious. Or, if you prefer the phrase, it is the fashion of all false religions. The man who takes everything seriously is the man who makes an idol of everything: he bows down to wood and stone until his limbs are as rooted as the roots of the tree or his head as fallen as the stone sunken by the roadside. It has often been discussed whether animals can laugh. The hyena is said to laugh: but it is rather in the sense in which the M.P. is said to utter "an ironical cheer." At the best, the hyena utters an ironical laugh. Broadly, it is true that all animals except Man are serious. And I think it is further demonstrated by the fact that all human beings who concern themselves in a concentrated way with animals are also serious; serious in a sense far beyond that of human beings concerned with anything else. Horses are serious; they have long, solemn faces. But horsey men are also serious—jockeys or trainers or grooms: they also have long, solemn faces. Dogs are serious: they have exactly that combination of moderate conscientiousness with monstrous conceit which is the make-up of most modern religions. But, however serious dogs may be, they can hardly be more serious than dog-fanciers—or dog-stealers. Dog-stealers, indeed, have to be particularly serious, because they have to come back and say they have found the dog. The faintest shade of irony, not to say levity, on their features, would evidently be fatal to their plans. I will not carry the comparison through all the kingdoms of natural history: but it is true of all who fix their affection or intelligence on the lower animals. Cats are as serious as the Sphinx,

who must have been some kind of cat, to judge by the attitude. But the rich old ladies who love cats are quite equally serious, about cats and about themselves. So also the ancient Egyptians worshipped cats, also crocodiles and beetles and all kinds of things; but they were all serious and made their worshippers serious. Egyptian art was intentionally harsh, clear, and conventional; but it could very vividly represent men driving, hunting, fighting, feasting, praying. Yet I think you will pass along many corridors of that coloured and almost cruel art before you see a man laughing. Their gods did not encourage them to laugh. I am told by housewives that beetles seldom laugh. Cats do not laugh—except the Cheshire Cat (which is not found in Egypt); and even he can only grin. And crocodiles do not laugh. They weep.

This comparison between the sacred animals of Egypt and the pet animals of to-day is not so far-fetched as it may seem to some people. There is a healthy and an unhealthy love of animals: and the nearest definition of the difference is that the unhealthy love of animals is serious. I am quite prepared to love a rhinoceros, with reasonable precautions: he is, doubtless, a delightful father to the young rhinoceroses. But I will not promise not to laugh at a rhinoceros. I will not worship the beast with the little horn. I will not adore the Golden Calf; still less will I adore the Fatted Calf. On the contrary, I will eat him. There is some sort of joke about eating an animal, or even about an animal eating you. Let us hope we shall perceive it at the proper moment, if it ever occurs. But I will not worship an animal. That is, I will not take an animal quite seriously: and I know why.

Wherever there is Animal Worship there is Human Sacrifice. That is, both symbolically and literally, a real truth of historical experience. Suppose a thousand black slaves were sacrificed to the black-beetle; suppose a million maidens were flung into the Nile to feed the crocodile; suppose the cat could eat men instead of mice—it could still be no more than that sacrifice of humanity that so often makes the horse more important than the groom, or the lap-dog more important even than the lap. The only right view of the animal is the comic view. Because the view is comic it is naturally affectionate. And because it is affectionate, it is never respectful.

I know no place where the true contrast has been more candidly, clearly, and (for all I know) unconsciously expressed than in an excellent little book of verse called *Bread and Circuses* by Helen Parry Eden, the daughter of Judge Parry, who has inherited both the humour and the humanity in spite of which her father succeeded as a modern magistrate. There are a great many other things that might be praised in the book, but I should select for praise the sane love of animals. There is, for instance, a little poem on a cat from the country who has come to live in a flat in Battersea (everybody at some time of their lives has lived or will live in a flat in Battersea, except, perhaps, the “prisoner of the Vatican”), and the verses have a tenderness, with a twist of the grotesque, which seems to me the exactly appropriate tone about domestic pets:

And now you're here. Well, it may be
The sun *does* rise in Battersea
Although to-day be dark;

Life is not shorn of loves and hates
 While there are sparrows on the slates
 And keepers in the Park.
 And you yourself will come to learn
 The ways of London ; and in turn
 Assume your Cockney cares
 Like other folk that live in flats,
 Chasing your purely abstract rats
 Upon the concrete stairs.

That is like Hood at his best ; but it is, moreover, penetrated with a profound and true appreciation of the fundamental idea that all love of the cat must be founded on the *absurdity* of the cat, and only thus can a morbid idolatry be avoided. Perhaps those who appeared to be witches were those old ladies who took their cats too seriously. The cat in this book is called "Four-Paws," which is as jolly as a gargoyle. But the name of the cat must be something familiar and even jeering, if it be only Tom or Tabby or Topsy : something that shows man is not afraid of it. Otherwise the name of the cat will be Pasht.

But when the same poet comes accidentally across an example of the insane seriousness about animals that some modern "humanitarians" exhibit, she turns against the animal-lover as naturally and instinctively as she turns to the animal. A writer on a society paper had mentioned some rich woman who had appeared on Cup Day "gowned" in some way or other, and inserted the tearful parenthesis that "she had just lost a dear dog in London." The real animal-lover instantly recognises the wrong note, and dances on the dog's grave with a derision as unsympathetic as Swift :

Dear are my friends and yet my heart still light is,
 Undimmed the eyes that see our set depart,
 Snatched from the Season by appendicitis
 Or something quite as smart.

But when my Chin-Chin drew his latest breath
 On Marie's outspread apron, slow and wheezily,
 I simply sniffed, I could not take *his* death
 So Pekineasily. . . .

. . . Grief courts these ovations,
 And many press my sable-suéded hand,
 Noting the blackest of Lucile's creations
 Inquire, and understand.

It is that balance of instincts that is the essence of all satire : however fantastic satire may be, it must always be potentially rational and fundamentally moderate, for it must be ready to hit both to right and to left at opposite extravagances. And the two extravagances which exist on the edges of our harassed and secretive society to-day are cruelty to animals and worship of animals. They both come from taking animals too seriously : the cruel man must hate the animal ; the crank must worship the animal, and perhaps fear it. Neither knows how to love it.

"What we should read is not the words but the man whom we feel to be behind the words."¹

CRITICISM: THE ART OF APPRECIATION

by WRIGHT WATTS MILLER, B.A. (Lond.) ; M. Ed. (Manchester)

IT is difficult for a reader, whether professional or amateur, not to regard literary criticism from one or the other of two standpoints ; either to accept it as paramount authority, or to reject it as unwarrantable interference. One type of reader will do his best to digest any work of literature so long as it is "recommended," "accepted," as "standard," or "classic" by the bench of critics ; another type, observing the chaos which has at many times existed in criticism, and mistrusting the claims of any dictatorship of taste or intellect, will fling guidance overboard and vow to be his own critic. Of these two men the second has possibly more of the root of the matter in him, though if he passes by books simply because they are "classics" the limitations of his field of enjoyment will soon become obvious. One might compare the first man to the tourist plodding round a foreign city, *Baedeker* in hand, and the second to the tourist, more typically English perhaps, who takes a general look at the city, has a drink in a café, and then walks out into the country to look for a golf course.

There must be some fundamental reason, it may be surmised, why the authority of the expert in literature should be so warmly debated, often by the uninitiated most of all, while that of the expert in other spheres, such as sport, mathematics, or navigation, is accepted with little dissent. Is not the difference that such subjects as literature, politics, economics, or education (subjects on which everyone feels qualified to express an opinion) are human studies, whereas the other subjects quoted are mainly a matter of more impersonal technique and skill ? The very significance of literature, in particular, depends on the intimate and complex psychological chords it can touch : it would be strange if the valuation of literature should escape the infinite reactions of the personal element. The establishment of psychology as something like a science is at the basis of all the schools of criticism which have arisen during the present century. But there were psychologists before psychology. The judgment of such men as Dryden, Dr. Johnson, or Coleridge, was delicate, intimate, and trenchant enough to need little aid from modern scientific psychology, and the history of such judgments is one of the most important aspects of the history of English literature.

THE CRITIC MUST HAVE SYMPATHY

How are we to recognise a good critic ? We remember first that literature is a communication of one person's experience to another person. The reader, partly through his own deficiencies, partly through

¹ Samuel Butler

those of the author, is never, or very rarely, able to grasp the complete and perfect experience exactly as the author wished to communicate it. A good critic is surely, therefore, able before anything else to approach as nearly as possible to this complete understanding. For this he must have sympathy, sincerity, honesty. He must not be prejudiced. Yet which of us can avoid prejudice?

Let us examine more concretely the sympathy which the critic must have, and the prejudices he must avoid. When we speak of his appreciating the author's full "meaning," we are using a very inexact word, as I. A. Richards has brilliantly pointed out. Borrowing Mr. Richards' analysis, we cannot deny that "meaning" is commonly used to cover four different ideas; (1) the Sense or "matter," the nucleus, such as the skylark's song in Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, or the bare story of a novel. (2) the Feeling with which the author conveys his sense—Shelley's joy and longing in the *Ode*, or Dickens' indignation in *Oliver Twist*. (3) the Tone, or the attitude which the author deliberately takes up in order to adjust himself to his particular audience. The tone of a political speaker may obviously be very different from the feeling he really has about his theme; there are always inconvenient members of his audience who are capable of recognising both aspects and asking uncomfortable questions. (4) the Intention of the author—the effect he is endeavouring to produce. He cannot write without producing some sort of effect, whether the one he intends to produce or its opposite. When we say of an insincere writer "he does everything for effect" we mean that his intention is to display his own cleverness.

WHAT THE GOOD CRITIC TRIES TO DO

A GOOD critic is one who is able to appreciate these four aspects of his author's work. He may be said to have four aims. (1) He tries to have sympathy with the author's Sense or Matter. He will not condemn Shakespeare's fairies and ghosts, for example, merely because they are fairies and ghosts. (2) He tries to have sympathy with the author's feeling. He does not object to the yearning quality of much of Shelley's poetry simply because he does not feel like yearning himself. (3) He has sympathy with the tone of the writing. A formal speech at a funeral, for instance, will not be criticised for its banality and stiff phraseology, which have probably been chosen to avoid stirring the most painful and intimate aspects of grief in public. (4) He tries to have sympathy with the author's intention; he will not complain of light comedy that it "does not promote any political or religious truth."

A critic may legitimately complain if an author's tone, or feeling, assorts badly with some other aspect of his work, as when Thomas Moore writes verse intended to be wistful and melancholy in the galloping metre of "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." But the critic must always regard the work as a whole; he must consider one aspect only in relation to the total aspect, one portion only in relation to the whole.

The qualities we look for to-day in a critic are not so much heavy-handed authority and the separation of good from bad books, as a

true appreciation—an entering into what the author meant to say and a perception of how far he succeeded in saying it, or of how he has said more than was within his intention or control. The critic may be himself a creative writer in some other field, like Coleridge, Arnold, or T. S. Eliot, or he may work almost exclusively in criticism, like Hazlitt or I. A. Richards. But the true critic is in any case himself a creator. He may reveal more about the author than the author knew; he can relate an author to his background, and show his significance to his whole period or country. Each generation is likely to lay stress upon different aspects of a dead author's work, though without necessarily affecting his immortality. Each generation may also have different ideas, arising from political, economic, or other than literary causes, about the function of literature, or the elements in it which should be stressed. Thus the critical literature of a past age, though it might seem at first sight academic, professional, technical, and generally unremunerative, is actually one of the most direct keys to the feeling and conscience of that age. It reveals in a special way, however objective it may try to be, the humanity of its period, the humanity which is the fundamental reason for past literature still meaning anything to us.

WHAT ENGLISH CRITICISM HAS DONE

THERE were many battles to be fought before English criticism was clear-sighted enough to attain sympathetic judgment. Criticism has had to cast aside many notions as irrelevant to its purpose as the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life were to the beginnings of natural science. English itself had many battles before there was any criticism worth the name. The history of criticism is largely the history of these battles, finding out in the first place what was or was not good English, then what should be the rules for English poetry, what should be the difference between poetry and prose, or how far one's judgment of a book should depend upon its subject matter. The chief problems of English criticism have been these:

(1) The quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns. Ought English literature to follow the example of Latin and Greek, or seek its own standards? This quarrel lasted until approximately the end of the eighteenth century, when it was merged in the perennial discussion of:

(2) Classicism versus Romanticism—a problem in which "classic" has ceased to mean "following the Ancients," and now stands for authority as opposed to individual liberty in literature, or in extreme forms, tyranny as opposed to libertinage. It is now generally agreed that there is natural ebb and flow between these two poles; in contemporary literature we may even detect both tides pulling at once.

(3) Disentangling poetry from prose. This was achieved at the end of the seventeenth century. The early confusion of the two forms of expression can be seen by comparing any of Dryden's prose with the strange poetical prose of the preface to the *Authorised Version of the Bible*.

(4) The problem of how far art should conform to the accepted standards of morality. Should art be practised only "for art's sake,"

or should it try to teach and improve? The vast reading public of to-day gives new point to this old question.

When English literature was firmly established, there arose the great school of historical, or scientific criticism (most active in Germany), which applied the methods of science, and particularly the evolutionary principle, to amassing vast quantities of facts in attempts to explain a work of literature. The material collected was often very valuable, though the conclusions drawn often needed correction by the newest and most human of the sciences—psychology. To-day we have the very important psychological schools of criticism, which apply psychological methods to discovering what the author really meant, and give less attention to the merely museum-like discovery and collection of “sources” and “influences” upon his work.

HOW ENGLISH BECAME A LANGUAGE

THE greatness of English literature is largely due to the fact that English is, and has been for some three or four hundred years, one of the most expressive and flexible languages in the world. It has not, however, always been so. The language of the Angles and Saxons was primitive, like the language of the Norsemen, which it resembled. Its literature was like the Norse sagas in tone, though it was inferior to them in quality. The language that Chaucer wrote, at the end of the fourteenth century, was a fine medium for poetry, but it was not strictly a language; it was a dialect only, the dialect of the London district. Dialects differed so much in Chaucer's time that during the next century it became urgently necessary, for mere intelligibility, to standardise one of them, especially as England was then unified after the Wars of the Roses, foreign trade was increasing, and printing had been introduced. Caxton, himself a Kentishman, complained much of the confusion of dialects. The London dialect, partly through the prestige given it by Chaucer, established itself naturally as Standard English; no authority imposed it on the rest of England. The English which every Englishman reads and writes to-day is the descendant of the London dialect of the fifteenth century, though the English which he speaks may show traces of what is left of the other dialects. Interesting dates showing the standardisation of English are 1535, when the first complete version of the Bible in English was published, and 1549, the date of the Church of England Prayer-Book.

It was hardly to be expected that criticism should flourish in a language so unstable as mediæval English; there is none until the Elizabethan period, except for scattered comments such as Chaucer's ballad-parody of *Sir Thopas*, or his gibe at Western men and their old-fashioned alliterative poetry, or *gestes*:

“ . . . I am a Southren man,
I can not geste—rum, ram, ruf, by lettre,”

says the parson when asked to tell his tale.

But though the dialect difficulty had been settled by 1500, another great problem had arisen during the Middle Ages—the huge absorption

of French and Latin words. It is these which give modern English half its value as a language, but it is these also which make it peculiarly difficult even for a native. The most uneducated Englishman rarely mishandles or misunderstands the Saxon part of our language, but the profusion of necessary but foreign words (what he calls "long words"), and the frequency of some foreign constructions, make it hard for him, even after these six or seven hundred years, to read much of the best in English or to write English well in more than a simple way. For a Frenchman, German, or Spaniard, the equivalent barrier of education in his own language is less difficult to surmount. The foreign element mingled itself with the Saxon element in our language, not only because of the Norman Conquest, but because Latin was the language of the Church and the second language of every educated person throughout Europe, and further because most English literature during the Middle Ages was based on French (or sometimes Latin or Italian) models. French literature is at the base of most of Chaucer's work, of the old ballads and carols, of "Sumer is icumen in."

The immense revival of interest in Greek and Latin civilisation at the Renaissance, beginning in Italy, came to England late. Again the English vocabulary was flooded with foreign words, some of them to die out again rapidly, many of them, such as "insular" and "concise," to become essential and common words. The real work of the Renaissance was to spread ideas of a broad and humane culture. It was the time of the founding of many of the most famous English schools, and there was a great attempt to lift education out of the routine and logic-chopping, the limited aims and curriculum of the Middle Ages.

EARLY QUARRELS OVER POETRY

SUCH was the soil which produced the first English literary critics. They had a new found pride in a national language, but a language which was spoken by comparatively few persons in Europe, which had produced little literature, and in both these respects held something of the place that Dutch or Swedish does among languages to-day. The problems were to give the English language and literature their own standards, and to weld in the influences of the great Ancients and perhaps of the Italians. Three great educationists were among the first to call for pure English, to object to French-English, Italian-English, or pedant's English; they were Thomas Wilson, in his *Art of Rhetoric* (1553), Sir John Cheke (first regius professor of Greek at Cambridge), and Roger Ascham, in *The Schoolmaster* (1568), and in *Toxophilus* (1545) a treatise on archery which, in spite of its Greek title, was expressly "English matter written in the English tongue for English men." But mixed with this worthy concern for pure English was a concern for pure morals which, unfortunately, caused many distractions and misconceptions. From denouncing the Church of Rome and the loose-living courts of Italy, Ascham denounces by association not only all Italian books as "bawdy," but even all the old English romances as corrupters of morals. He dismisses Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* in a famous phrase as "open manslaughter and bold bawdry." Poets in this period were frequently

treated as liars because they composed works of imagination. Rhyme also fell into bad odour because it was found in low ballads and the literature of the modern languages only, whereas the literature of the supposedly virtuous ancients never descended to such jingling. Poets were abused as "a rakehell rout of wooden rhymers, not attaining to the parings of the Latin or Greek tongue."

HOW RHYME WAS WON FOR ENGLISH POETRY

HERE was the great barrier to true literary criticism for over a century. The poets put up defences, one of them—Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* (1580), an important work, but they also could not get away from the moral attitude. They sought to defend poetry by examples of its moral, irrespective of its literary, value. Both parties seemed to overlook the fact that the most moral literature cannot convince unless it has the power of convincing as well as the matter to convince; it must, in short, be good literature. Rhyme was rather feebly defended for some time, and charming poets like Campion tried unsuccessfully to write unrhymed lyrics in imitation of Horace or Anacreon. But there was too much good poetry being written by men who, like Shakespeare, had "small Latin and less Greek," for rhyme to lose the day. It became recognised that rhyme was a natural embellishment of a strongly accented language like English, even though it might not have suited a measured language like Latin.

Although the prejudice against rhyme lingered in scholars such as Milton, its triumph was established as early as 1603 in the poet Daniel's *Defence of Ryme*, written in reply to Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*. Both are interesting essays, and much less abusive than most Elizabethan criticism. Daniel was indeed the first English critic to realise the relativity of literary standards, and their necessarily close relation to the circumstances of a period. Though his general principles were not yet accepted, and in spite of so many irrelevant discussions, real advance was made during the Elizabethan period in setting up rules—which had been ardently desired—for English poetry. Blank verse, in particular, emerged from the quarrels over rhyme already perfected by the hands of Marlowe and Shakespeare, and ready for Milton.

A LEARNED CRITIC: BEN JONSON

THE most intellectual and learned of Elizabethan critics was Ben Jonson, who failed in criticism, as he did in drama, to preserve the essential vital contact with popular and natural taste. It was natural that Jonson should regard Bacon as having "performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." He mistrusted functions of prose other than the philosophical, for which Bacon employed it, and frankly preferred rhetoric to the clear and simple prose needed in the best sort of personal essay. He granted rhyme in English verse, but anticipated Dryden and Pope in preferring a severely formal type of verse, such as the stopped couplet used by Pope, to the freer forms of poetry we find in the Elizabethan lyrics. He was the Classic of a Romantic Age.

JOHN DRYDEN: THE FATHER OF ENGLISH CRITICISM

SO much of the seventeenth century was occupied in other than literary quarrels that a big gap is left before we reach the next critic whose work is of permanent interest and value. Author of one of the finest verse satires in the language, of successes in tragedy and comedy, of a standard version of Virgil, and often known also as "the father of English prose," Dryden is puzzling at first in his versatility. It was this very quality which made him our first great critic. He was the first to cut entirely adrift those irrelevant preoccupations with the imagined rules of the Ancients, with the moral wickedness of "fiction" in poetry and drama, with the gentle birth or otherwise of an author, and to take actual literature—the whole of it—as his starting-point. When he attempts to make rules he does sometimes fall into the old formalism, but when he examines an individual work he cannot keep his broad sympathy from judging it on its own merits. He says: "Delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poesy: instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poetry only instructs as it delights." It may indeed appear remarkable that this simple fact of psychology had not before been noticed by the puritan wranglers, or by the defenders of poetry. Dryden's task was to ask in every case why a book gave pleasure.

His first critical work is the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668). At the time of its composition, he said later, he was "sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the polestar of the Ancients, and the rules of the French stage, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste." He sailed so well that he produced one of the classics of English criticism. The *Essay* is in the form of a dialogue. Dryden himself, under the pseudonym of Neander, deals one by one with the artificial objections the others make to Shakespeare and the English stage in general. If a play must be "an imitation of nature," the English plays must be the better because the more natural, however many rules they break. Why should one object to the mixing of tragedy and comedy in a single play, or to the presence of an underplot as well as a main plot? Is not life like that? Then comes his famous description of the dramatic character of Shakespeare.

Most of the rest of Dryden's critical work consists of prefaces to his poems, plays, or translations, a form of pamphleteering common at the time, which enabled him to answer his adversaries publicly, but without special publication for the purpose. The most important are the *Dedication to the Aeneid* (1697), and the *Preface to the Fables* (written in 1700, the year of his death). The latter contains his famous praise of Chaucer. This ability to admire a mediæval author, though at the same time rendering him into modernised "Fables," was only one more aspect of the wide and penetrating sympathy of Dryden. There was no critic like him in Europe, during his own time; there have been few so well equipped since. Dryden wrote little about English prose, which by his own example he made so sound and clean an instrument.

After Dryden's time there is little difficulty about distinguishing poetry from prose. What is found later on is not so much poetical luxuriance in prose, as prosaic regularity in poetry. The liberties won for poetry by the Elizabethans had been sadly abused by such poets as Cowley and Crashaw in the middle of the seventeenth century. Noble imagination had given place to wild fancy, and freedom in rhyme and metre had become disorder, or else something to be played tricks with. It was, for example, possible to write a poem which should take the form, on the printed page, of a cross or a gravestone. The steadying movement in English prose had its natural counterpart in a severe regularising of English verse at the beginning of the eighteenth century. This desire for order came partly from France, and though the Ancients were appealed to again and again, it is the element of order rather than the element of Latinity which justly earns this age the names of the Classic Period, the Age of Reason, the Augustan Period (after the great age of Latin literature under Augustus), or even the Age of Prose. Poetry sought relief in the standardisation of the couplet of five feet, a form of verse in which the rhyme is necessarily so insistent that the only thing to be done is to take advantage of the insistence, and make the rhyme half the point of the verse, as in :

“The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine.”

(*Rape of the Lock*).

Thus wit became the principal criterion of most verse for a time. The age was dominated by ideas of Good Taste. There was in England at last a society that considered itself “polite,” able to compete with the salons of Louis XIV's Paris on their own ground, and so it was very important that there should be no disturbing authors, no impolitely exciting metres, to mar the elegant picture. Pope, as Lytton Strachey has pointed out, earned a colossal sum of money, not by his original verse, but by translating Homer into the fashionable couplets, giving the age “a Homer after its own heart,” safely removed far away from the barbaric Greek. This was to some extent realised by Pope's contemporary critics. Richard Bentley, the greatest scholar of the age, said of the translation : “A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.”

THREE CRITICS WHO REVERED AUTHORITY

IN criticism the conflicts of this period are now mainly of antiquarian interest. There was a dispute over the Ancients and the Moderns, which led Swift to write the immortal *Battle of the Books*, where he imagines the books in the library getting down from their shelves to join the fray. But the substance of the essay is no longer of importance ; it is a classic of our prose, but not of our criticism. Actually the Moderns' view of the Ancients was so coloured by Modern prejudice that the quarrel was more apparent than real. The finest expression of the rules of the age is Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, which is written in heroic couplets. But it

is the consummate neatness of the expression we admire to-day, rather than the matter.

The greatest representative of the "politeness" of the age is Addison, who really did a great deal to refine society and its attitude to women in the pages of *The Spectator* and *The Tatler*. He simpers, however, and the limitations of his attitude are obvious to a generation in which education is more widely accessible to all classes. He devoted several numbers of *The Spectator* to an examination of *Paradise Lost* which consists almost entirely of a comparison of Milton's poem with the great epics of the Ancients. Milton was exalted to a position of almost tyrannical authority for the whole of the eighteenth century, because he is the one scholarly English poet who followed the classics and remained great. Misguided though many of the critical ideas of the period were, however, they form the first general attempt to examine literary problems objectively. Eighteenth-century critics were badly hampered, but the notions that hampered them were at least literary notions for the most part. And finally, as has often been observed, nearly all the rules they formulated, though irrelevant for poetry, are admirable for prose. It was not an accident that the greatest writers of the century, such as Swift, Fielding, Addison, Steele, Berkeley Johnson, Gibbon and Burke, expressed themselves in prose.

A GIANT OF COMMON SENSE : DOCTOR JOHNSON

THE list of Dr. Johnson's works is apt to seem strangely out of accord with the magnitude of his reputation : some not very good poems in the fashionable manner, a rather dull novel, some not very good papers in *The Rambler*, an undeniably great achievement in the *Dictionary*—what else is there but Boswell's *Life*? The answer lies in Johnson's last work, the *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81), begun when he was seventy, and also in his scattered critical work, his introductions to Shakespeare and other writers. Here is the only record written by himself of that vast insight and common sense which otherwise spent themselves in argument and conversation, to be recorded by the inimitable Boswell. Johnson could not avoid some of the prejudices of his age, but his mistakes in over-emphasising the classical side of criticism have been too strongly insisted on by later and less gifted critics, such as Macaulay. Johnson took a leading part in exposing the literary frauds of James Macpherson, the author of *Ossian*, he made many valuable suggestions for readings of corrupt lines in Shakespeare, and he defended Shakespeare against the foolish taste which would condemn him because he did not observe the rigid rules formulated for the Greek and later for the French drama.

Though Johnson applies the measuring-rod of the polished contemporary couplet to all the poetry he examines, from Cowley to his own day, there is always profit to be had from observing his application of it, even if the conclusions he comes to are sometimes biassed. *The Lives* are full of such general reflections as : "The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction ;" "Books without the knowledge of life are useless ; for what should books teach but the art of living?" Johnson objects to the continual

recourse to classical mythology for ornament, even in poems such as *Lycidas*. In this he is preparing the way unconsciously for a new and more imaginative treatment of ancient fable such as we find later in Shelley and Keats.

The second half of the eighteenth century saw a considerable revival of interest in literature other than "classical." Gray read Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and old Welsh ballads; Spenser and Spenserian verse came into favour again; Bishop Percy published his famous *Reliques* (a collection mainly of forgotten old English ballads, many of them very familiar to-day); Joseph Warton questioned whether Pope was a great poet, or even a poet at all, and his brother Thomas Warton produced a really notable work—the first *History of English Poetry*. The ground was being cleared for the casting off of all Latin or French or "polite" shackles—for the great liberation called Romanticism.

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURAL ENGLISH

ONE of the most significant dates in the history of English poetry is 1798, when Wordsworth and Coleridge published *The Lyrical Ballads*. An equally important date in the history of English criticism is 1800, when the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared with the famous *Preface* by Wordsworth. It is largely due to these two poets that poetry to-day is still generally regarded, not as composed by rule, but in a vague way, as "mystic" or "inspired," and that wild natural scenery is appreciated as the source of some of our noblest emotions, instead of inspiring horror or repulsion, as it seems normally to have done during the Age of Reason. Wordsworth was so impressed with the degenerate taste of his age, so fired with the new doctrines of the "noble savage" and other ideas which inspired the French revolutionaries, that he set about a further radical reform in poetry—the reform of diction. Since the virtues were reputed to be found most commonly among rustic and humble peasants, such as he knew in Cumberland, he would choose the language of these men, rather than the language of the university or the court, for poetry. He would reject all personification; he would reject all "poetic diction" such as tempted his older contemporaries to write "nymph, tube, azure" every time they meant "girl, gun, blue." He goes so far as to declare that the language of poetry is identical with the language of prose, but is forced to admit that "metrical language" may add charm. He then explains poetry, in the well-known phrase, as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Wordsworth was so great a poet that even the simplest of diction could not always spoil his quality. The poem, *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, is written in very plain language, but is still one of his finest productions. Nevertheless, much of his best work, such as the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, and the sonnets, is undeniably a triumph in language quite other than that "normally used by men." Many of his failures were due to his deliberate choice of simple language, and he probably succeeded more often in spite of his theory of diction than because of it.

His friend and associate Coleridge, one of the very greatest critics in

English, pointed out with extreme clearness both the fallacies and the virtues in Wordsworth's theory. Coleridge's criticism suffered, like the rest of his work, from his lazy and desultory habits, and except for *Biographia Literaria* and the essays on Wordsworth, it is generally fragmentary. But he was nevertheless the great formative spirit of the Romantic Period, as revered in his later years as Johnson had been in his turn. He was able to look at poetical problems in an objective way impossible to Wordsworth and Shelley, if not to most Romantic poets, while his authorship of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* left no doubt, on the other hand, that he understood in the highest and most intimate degree the nature of poetic experience.

Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, the source of some familiar quotations such as "Poets are the trumpets that sing to battle," was not so much a critical essay as a "defence" on the highest moral grounds, in the old Elizabethan manner. It represents some of the spirit which really animated Wordsworth, but which seldom appears in his attempts to state poetical doctrine. It is one of the most romantic documents of all the Romantic Period. Keats, had he lived, might have been a better critic than them all, for his *Letters* contain flashes of insight which unmistakably indicate genius, and rare genius at that.

But the most striking example of the enthusiasm and individuality of the age is Hazlitt, who, though imperfectly acquainted with any literature but English, and always pushing himself well into the foreground, had the gift of entering into another's personality so vividly that he has been to many the means of introduction to a favourite author. In his power of penetration he may be called one of the first psychological critics, but he fails at times because, when he could not adjust himself completely to an author, he had no more fundamental standards to fall back upon. He defended Keats against the general taste of his time, but was notoriously unjust to Shelley. If one is to like Hazlitt one must swallow him whole and not expect much logical presentation. In criticism the Romantic Period saw at last the triumph of appreciation. Perhaps in direct consequence of this, it produced a great deal of critical literature which is in itself a pleasure to read.

VICTORIAN COMPLACENCY AND VICTORIAN REFORM

NO great critic in English has tried, since the eighteenth century, to make precise rules for literature, though many have tried to lay down general principles. But the purpose of literature has been as much a theme of discussion as ever. That is to say, literature has remained healthily in touch with its roots—the life of its time. Arguments over literature are often simply arguments over the way life should be lived. The Victorian period took morals very seriously; consequently its judgments on literature tended to be moral judgments. Not only were the works of Byron banished, and Browning banned on account of his "immoral" Italian subjects: even Tennyson was censured for descending to such subjects as the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere in the *Idylls of the King*. (There were not wanting, however, critics who also condemned Tennyson for the sentimental weaknesses in his poetry for

which he is often despised—too much despised—to-day). It is significant that one of the most famous dictums of the period is Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as a "criticism of life." Alongside its too well-known complacency, the Victorian period was troubled by many and serious doubts: we may take Macaulay as typical of the complacency, and Arnold and Ruskin as typical of the doubt.

Macaulay began with literary criticism, but later grew more interested in social and historical problems. In neither field can he be said to have pursued knowledge for its own sake. In history he seems to be asserting the glories of his own age rather than patiently depicting the past. His vivid powers of description confined themselves to material and external things—the signs of prosperity rather than the signs of culture. He disliked all abstract speculation, and dismissed the ancient philosophers, in a notorious phrase, as having "filled the world with long words and long beards." His judgment of writers was affected by his opinion (often a snobbish one) of their character and rank.

SCOURGE OF THE PHILISTINES: MATTHEW ARNOLD

IN material things the Victorians were not badly off; in the world of ideas they were sadly troubled. It is small wonder that the greatest critics of the age are those, such as Carlyle, who chastised it. Passing over Carlyle's literary criticism as small in bulk, we must name Matthew Arnold one of the five or six masters among English critics. His writings have had the rare effect of adding a word to the language, the word *philistine*, which is now used even by many who are ignorant of its origin. "The people," said Arnold in *Culture and Anarchy*, "who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich . . . are just the people whom we call the Philistines." An inspector of schools by profession, Arnold laid much of the foundations of our national system of education. *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) is still as much a classic of our education as of our criticism. Arnold attacked the material standards of the age, and the one feature which might have been considered spiritual he attacked as the most anti-civilising influence of all; he attacked the provincialism of English Protestantism and Nonconformity. Its noble and austere virtues he praised as Hebraic virtues, but what was needed in the Church, and in English life in general, he said, was more of the Hellenic element—more sweetness and light—more of the Greek element in Christianity, the element of which Dean Inge, for instance, is the chief champion to-day.

In literature Arnold profoundly mistrusted the historical method of criticism, which was becoming widely practised, because he thought it tended to give too high an opinion of one's own age, to lead the critic into the vulgar error of a Macaulay. He demanded that the subject should receive attention in literature, and that we should refresh ourselves at the fountain of Greek civilisation because of its "high seriousness." "Criticism," he said, "is the attempt to know the best that is known and thought in the world." Arnold was an invaluable antidote to the materialism of his time, and to the slovenliness into which the freedom of Romanticism had sometimes allowed poetry to fall. But

Arnold's admiration of French logic and clearness of thought and expression blinded him to some extent to much of the excellence of the incurable anarchism of the English character; he blundered badly in at least two famous passages in *Essays in Criticism*, once when he called Shelley "a beautiful and ineffectual angel," and again in describing Keats' love-letters as "the love-letters of a surgeon's apprentice."

THE REDISCOVERY OF ART: RUSKIN AND PATER

THE ugliness which had been created haphazard by Victorian prosperity (there is not a town in England which does not still suffer from it) cried out urgently for cure, or at least palliation. Arnold attacked it through literature and religion. Ruskin and William Morris attacked it through the visual arts: Morris painting, weaving, building, printing, designing, writing poetry and preaching Socialism, and Ruskin lecturing, sermonising and expressing his indignation at it all for nearly sixty years. Ruskin's master, Carlyle, said "the soul of society is diseased." Ruskin and Morris realised the extent to which the diseases of the social body affected its soul. Ruskin sometimes indulges in wild contradictions and enthusiasms which detract from his value as a critic of literature, but he was of first importance in spreading ideas of sweetness and light among a wider circle than was reached by the austere Arnold. *Sesame and Lilies* (1865) is perhaps his most characteristic and possibly his best work.

Ruskin had an uphill task. A notable group of writers at the end of the nineteenth century shrank from it, not only in the material world, but in the world of literature. Led by Pater, they turned their backs in hopelessness and disgust upon the ugliness of most men and most of the works of men, and cultivated their aestheticism in their own little circle. They proclaimed the doctrine of Art (in which they included literary art) for Art's sake. They affected queer tastes, as in Max Beerbohm's *Defence of Cosmetics*, merely to annoy the public. Yet the Decadents—Wilde in literature or Whistler in painting—left a very important mark in both fields, though their own movement dwindled into nothing. Its surviving representatives are the critic and poet Arthur Symonds, the unique Max Beerbohm, and one who has long since rejected the outward trappings of the movement, James Joyce.

Pater was a good writer and a sensitive interpreter; his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), and *Appreciations* (1889) show his intuition at its best. The doctrine associated with his name is hedonism, the belief that pleasure is the chief good. To this there is a corollary, that the highest, most sublime pleasure is the chief good since lower pleasures destroy the capacity for enjoyment of more sublime ones. Only once in his Oxford retreat did Pater frankly reveal his doctrine, in the conclusion of the *Renaissance*, where he says: "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end." Pater, who was a great stylist, borrowed from such French stylists as Flaubert the doctrine of the *mot juste*, which has since been of the highest importance to English literature. According to this theory, there is only one phrase which will say exactly what the author means to say, and the secret of good writing is to search for and find this phrase. Pater himself took infinite pains to discover the right words to express his meaning.

THE SCHOLARLY CRITICS OF THE NEW CENTURY

AFTER the collapse of the aesthetic movement, though not of its influence, by the early death or suicide of most of its members, there is a lull in critical controversy until after the Great War. The interval was admirable for the scientific amassing and presentation of material for the study of literary history. The spread of education produced a large and still increasing number of scholars who turned out, particularly in America and Germany, monographs and theses upon every conceivable aspect of older literature, from "The Influence of Dutch Literature on English" to "The Derivation of Ancient Building-Terms," or "The Laundry-Bills of the Great Poets." The work entailed in such research is always long, dull for the most part, and dusty in both the literal and the figurative sense. Sneers at this kind of work are common, not only from the general public, but from many of the brighter and more impatient students in universities. It is true that much research has been done in the false scientific spirit of the early collectors for museums, who did not know how to interpret the importance of facts, and were not much interested in interpreting them. But these collectors nevertheless provided information of the highest value for those truer scientists who knew how to interpret. Every scientist who discovers a new law to-day, though he may perform thousands of verifying experiments himself, must still depend for about ninety per cent. of his information upon facts gathered by other and perhaps more humble scientific workers.

The good and the bad points of literary research may both be illustrated by the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. On the one hand a great deal of unnecessary and often ridiculous labour was wasted in endeavouring to prove an impossibility which would have been obvious to any sane Baconian if he had read the few very uncultured and scornful words that Bacon ever had to say, in the writings commonly recognised as his, about poetry, or love. On the other hand, a vast number of facts were brought to light about the handwriting of both Shakespeare and Bacon, their styles were analysed more observantly than ever before, and the net result is at least that, if a lost Shakespearean play should one day be recovered, we shall have a number of tests for its authenticity which might not otherwise have been discovered.

GOLDEN QUALITIES OF A TRUE SCHOLAR

FOR the ordinary reader the human aspect and the social background of literature are all-important, since he is apt to dismiss a classic as dull because he has insufficient knowledge of its milieu to find it interesting. But the human aspect of his knowledge of an author depends very much upon research done by others. The man who can consider all the available facts, discover some more for himself, and then, without losing sight of the wood for the trees, weave the whole into a coherent

picture of an author, truer than had existed before, he is the true scholar. His qualities of patience, selective intelligence, and wide grasp are rare. The greatest critics of the early twentieth century—Professors Sir Walter Raleigh, W. P. Ker and George Saintsbury—were such men. Their successors to-day are Livingston Lowes in America and Louis Cazamian, a Frenchman writing in English, who is one of the very greatest living authorities on English literature.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL CRITICISM

THE discovery of scientific psychology is the ultimate cause of the apparently chaotic state of criticism to-day. But in spite of apparent dissension, the present is a very notable period in English criticism, and critical literature was never more the mirror of the mind, or minds, of the nation than now. The exaggerated interpretations of the early psycho-analysts, who would assign all our actions, for example, to the working of the sex instinct, are already being corrected, and it is realised that psychological laws, like the supposed rigid laws of the early stages of the theory of evolution, cannot be arbitrarily applied. The psychologist must take into account all the facts relating to the individual whom he is examining; he must not interpret a recurrent dream of falling, for instance, in exactly the same way for each of his neurotic patients. Similarly the critic who uses psychological methods must take into account all the facts. Working along these new lines, a number of important revaluations of great figures of the past, and of the whole field of literature, have been made, notably by Aldous Huxley, J. Middleton Murry, Havelock Ellis, Herbert Read, Harold Nicolson, and the late Lytton Strachey.

The picture of the literary world to-day presents a wide and dangerous divergence: a flood of popular and for the most part ephemeral works selling in their tens and hundreds of thousands, and on the other hand a narrow vein of experiment reaching into stranger and stranger fields, and intelligible to fewer and fewer readers. (We must except the rare genius, such as D. H. Lawrence, who has something to say to every type of reader.) Criticism necessarily reflects this divergence. On the one hand there is a large body of professional critics, some of the calibre of Desmond McCarthy or Sir John Squire, some much less gifted, who report on current literature to a public which demands of book reviews entertainment and information, but rarely critical doctrine. The opposite pole of literature is reflected in the critical work of Ezra Pound, and of the associates and followers of James Joyce. Here indeed we have the *mot juste* pushed to the utmost limit of sense, half-reflections of words, dreamwords, puns of the unconscious mind, invented "portmanteau" words, used in a desperate attempt to make expression yet more personal, yet more individual.

It is perhaps significant that most of these super-analytic writers exile themselves to Paris, the home of literary cliques and cults. Meanwhile, the majority of readers who are seriously interested in literature, seek rather desperately for guidance; they are ready to accept authority, to meet a new Classicism half-way. Fortunately there are two contemporary critics of rare sensibility who are capable of bridging this

confusing divergence in literature: the scientific psychologist I. A. Richards, and the poet T. S. Eliot.

T. S. Eliot might be called the high priest of Order and Discipline in literature to-day. He brings to their service a mind of rare analytic powers, and a lucidity of style which makes *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (1933) a classic among histories of English criticism. In this work he seems to have conquered the vagueness and double meanings which were sometimes annoying in his early work. His account of the acquirement of taste is a masterpiece of restraint and clarity.

MODERN CRITICS WHO PIERCE TO THE ROOT OF LIFE

IT is quite safe to say there has never been a critic like I. A. Richards. For a start, one may read, in *Practical Criticism*, of his experiment in giving his students thirteen poems, not likely to be previously known and with no author's name attached, and asking the students to read them more carefully than they would normally do, and then write their criticisms of them. They wrote long and interesting reports upon these poems, and their incredible misreadings and false judgments show the amazing and usually quite unrealised difficulty of fully appreciating a poet's meaning. Mr. Richards' analysis of the four kinds of meaning has already been given. It will be found applied with great subtlety and clarity in *The Meaning of Meaning*, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, and in the short and provocative essay entitled *Science and Poetry*.

For T. S. Eliot tradition is fundamental both in religion and literature. I. A. Richards is a psychologist who suggests, particularly in *Practical Criticism* and *Science and Poetry*, some standards of value and rules of life for those who hold no religious belief as the term is commonly understood. But in the field of literary criticism Eliot and Richards meet: indeed, though they often disagree, their books are full of acknowledgments of each other's work. Eliot seeks less to impose authority than to educate sensibility. Richards talks of classical authors rather than of the modern school of disintegrated writers. His exercises are all exercises in sensibility. To the person who has lost faith in the old views of the universe, he is able to point out that poetry still exists. Poetry may create an illusion, but the illusion is a psychological fact—it is real because the poem is a communication of the real experience of another man. Poetry is a real language of real men. It is the most sublime form of language which men possess. To those who, as a result of the terrible and destructive analyses of the latest physical science and of psychology, have lost faith in any kind of supernatural communication, poetry offers a meaning which is still, for men, a real meaning. If you accept the destruction of the old beliefs, poetry, says Mr. Richards, may save you, if you will make the effort to understand it, from the blank despair of the apparent modern dilemma. If you can still accept something fundamental from the old beliefs, says Mr. Eliot, poetry can help you to interpret them, and the minds of others who accept them, too—if you will make the effort. Thus, in these latter days, literary criticism has become indeed a criticism of life, the stuff and source of literature.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

LITERARY criticism, when it is general, nearly approaches æsthetics and philosophy ; when detailed, it is meaningless until the reader is well acquainted with the work of the author criticised. Caution should therefore be exercised in the approach to criticism for fear of incurring mental indigestion on the one hand, and disappointment on the other. To read more than two critical works of any kind straight after one another is to court disaster.

A good introduction to the principles and practice of literary criticism is provided by Professor George Saintsbury's *Loci Critici*, an anthology of famous or significant passages taken from the works of authors ranging from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold. The reader is advised to begin with the general passages such as Arnold's *Preface to Poems* (1853-1854), Hazlitt's essay *On Poetry in General*, or Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, and is urged not to read a passage such as Dryden on Shakespeare until he has first read some Shakespeare.

Loci Critici may with advantage be followed by Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* (two series) or *Culture and Anarchy*, either of which provides a very interesting contrast to the work of the earlier and of the later critics. Among the most stimulating modern literary criticism is I. A. Richards' *Practical Criticism* and *Principles of Literary Criticism*, Herbert Read's *Form in Modern Poetry*, and T. S. Eliot's *The Use of Poetry and The Use of Criticism*.

A helpful and reliable account of English literary criticism from the earliest times to the end of the nineteenth century may be found in Professor Saintsbury's *History of English Criticism* (Blackwood).

The passages which follow are all famous in English literature. They illustrate the points discussed in this article and form a commentary on the selections given in other parts of the book.

LITERARY CRITICISM : SELECTED FAMOUS PASSAGES

JOHN DRYDEN : ON SHAKESPEARE

“**D**RYDEN’S criticism,” said Dr. Johnson, “either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious.” He was a man of an unusual freedom of mind in all things. He had an instinctive and intuitive love of literature and responded at once and freely to greatness, to the greatness of Chaucer and Shakespeare, for instance, poets then partly misunderstood or cavilled at. “His virtue,” wrote W. P. Ker, “is that in a time when literature was pestered and cramped with formulas he found it impossible to write otherwise than freely. He is sceptical, tentative, disengaged, where most of his contemporaries and most of his successors for a hundred years are pledged to certain dogmas and principles. There is nothing in literary criticism more satisfactory, merely as a display of literary strength and skill than the essays in which Dryden’s mind is expatiating freely as in the “Preface to the Fables.” There he faces his adversaries, personal and impersonal, with the security of a man who has confidence in his own powers and in the clearness of his eye.”

Dryden’s criticism is fresh because he was not afraid of allowing his opinions to change as he added to his experience. “You will find this a good gage or criterion of genius,” said Coleridge, “whether it progresses or evolves, or only spins upon itself.”

The following extracts from the “Essay of Dramatic Poesy” and the “Preface to the Fables” give Dryden’s appreciation of two of our greatest poets.

To begin then with Shakespeare ; he was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily : when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation : he was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid ; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him : no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare ; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries

with him Fletcher and Johnson, never equalled them to him in their esteem : and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.—AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY.

SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number ;¹ a cripple in my limbs, but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes ; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose : I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness. They who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered ; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect ? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better ?

GEOFFREY CHAUCER : FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY

IN the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense ; learn'd in all sciences ; and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off ; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way ; but swept like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted ; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing ; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer ; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive

¹ Fourscore and eight.

years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth ; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand*. . . .

Chaucer followed Nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her ; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us ; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata* : they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical ; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries : there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him ; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine ; but this opinion is not worth confuting ; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace ; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being ; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other ; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity : their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding ; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous ; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different : the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady-Prioress and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this ; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which

to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days ; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns ; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered.—PREFACE TO THE FABLES.

DOCTOR JOHNSON: "THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE"

SAMUEL JOHNSON, by the sheer weight of character and personality, achieved a place in the literary and artistic world of his time and in the permanent world of criticism, not only of literature, but above all of life, which is accorded to no other writer. He was a man of experience. He knew early happiness through his affections and, apart from his powers of which he was aware and his experience through books, he had known the extreme of poverty. His knowledge of the poor, the wretched and the weak added to his understanding without altering his firm values and without quenching his humour ; it increased his tender and most practical regard for human beings. The man who wrote the letter to the Earl of Chesterfield finding at night a slut lying in the street, carried her home on his back ; he housed and fed the quarrelsome, poor and maimed. From this man there radiated a philosophy of experience and reflection informed by alert perception and common sense. It is expressed in his critical writings with force and density. The following passage is taken from the preface to his edition of Shakespeare's plays.

SHAKESPEARE is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature ; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world ; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers ; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions : they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual, in those of Shakespeare it is commonly : a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept ; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue ; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in

accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable ; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other ; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony ; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow ; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed ; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered ; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions ; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical ; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf ; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes ; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion ; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents, so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world : Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarises the wonderful ; the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned ; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human

nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life ; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: ON SIMPLE LANGUAGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) at the age of twenty-five made the acquaintance of Coleridge, then twenty-three. They recognised each other's genius and were friends. From this friendship came "*Lyrical Ballads*," which were published when Wordsworth was twenty-eight. It was a book not then fully understood except by a few. It was epoch making ; and when it was republished Wordsworth wrote a preface to explain his aims. For those who wish to take his meaning his explanation is satisfying.

He went to Cambridge and was a difficulty to his guardians when later he would not choose a profession. He went to France at twenty-one and became an enthusiastic supporter of the Revolution and fell in love with a French woman. His idealistic political hopes collapsed ; his love resulted in pain, and from his intense suffering he was recovered by his sister Dorothy to peace and to poetry.

"The object of poetry is truth," he said, "... carried alive into the heart by passion." He attempted to write with the utmost faithfulness and simplicity, avoiding easy rhythms and accepted poetical phrases. Some of his poems are in consequence like incomplete statements of mighty conceptions, but by the discipline he set himself, he became a sublime poet.

The following passage from the "*Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*" explains why he chose to write poetry in simple language instead of using the ornate, conventional phrases which were then considered poetical. The views set down in this preface continue to be the occasion of literary discussion.

THE principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men ; and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way ; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature : chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language ; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated ; because the manners of rural life germinate from those

elementary feelings ; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended ; and are more durable ; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.

The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived ; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

S. T. COLERIDGE: EXCELLENCES OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834) is best known to many readers through the tone of Lamb's beautiful words upon his death and through the word portrait drawn by Hazlitt in "*My First Acquaintance with Poets*," sharpened as that portrait is by some of the bitterness of Hazlitt's personal disappointment in him. He can be further known by the following extract from his writings on the friend of his early manhood, Wordsworth. He was a man of genius, the writer of "*The Ancient Mariner*" and a few other perfect poems. He was a quickener and inspirer of other men, and as a critic he flashed fitfully unforgettable illumination upon the most valuable and beautiful expressions of the human spirit.

His life was as erratic as Hazlitt declares his gait to have been. Already at Cambridge the desultoriness of his after life began to show itself. His brilliant studies were irregular and constantly interrupted by the friends whom he magnetised by his conversation, a power which he retained, Carlyle tells us, to the end of his life. Opium, says De Quincey, "killed him as a poet" and schemes "died in thinking." His power was not, however, wholly quenched and his thought exercised an ever-growing and spiritualising influence. To many of his friends he was the greatest man of his age.

The following passage from "*Biographia Literaria*," shows his quality as a critic and his persuasiveness as a writer.

FIRST, an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically ; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. Of how high value I deem this, and how particularly estimable I hold the example at the present day, has been already stated : and in part, too, the reasons on which I ground both the moral and intellectual importance of habituating ourselves to a strict accuracy of expression. It is notice-

able, how limited an acquaintance with the masterpieces of art will suffice to form a correct and even a sensitive taste, where none but masterpieces have been seen and admired ; while, on the other hand, the most correct notions, and the widest acquaintance with the works of excellence of all ages and countries, will not perfectly secure us against the contagious familiarity with the far more numerous offspring of tastelessness or of a perverted taste. If this be the case, as it notoriously is, with the arts of music and painting, much more difficult will it be to avoid the infection of multiplied and daily examples in the practice of an art, which uses words, and words only, as its instruments. In poetry, in which every line, every phrase, may pass the ordeal of deliberation and deliberate choice, it is possible, and barely possible, to attain that ultimatum which I have ventured to propose as the infallible test of a blameless style ; its *untranslatableness* in words of the same language without injury to the meaning. . . .

The second characteristic excellence of Mr. W's work is : a correspondent weight and sanity of the Thoughts and Sentiments, won—not from books, but—from the poet's own meditative observation. They are *fresh* and have the dew upon them. His muse, at least when in her strength of wing, and when she hovers aloft in her proper element,

Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes !

S. T. C.

Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. . . .

Both in respect of this and of the former excellence, Mr. Wordsworth strikingly resembles Samuel Daniel, one of the golden writers of our golden Elizabethan age, now most causelessly neglected : Samuel Daniel, whose diction bears no mark of time, no distinction of age, which has been, and as long as our language shall last, will be so far the language of the to-day and for ever, as that it is more intelligible to us, than the transitory fashions of our own particular age. A similar praise is due to his sentiments. No frequency of perusal can deprive them of their freshness. For though they are brought into the full daylight of every reader's comprehension ; yet are they drawn up from depths which few in any age are privileged to visit, into which few in any age have courage or inclination to descend. If Mr. Wordsworth is not equally with Daniel alike intelligible to all readers of average understanding in all passages of his works, the comparative difficulty does not arise from the greater impurity of the ore, but from the nature and uses of the metal. A poem is not necessarily obscure, because it does not aim to be popular. It is enough, if a work be perspicuous to those for whom it is written, and fit audience find, though few. . . .

Third (and wherein he soars far above Daniel) the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs : the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction, of which I need not here give specimens, having anticipated them in a preceding page. This beauty, and as eminently

characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire.

Fourth ; the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false-colours its objects ; but on the contrary brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escapes the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high road of custom. . . .

Fifth : a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility ; a sympathy with man as man ; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator, rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplator, from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature ; no injuries of wind or weather or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to *him* under the dark lines, with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross-barred it. Here the man and the poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such he is : so he writes. . . .

Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of IMAGINATION in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *Fancy* Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and sometimes *recondite*. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of pre-determined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed his fancy seldom displays itself, as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton ; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects

—add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : THE POWER OF POETRY

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), it is perhaps true to say, is our greatest teacher of literature among critics. Although we may disagree with him in particular matters he conveys that very sensitiveness to literature and standards of judgment by which we differ from him. He urged that we should not be provincial, that we should acquaint ourselves with the best books of other literatures than our own, but he taught us to read every page more exactly and more finely.

Arnold was a hard-working inspector of schools. He was the son of the famous headmaster of Rugby and was for a time private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, the leader of the moderate Whigs, who appointed him to an inspectorship. He was a poet of fine quality and in recognition of this and of his critical powers he was elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford and this in turn prompted some of his most valuable works. The first of these was "On Translating Homer: Three Lectures given at Oxford." Whoever wishes, not to learn the characteristics of Homer which have never elsewhere been set forth with such authority, or the rules of translation deduced from them, but to feel along with a finely experienced reader of poetry as he turns from line to line of verse, must seek out these papers.

The following extract is from the most valuable collection of Arnold's essays, "Essays in Criticism, First Series." Some of them are on foreign authors, but it is not necessary to have read these to appreciate and enjoy what Arnold says.

THE grand power of poetry is its interpretative power ; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them ; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry, indeed, interprets in another way besides this ; but one of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us.

I will not now inquire whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things ; all I say is, that poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry. The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it ; they appeal to a limited faculty, and not to the whole man. It is not Linnæus or Cavendish or Cuvier who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who makes us participate in their life ; it is Shakespeare, with his

"daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty " ;

it is Wordsworth, with his

"voice heard

In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides ;"

it is Keats, with his

"moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round Earth's human shores."

... I have said that poetry interprets in two ways ; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*. In both ways it illuminates man ; it gives him a satisfying sense of reality ; it reconciles him with himself and the universe. Thus Æschylus's *drásanti pathéin* and his *anérithmon gélasma* are alike interpretative. Shakespeare interprets both when he says,

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye ; "

and when he says,

" There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will. "

These great poets unite in themselves the faculty of both kinds of interpretation, the naturalistic and the moral. But it is observable that in the poets who unite both kinds, the latter (the moral) usually ends by making itself the master. In Shakespeare the two kinds seem wonderfully to balance one another ; but even in him the balance leans ; his expression tends to become too little sensuous and simple, too much intellectualised. The same thing may be yet more strongly affirmed of Lucretius and of Wordsworth.

T. S. ELIOT : ON TASTE IN POETRY

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT, who was born in 1888 in the United States of America, is the most significant literary figure of our time. He was twenty-six when the Great War broke out and had already written poems so that his poetry cannot be considered as a product of war, or of after war. His best known poem, "*The Waste Land*," of 1922, made a profound impression on all sensitive readers in England and America, and has deeply influenced young poets and writers. It is a difficult poem because the meaning is conveyed through images and rhythms dictated by the changing movements of the poet's feeling without the ordering of strict logical organisation. It expresses a sense of desolation, of facts stripped of faith or fear, or vanity, which perhaps all reflective people feel at some time.

Although his poems number very few he is the foremost poet in England and among the first critics. He is a "classical" writer and thinker concerned with objective standards and he writes with scrupulous truthfulness. Eliot is lastly an ethical and religious thinker. He cannot conceive of moral and spiritual health without Christian faith and, for himself, as that faith is expressed in the traditional and organised system of the Anglican Church.

In the following passage from "*The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*" he is considering the question of how taste in poetry is developed.

I MAY be generalising my own history unwarrantably, or on the other hand I may be uttering what is already a commonplace amongst teachers and psychologists, when I put forward the conjecture that the majority of children, up to say twelve or fourteen, are capable of a certain enjoyment of poetry ; that at or about puberty the majority of these find little further use for it, but that a small minority then find themselves possessed of a craving for poetry which is wholly different from any enjoyment experienced before. I do not know whether little girls have a different taste in poetry from little boys, but the responses of the latter I believe to be fairly uniform. *Horatius*, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, *Bannockburn*, Tennyson's *Revenge*, some of the border ballads : a liking for martial and sanguinary poetry is no more to be discouraged than engagements with lead soldiers and pea-shooters. The only pleasure that I got from Shakespeare was the pleasure of being commended for reading him ; had I been a child of more independent mind I should have refused to read him at all. Recognising the frequent deceptions of memory, I seem to remember that my early liking for the sort of verse that small boys do like vanished at about the age of twelve, leaving me for a couple of years with no sort of interest in poetry at all. I can recall clearly enough the moment when, at the age of fourteen or so, I happened to pick up a copy of Fitzgerald's *Omar* which was lying about, and the almost overwhelming introduction to a new world of feeling which this poem was the occasion of giving me. It was like a sudden conversion ; the world appeared anew, painted with bright, delicious and painful colours. Thereupon I took the usual adolescent course with Byron, Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Swinburne.

I take this period to have persisted until about my twenty-second year. Being a period of rapid assimilation, the end may not know the beginning, so different may the taste become. Like the first period of childhood, it is one beyond which I dare say many people never advance ; so that such taste for poetry as they retain in later life is only a sentimental memory of the pleasures of youth, and is probably entwined with all our other sentimental retrospective feelings. It is, no doubt, a period of keen enjoyment ; but we must not confuse the intensity of the poetic experience in adolescence with the intense experience of poetry. At this period, the poem, or the poetry of a single poet, invades the youthful consciousness and assumes complete possession for a time. We do not really see it as something with an existence outside ourselves ; much as in our youthful experiences of love, we do not so much see the person as infer the existence of some outside object which sets in motion these new and delightful feelings in which we are absorbed. The frequent result is an outburst of scribbling which we may call imitation, so long as we are aware of the meaning of the word "imitation" which we employ. It is not deliberate choice of a poet to mimic, but writing under a kind of dæmoniac possession by one poet.

The third, or mature stage of enjoyment of poetry, comes when we cease to identify ourselves with the poet we happen to be reading ; when our critical faculties remain awake ; when we are aware of what one poet can be expected to give and what he cannot. The poem has its own existence, apart from us ; it was there before us and will endure

after us. It is only at this stage that the reader is prepared to distinguish between degrees of greatness in poetry ; before that stage he can only be expected to distinguish between the genuine and the sham—the capacity to make this latter distinction must always be practised first. The poets we frequent in adolescence will not be arranged in any objective order of eminence, but by the personal accidents which put them into relation with us ; and this is right. I doubt whether it is possible to explain to school children or even undergraduates the differences of degree among poets, and I doubt whether it is wise to try ; they have not yet had enough experience of life for these matters to have much meaning. The perception of *why* Shakespeare, or Dante, or Sophocles holds the place he has is something which comes only very slowly in the course of living. And the deliberate attempt to grapple with poetry which is not naturally congenial, and some of which never will be, should be a very mature activity indeed ; an activity which well repays the effort, but which cannot be recommended to young people without grave danger of deadening their sensibility to poetry and confounding the genuine *development* of taste with the sham acquisition of it.

It should be clear that the “development of *taste*” is an abstraction. To set before oneself the goal of being able to enjoy, and in the proper objective order of merit, all good poetry, is to pursue a phantom, the chase after which should be left to those whose ambition it is to be “cultivated” or “cultured,” for whom art is a luxury article and its appreciation an accomplishment. For the development of genuine taste, founded on genuine feeling, is inextricable from the development of the personality and character. Genuine taste is always imperfect taste—but we are all, as a matter of fact, imperfect people ; and the man whose taste in poetry does not bear the stamp of his particular personality, so that there are differences in what he likes from what we like, as well as resemblances and differences in the way of liking the same things, is apt to be a very uninteresting person with whom to discuss poetry. We may even say that to have better “taste” in poetry than belongs to one’s state of development, is not to “taste” anything at all. One’s taste in poetry cannot be isolated from one’s other interests and passions ; it affects them and is affected by them, and must be limited as one’s self is limited.

HERBERT READ : PERSONALITY AND POETRY

HERBERT READ was born in Yorkshire in 1893 and went to the University of Leeds. He joined a Yorkshire regiment in 1915 and had a distinguished war record. He left the Army in 1919 and became an assistant keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Later, he was Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Edinburgh. He has written on many subjects. “*The Innocent Eye*” is a clear and charming record of his childhood on a Yorkshire farm. His most remarkable work, a short book, “*In Retreat*,” has a purity and beauty of quality which is that of a work of art. He is a critic of note and has written, in addition to essays, an interesting study of Wordsworth. In the following extract from “*Form in Modern Poetry*” he is representative of many modern

critics in using the findings of the last subject to which the scientific method has been applied, human nature and psychology, to probe more deeply into the nature of poetry. The passage is placed before the reader not necessarily for acceptance but for consideration.

BUT first I must draw attention to the final clause in Dr. Roback's definition of character: it is "an enduring disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses *in accordance with a regulative principle*." That, of course, implies that there is an element of self-determination in character. It is obvious that characters vary enormously in value, and I think a little consideration will show that the differences in value are due to differences in intelligence. A man without any intelligence, a lunatic, is a man most decidedly without any character. A man with a perverse intelligence, like Don Quixote, is a deformed character, a caricature of the real thing. Another negative aspect to remember is, that character once formed is not affected by experience. It is possible for groups of men to endure, over lengthy periods, the same experiences (I am thinking particularly of the experiences of war) and to emerge at the end of it with their characters not in the least changed. Character is in fact armour against experience; it is not in itself deflected by experience. From whatever direction we approach it, we get the notion of fixity; and once a man's character is determined, it is hardly possible to speak of his moral or spiritual development. A character is "set," "hard-boiled" as the slang phrase vividly expresses it. Not even the emotions will dissolve it, or move it. The emotions indeed are irrelevant to character; they are waves which break themselves in vain against its base. History is full of examples of men of character who have exercised their justness and firmness in spite of the emotional claims of friendship and love. . . .

Character, in short, is an impersonal ideal which the individual selects and to which he sacrifices all other claims, especially those of the sentiments or emotions. It follows that character must be placed in opposition to personality, which is the general-common-denominator of our sentiments and emotions. That is, indeed, the opposition I wish to emphasise; and when I have said further that all poetry, in which I include all lyrical impulses whatsoever, is the product of the personality, and therefore inhibited in a character, I have stated the main theme of my essay.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."¹

TALES OF TRAVEL : THE UNCEASING QUEST IN LITERATURE

by MOLLY CHAMBERLAIN, B.A. (Lond.)

"**T**RAVEL in the younger sort," says Bacon, "is a part of education; in the elder it is a part of experience," and this is true of the race in general as well as of man in particular. Early travellers and their books were finding their way in a new and unexplored universe; they were learning how to adapt themselves to their differing surroundings. Later writers are more often going over charted seas and lands, for their own experience, to fulfil some personal desire, and to develop their own qualities. In spite of these differences the instinct to travel remains one of the permanent characteristics of mankind, but especially of the English race. This instinct is encouraged by various causes. Sheer necessity, a driving need to find a new home, sent primitive man across continents and oceans in search of another refuge; he travelled as a fugitive, exiled from his home by climatic convulsions, hostile invasion, or rebellion and oppression within the tribe. In times of peril such as these, art and literature often disappeared as in the destruction of Celtic and Roman culture by the Saxon invasion, and in its turn, the temporary obliteration of Saxon literature by the Danish and Norman Conquest. Records of this type of travel are inevitably few, but one of the great books of the pagan world, the *Odyssey*, gives an imaginative picture of such a voyage, though in this case the story is that of a man battling to return to his home after a ten years' war. The *Old Testament* is also one of the great travel books: no other gives so authentic an account of the wanderings of a primitive people in search of a new country. The earliest English literature arises from this kind of inspiration.

TWO REASONS WHY MEN TRAVEL

A SECOND cause of travel, now the most permanent, is the desire to trade, for the trader seeks communication with foreign markets. Much daring Renaissance exploration was carried out for commercial interest and the merchant was often an accidental hero in the annals of discovery. Men sought gain and were glad to achieve a little glory by the way. There was no flattery in the term "merchant adventurers"; few seamen were inspired by pure motives of discovery; they were at once traders and explorers, merchants and adventurers. Indeed, this is especially true of England. Most of the original Renaissance discoveries were made by Europeans; the notable quality of the English Eliza-

¹ Hebrews xi. 8.

bethan adventurers, both admirals and merchants, was the ability to take and hold lands found by others, and their tenacity was due to a patriotic desire for trade.

Yet, were there no necessity, no need for trade, were there a land of complete prosperity and fruitfulness, the third kind of traveller would still hasten from his home in search of danger and novelty. This is the real traveller, the man possessed by divine curiosity, by that unanswered question to life that was the gift of the early Renaissance. This curiosity may be scientific or personal, but it haunts a man constantly, urging him away from the fold of civilisation to anything that is dim and unknown. This is the man whose writings have a permanent appeal, this is the true traveller who cannot help himself. He may be of any profession, rich or poor, soldier or sailor, scientist or poet; he may be an explorer or a merchant; he may be nothing but a wanderer; if he has only a personality and a certain gift of style, he is a boon companion in any century. He loves life for itself, not for mere existence, and he carries his own carelessly in his hand. He may be prejudiced or judicially unbiased; he seeks understanding rather than knowledge, experience rather than learning, and sensation rather than satisfaction. He may, as he goes seeking he knows not what, found empires, illuminate science, or establish great trading companies. That is not his principal business, for the true traveller and his book have no end; they always beckon to their reader and leave him with the impression of suspense.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD TRAVEL BOOK

GIVEN a personality of this kind, a man can hardly fail to write a good travel book, but he must know the rudiments of English prose, and possess certain specific qualities of the mind. He must see truth with his imagination and, combining the two, produce a picture of life. The difficulty often is to present the incredible in a convincing manner. Otherwise a melancholy persecution awaits the author, for naked truth seldom finds admirers in a world which believes Defoe and Borrow, but mocks at Bruce of Abyssinia. But Defoe and Borrow were artists, while Bruce was only an explorer, and an honest man.

Much of a travel book is bound to be descriptive, and again imaginative treatment is essential. Descriptions by Kinglake and Stevenson are creative; they do not describe, they show; descriptions in a guide book are detailed and accurate, but few things are more tedious to read. Imagination must, however, be tempered by accurate observation, and the power of selection. Minute detail makes little impression in print, but the chosen characteristic tells all in itself.

These are the qualities essential to all good travel books, though others will appear in individual works. A travel book is not bound by rules of form or style. If it is interesting and comparatively truthful, much may be forgiven it. It is remarkable that the style of many travel books is good, although the writers are seldom professional men of letters. Buffon's famous phrase "*Le style, c'est l'homme*" was never more true than of these writers. Traders and adventurers are not given to affectation. They have certain facts to communicate and they set them

down as plainly as they can. Consequently it often happens that the style of writing fits the meaning exactly and the result is a book of excellent English prose. The influence of travellers on English has always been for the benefit of English prose.

EARLY TRAVEL BOOKS : MARGO POLO AND MANDEVILLE

A PART from the Crusades, there was little encouragement to travel in the Middle Ages. A baron long absent from his home was liable to find a usurper in his place on his return, and the example of Richard I. did not encourage his followers. Travel books did, however, appear on the Continent, and gradually penetrated into England, if written in French, in the original, or if in other foreign tongues, translated into French. The first, and greatest of these was the *Travels of Marco Polo*, which was translated into several European languages, and was for generations the most influential book of its kind. It is typical of the times in its combination of naïve but accurate observation with dark credulity and superstition. It is easy to sneer at the Middle Ages as times of darkness and superstition, and to consider the Renaissance as the dawn of light. In some measure this view is correct but many most superstitious beliefs tormented the intellects of the Renaissance, while sound reason and true humanism characterised Chaucer and the best men of his day. Marco Polo, fantastic though some of his adventures were, did not write fairy tales.

The authors influenced by him, notably Mandeville and Joinville, further illustrate the struggle between fact and fiction, truth and imagination, science and superstition. The first book of travel by an Englishman is Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*, written in French, a book containing some delightful episodes, but bearing few signs of direct observation or experience. It is chiefly a collection of information compiled from classical and mediæval works, and in the midst of perfectly sound geography introduces enchanted maidens and fatal dragons :—"Then he departed from hir and went to his fellows in the ship, and made him knight, and came againe on the morow to kisse the damosel, and when he saw hir come out of the cave in forme of a dragon, he had so great dread, that he fled to the ship, and she folowed him, and when she saw that he turned not againe, she began to crye as a thing that had much sorow, and toured again, and sone after the knight dyed, and sithen hetherto might no knight see hir but he died anon."

After Mandeville, adventure stories became the fashion. The great romances deal principally with knights errant, for travels and adventure at this time were generally inspired by war. The best description of these wars remains in French in Joinville's and Villehardouin's histories of the Crusades. This is history according to the mediæval pattern, and is a foreign importation into England ; but the Arthurian legend has become an English classic in Malory's glorious reconstruction of it the *Morte d'Arthur*.

With Malory, the Renaissance is at hand, and with the Renaissance the days of discovery begin. The prominent English voyagers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have retained their contemporary

reputation in spite of the passage of time, but Drake, Grenville, Hawkins, Raleigh, and the rest were only a few fortunate ones out of a host of courageous adventurers that sailed from English ports and never saw home again. We owe the record of their magnificent achievement to a placid English parson who probably never himself went farther than the South Coast, but whose mind was fired by the splendid deeds that were daily sung in the streets. After years of labour and research—for he was a scholarly man and was thorough in his methods—he produced that unparalleled book of adventure : Hakluyt's *Principal Voyages of the English Nation*.

This is a book that has been disparaged for its uneven literary merit, and some notable inaccuracies, but its value is constant. It gives a reliable account of every recorded voyage taken by Englishmen from the days of Ohthere and Wulfstan, King Alfred's subjects, down to Raleigh and Drake. The early voyages are necessarily scantily treated ; the few remaining records were an odd line or two in some Latin document and Hakluyt could do little more than translate them faithfully. When he came to his own times, however, he tried as far as possible to get the captain's own account, or failing that, the story of some eyewitness or friend. This we know from his own words. He says : " M. Buts was so changed in the voyage with hunger and miserie, that Sir William his father and my Lady his mother knew him not to be their sonne, untill they found a secret marke which was a wart upon one of his knees, as hee told me Richard Hakluyt of Oxford himselfe, to whom I rode 200 miles only to learne the whole truth of this voyage from his own mouth, as being the onely man now alive that was in this discoverie." This explains the varying literary quality of the book. Men like Sir John Hawkins, Sir John Davis, and Captain John Smith, he who stole the heart of Princess Pocahontas, were not poets but seamen and they expressed themselves suitably to their profession. On the other hand, few men, even among the Elizabethans, could write like Raleigh, and his own records, notably of the Islands Voyage, the Discovery of Guiana, and the sinking of the *Revenge*, are some of the finest prose pieces in English.

SOME BOOKS OF IMAGINARY TRAVEL

WITH the increasing popularity of travel, the imagination of the stay-at-home man turned to strange lands and subdued them to its use. Frequent cries of new discoveries became a source of mirth to the ribald sceptic, and a satirical wit saw a possibility of mocking the familiar under the guise of the new and strange. England has been rich in imaginary travel books of various kinds, of which the most successful is the satirical. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales* had already seen the possibility of a journey to display human character, but he subordinated his journey to his tale-telling, so that Sir Thomas More is the first Englishman to create an imaginary world which, being full of all the virtues, will reveal the faults of reality. More seldom took himself seriously ; he wrote *Utopia* as a jest, and it was treated as such by his own friends, but because he had the misfortune to write in Latin

and also to be executed for his Catholicism, his book has been taken as a serious attempt to construct an ideal world. This is indeed a constant danger besetting the author of a book of this kind. The world may laugh when he is serious, and be grave when he is gay.

Fortunately there is no mistaking Francis Bacon. His *New Atlantis* is in many ways a prophetic book, notably in the way it forecasts the scientific voyages of the nineteenth century. It is characteristic of the acuteness and penetration of Bacon's mind that he should imagine, three hundred years before their time, the submarine and wireless telegraphy. The *New Atlantis* stands by itself in the literary world until the advent of H. G. Wells. He alone has similarly imagined the possibilities of scientific adventures, foreseeing sometimes their ludicrous, sometimes their tragic side. These ideas of his are often expressed in short stories of travel and adventure, but, though slight, they include some of the best imaginative writing of to-day. Mr. Wells' style does not equal that of Bacon, nor has his mind that unruffled wisdom and searching gaze of the incomparably greater man, but he does continue in some measure Bacon's peculiar mixture of science and imagination.

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND : THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

As Bacon and H. G. Wells disguise science under fictitious travel, so John Bunyan, in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678, has covered the pill of moral instruction with the jam of allegorical adventure. Bunyan did not in actual life travel very far, but he had a discoverer's eye. He wrote with a moral purpose, but he remembered the weaker spirits of his audience and his great charm lies in the reality of the creatures of his imagination. Christian is bound upon an adventure through a real and familiar land ; his background is seventeenth century England, with its highways and treacherous by-paths, its inviting lanes and groves, its crowded towns, fairs and feasts, where riots are frequent and death a common punishment. The Civil War is a mere ten years past, and its battles are in the memory of all. Trials, packed jails and imprisonment are a general grievance, and all journeys are difficult and dangerous. In spite of these drawbacks, however, there are always hospitable houses, friendly companions and quiet, open country where the traveller may rest and indulge in a pleasant discourse without fear of interruption. All this Bunyan set down in vivid colours in his account of the Pilgrim's progress towards the celestial city.

DANIEL DEFOE : PRINCE OF STORY TELLERS

ALL these incursions into the lands of the imagination have been dishonest fiction, although Sir Thomas More gave a circumstantial introduction to his *Utopia* by way of sharpening the jest. But in 1659 there was born the Prince of Story Tellers in the person of the chief and first of journalists, the son of one Master Foe, who preferred to call himself Daniel Defoe. He was a man singularly blest in the more useful qualities of the mind ; given a minimum of fact he could blend it with an abundance of imagination and so produce a work of lasting and vital

quality. *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719, the first and best of adventure novels, was certainly founded on fact, but all the circumstantial details of the shipwreck and the island where Crusoe lived with Man Friday are pure fabrications, yet so convincing it is hard to believe they are not true. Nothing on travel is complete without some tribute to Defoe. He remains unequalled, though he almost met his match two centuries later in the strange and unsolved mystery that called himself Louis de Rougemont.

This unfortunate man was a Swiss by birth, chose to consider himself French, and sought an audience in England. A series of articles appearing in the *Wide World Magazine*, towards the end of the nineteenth century, created an extraordinary sensation by tales of amazing adventures in the South Seas. Louis de Rougemont became the lion of the season, but was eventually revealed as an impostor, and is said to have ended his days selling matches in Piccadilly. In a happier and less conscientious age, he might have been a second Defoe, but whereas Defoe, content with a negligible basis of fact, would build a complete structure out of his own imagination, de Rougemont, more painstaking and more reliable, found his inspiration in the musty records of the British Museum.

TWO SATIRICAL TRAVELLERS WHO POINT A MORAL

AFTER the gaiety of Defoe and the Christianity of Bunyan, Swift's burning indignation seems harsh. Yet the greatest of English misanthropes chose the book of imaginary travel as his medium. *Gulliver's Travels*, as it is the finest satire in English, is equally one of the most engrossing travel books. It is one of the great books of England, from every point of view ; in idea, which is an attack upon mankind in all its attributes ; in conception, which is satire of the subtlest and most unanswerable kind ; in interest, which is always varied and never wanting ; and in style, which is that of English prose at its best, masculine, flexible, trenchant and polished. This book of imaginary travel shows very clearly how truth of imagination set down by an artist can glow more vividly and carry more conviction than any truth of fact.

Directly descended from Swift, but tempered with the good humour of Sir Thomas More is Butler's *Erehwon* which being reversed reads *Nowhere*. This is an ironical satire on humanity, in the guise of a new Utopia, where the manners and customs are all the exact opposite of those in this world. Butler gives his account of Erehwon as if he himself were the traveller. So accurate is his observation, so clearly are the details set down we can almost persuade ourselves Erehwon is in fact a newly discovered country. One remarkable custom of the inhabitants of Erehwon, while it strikes a shrewd blow at our own customs, has taken firm hold on the thought both of later writers and later reformers. A man in Erehwon who broke his country's laws was not, as with us, tried by jury, condemned and put in prison. Instead, the doctor was sent for in haste, and the victim of moral disease was subjected to a most painful course of physic. On the other hand, the wretch who dared to contract an illness, however slight, was deprived of civil rights and shut up in prison until he recovered. Travellers who return from their

voyages with tales such as this and set them on record with Butler's delicious irony, do much to widen the mental horizon of their countrymen who remain at home.

TRAVEL AS A PART OF EXPERIENCE

WITH the coming of the eighteenth century, man had in general finished with travel as education in the sense of discovery, and came to it "as part of experience." In literature we find a definite cleavage between the private gentleman, or in rare cases, lady, travelling at his own expense for his own delight, and the professional explorer travelling with a particular end in view. To the private traveller, the interest was no longer in actual discovery, but in the impression made by famous places upon his own personality, and books describing England are thus as interesting as those on newly-found countries. The gentleman of the eighteenth century was not easily impressed; he endeavoured to subdue his emotions to his reason, and so the books of this period have none of the glowing pride of Hakluyt or the glorious imagination of Defoe. But they are marked by a sense of real value, and a sound English style.

To the majority of Englishmen at this time, Scotland was still a romantic myth, and after the final subjugation of the Jacobite Highlands, many a curious Sassenach turned his inquisitive eye on the North. Of the various accounts of such journeys, those of Samuel Johnson, and his Scots friend, Boswell, have the most literary value. They are set down in the volume by Johnson entitled *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* and in Boswell's *Tour of the Hebrides*, and form an illuminating guide to their authors' psychology, as well as to Scotland at this period. Johnson was notorious for his dislike of the Scots, but nevertheless he was impressed by Scotland, although he never overcame his astonishment at the scarcity of trees. "The ground," he says, "was neither uncultivated nor unfruitful; but it was still arable. Of flocks or herds there was no appearance. I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland, and seen only one tree not younger than myself."

Another book of this period which contrives to give a picture of the author and his times as well as of his country, is John Wesley's *Journal*, one of the best of travel books. A man of taste and education, Wesley was perpetually inspired by a religious motive, and may be called one of the first propagandist travellers. After him there appear men like Cobbett and Borrow, who make the best of both worlds and contrive sermons, either pious or political, in the form of books of travel. *Rural Rides* (1830) by Cobbett and *The Bible in Spain* (1843) by George Borrow, might be described as *Pilgrim's Progress* without the allegory. Cobbett is one of those rough geniuses that break through all convention. His books, of which the best is *Rural Rides*, a typical mixture of observation and prejudice, bear the clear mark of his character. Cobbett and Wesley, though men of antagonistic temperaments, have this in common, that their works breathe honesty and conviction, and are inspired by a genuine desire to do good.

George Borrow, though seemingly as pious, was hardly so honest. His works are full of imagination, his gipsy blood maintained its roguish element, and he exaggerates with all the subtlety of a romany beggar. From a man of this quality it is vain to expect either truth or justice. Borrow's work is much better read as a picaresque novel than as a narrative of fact. He is frequently unfair; witness his scurrilous attack on Sir Walter Scott for idealising the Stuarts; he is seldom scrupulous in his descriptions, but he has a delightful conceit and a wealth of good humour that carry him in triumph through shoals of exaggeration where many a more prudent person would inevitably founder.

THE ROMANTIC TRAVELLER : CHILDE HAROLD

THESE books show that, by the end of the eighteenth century, travel, in Europe at least, was no longer a question of discovery; it had become a part of experience, and the books resulting from it accordingly became more and more personal, as the literary background to travel was gradually filled in.

The most remarkable work of this kind on travel is Byron's poem, *Childe Harold*, in which he describes his wanderings in the South of Europe. Here the interest is almost entirely centred in the poet's feelings and reactions. The descriptions of places and people hold attention more because they express Byron's point of view than because they tell the reader of scenes never before visited by an Englishman. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the magnitude of Byron's influence, especially on the Continent: Italy and Greece are permanently coloured in European imagination by *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

TRAVEL BOOKS BY LITERARY MEN

DURING the nineteenth century and in our own time many of these books of personal travel have been written and some of them take a high place in literature. They consist essentially of personal accounts of impressions at home and abroad, full of intimate feeling and fresh observation. They treat of all parts of the world; of peaceful wanderings through an agricultural country, like R. L. Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, a delightful story, revealing the best sides of both the French and Stevenson's own character, or of hardship and suffering as in *Across the Plains* or *The Amateur Emigrant*. Stevenson was a stylist, conscious and meticulous in everything he did; travel books gave him many occasions for fine writing, but he never sacrificed truth of observation to literary effect. Some of his most vivid descriptions are to be found in his letters from Vailima.

Among living writers, W. H. Davies is still without a rival for sheer freshness and originality, and though he is best-known to-day as a poet, his *Autobiography of a Super Tramp* should be a classic. This is a book full of surprises; it is astonishingly true, and is written in so simple a style that the author writes of losing his leg by jumping a train in America as if he had merely dropped his handkerchief. Davies is indeed a super-tramp; he has all the traveller's zest for life, combined with the simplicity that characterises his verse.

The tendency in certain books of travel for the interest to be shifted from the adventures of the traveller to the traveller himself comes full circle in what we may call the journalistic travellers. Authors like H. V. Morton, E. V. Lucas, Jan and Cora Gordon do not travel first and write about it afterwards by accident. They travel deliberately, in order to be able to write up what they see, and what befalls them, in travel books which would be merely guide books were they not saved by good journalism. With these writers, travel has become completely subordinated to the travel book. Two names are worth remembering : E. V. Lucas' series of books entitled *The Wanderer in Paris*, *The Wanderer in Rome*, etc., which give an adequate description of the principal cities of Europe, together with enough anecdote and personal impression to avoid tedium, and H. V. Morton's books entitled *In Search of England*, *In Search of Scotland*, and *The Heart of London*, in which an attractive combination of journalism and history form guide books to the pattern of English life.

These books, taken collectively, have more value than they appear to have individually, for they show that as civilisation encroaches upon man's natural freedom, he retreats into the habits of his ancestors. A flight from London to Australia in seven days gives scant idea of the country over which the airman flies, and the true traveller will always return to the more leisurely means of old : his own legs or his horse.

WANDERERS SEEKING KNOWLEDGE : THE SCIENTISTS

THE travel book concerned more with the traveller than his travels is a comparatively modern development, dating from the close of the eighteenth century. The early books written when nearly all the world was new cannot be repeated, not, at least, until we succeed in reaching one of the planets. But the early travel book has its later counterpart, especially to-day, in the form of books written to tell the result of scientific expeditions. William Dampier is a suitable link between the voyagers seeking the old and the new kind of discovery. Half explorer, half buccaneer, Dampier was a magnificent navigator. His *A New Voyage Round the World*, published in 1697, brought him fame as a seaman, and he was given command of an expedition to the South Seas, during which he explored the West and North-West coasts of Australia and New Guinea. He was a better buccaneer than commander, and he seems to have been notoriously brutal, but his book is vigorous and intensely alive ; he carried on the tradition of Drake and Hawkins while leading to the more academic aims of Captain Cook. Having achieved so much, he may perhaps be pardoned some lack of humanity.

Dampier was a buccaneer, his successor, Captain Cook, was a genius. A man of no education, Cook rose rapidly in the profession he had chosen himself to the rejection of all others. He assimilated much valuable knowledge, and learned from his own experience a straightforward, manly prose style, lightened by a sense of humour. Cook's *Voyages of Discovery* is a masterpiece ; it is not excessively loaded with detail, but

gives a full account of everything of interest and importance about the places he visited. His own character was admirable. A man of real humanity, he found a diet to prevent scurvy, a disease which up to his day was one of the worst dangers of a sailor's life. In his dealings with the natives he was always gentle, even at the risk of his own life, and, had he trusted them less, he might have escaped his death at their hands. His account of his own voyage is modest and always praises the fortitude of his men, but the wise valour and prudence that characterised his life shine in his work.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO AFRICA

SCIENCE was a fashionable study in the nineteenth century, and many travellers found an inspiration in physical science. Already at the end of the eighteenth century, period of gradual penetration into Africa had begun, and new discoveries were being made, in both the physical and philosophical world. Some of the scientists were of entertaining mind, and among these, Mungo Park, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, was one of the most striking. His *Travels in the Interior of Africa* (1799) tell of his remarkable adventures amongst hitherto unknown African tribes. Incidents such as the following, when written down in his charming manner, made fascinating reading :

“The Dooty then told him to dig a hole in the ground, pointing to a spot at no great distance. The slave, with his hoe, began to dig a pit in the earth ; and the Dooty, who appeared to be a man of very fretful disposition, kept muttering and talking to himself until the pit was almost finished, when he repeatedly pronounced the words *dankatoo* (good for nothing), *jankra lemen* (a real plague) ; which expressions I thought could be applied to nobody but myself ; and as the pit had very much the appearance of a grave, I thought it prudent to mount my horse, and was about to decamp, when the slave, who had gone before into the village, to my surprise, returned with the corpse of a boy, about nine or ten years of age, quite naked.”

After many exciting vicissitudes, Mungo Park remained alone, the prisoner of a hostile chieftain, and when at last he reached a white settlement, the English people took him for a Mohammedan, so yellow was his face from exposure and sickness, and so extraordinary was the length of his beard. If ever a man was fated to travel, Mungo Park was that man. He could not rest in his comfortable home in Scotland, but as soon as his health revived, started off again on his final expedition to Africa. There is a nice irony in his having come safely through a solitary journey across Africa, and then having met his death in the company of a troop of soldiers. As man after man fell out on the march, either from fatigue, sickness or assassination, he maintained his cheerfulness, and only on the death of his brother-in-law did his letters show any real fears of failure. He was a man possessed with the adventure spirit, supported always by a profound religious belief in a divine aid ; a man in every way fitted to be the friend of one of the finest men of this or any time.

Park was a man who submitted himself to his own spirit for the good

of others, but there were also professional scientists bent on tearing Africa's mystery from her. The dark continent had an extraordinary attraction for men at this time; it had surrendered less of itself to exploration than any other part of the globe, except the polar regions, and had remained essentially primitive and unconquered. Gradually its ways were now opened up, trade routes became established in the face of all opposition, and one by one the regions of mystery were introduced to civilisation. Men spent their lives in this pursuit. Many of the greatest among them, notably Speke, Burton, J. A. Grant and Bruce of Abyssinia, were concerned in the exploration of the Nile, a river which was as difficult to subdue as its ancient Queen Cleopatra. They were all remarkably courageous men, gifted, determined, fearless, and in many ways unselfish. If they had their differences they argued without ill-feeling. Explorers are in general an example to other men, being vigorous but not passionate, determined but not biased. Nineteenth century travellers concentrated to a considerable extent on Africa, from interests in science, trade, empire, and also religion. Livingstone was a missionary before he was an explorer, and Stanley's first interest in Africa fast found practical expression when, in 1869, he set out to find Livingstone who was then feared lost. Modern writers continue to examine the country and the people, out of personal and scientific curiosity. A notable book of this kind in the twentieth century is Professor Julian Huxley's *Africa View*, a work of dispassionate criticism and appreciation, inspired by scientific speculation.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

ALTHOUGH Africa was the main object of Victorian explorers, the travel book which created the sensation of the age, and which is of universal interest, arose from a voyage round the world. Charles Darwin, whose name has become irrevocably linked with the theory of evolution, had intended to become a country parson. His enthusiasm for botany, however, took him with the expedition of the *Beagle*, bound on scientific exploration. Darwin's journal of this voyage is a book of rare quality: it has all the freshness of youth, for it was written while he was still young and undecided, still an orthodox Christian, still free from the illness that saddened his later years. He did not write as a particularly original thinker, nor even as an imaginative observer, but he saw things accurately and with a bloom upon them, for he had the artist's love of life, and especially of beauty.

BOOKS WHICH TELL OF ADVENTURES AT THE POLES

ARCTIC and Antarctic exploration have not yet produced any English book that is a certain classic. England has indeed been more fortunate in the heroism than in the success of her explorers, and it is the books of Nansen and Amundsen that are the classics of the Pole. The achievements of Franklin, Scott, Shackleton, and Sir Douglas Mawson the Australian, are tragic rather than successful, though the story of the fortitude of these men is magnificent in the plainest language. Few

books are more impressive than the letters and diaries that have survived. Franklin's diaries, the last traces of his expedition, are enough to tell his story, and though Captain Scott's followers have left valuable testimony of his adventures, as in Mr. Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey in the World*, the story of Oates, Bowers, Wilson and Evans is still best told in Scott's own words. For personal courage and fortitude, Sir Douglas Mawson's solitary march must stand alone, while Shackleton was a commander of Cook's type : in spite of constant peril and dreadful hardship, he never lost a man.

Modern travel books of original exploration have been temporarily eclipsed by travel films. The fashion for these has led to pictures with a truthful background to a fictitious story, with a resulting mistrust of the camera. Travel is a constant thing, and explorers are not men of fashion. The stories of their deeds will outlast any mechanical device.

THE LURE OF THE EAST

THE fascination of the Orient has led many English men and women into fantastic lives, from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who preferred the Near East to the society of Alexander Pope, from Lady Esther Stanhope, who became queen of an eastern tribe, to Gertrude Bell, who forsook England for Arabia, but left us her delightful *Letters*. One of the most interesting of English travellers was Kinglake, author of *Eothen*, an ideal travel book. He wandered through Palestine and Turkey according to his whim, callously unimpressed by plague or hostile chieftains, examining everything, rejecting little, but always maintaining a sense of proportion. He had a charming style of good but natural English, and when his imagination was stirred by loveliness, his descriptions were masterly. His was a book of personal reflection and adventure, based solely upon his own experience. He tells us how :

"I sated my eyes with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half veiled in her mournful cypresses. I looked yet farther and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast and still against the breeze : it was pure and dazzling white as might be the veil of Cytherea, yet touched with such fire, as though from beneath the loving eyes of an immortal were shining through and through. I knew the bearing, but had enormously misjudged its distance, and underrated its height, and so it was as a sign and a testimony—almost as a call from the neglected gods, that now I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus !"

The best modern books on the East are a combination of sound learning and personal knowledge. Of these, two of the most important are Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* and Lord Curzon's *Persia and the Persian Question*. The latter is part description, part history, part politics, but it is one of the really valuable modern works. Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* is monumental, and an abridgment under the title of *Wanderings in Arabia*, that contains the more personal and less antiquarian passages, is sufficient for most readers. Doughty was more of a writer than an explorer. The ground he covered was already familiar, but his value is that he gathered

all known information, judged it by his own learning and experience, and out of it wrote a book that is in the fullest sense a complete work.

Arabia had also the good fortune to win the loyalty of T. E. Lawrence, a scholar before he was a soldier. His great work, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, was published privately, but everyone can read the abridgment *Revolt in the Desert*. This is more than a war book or a travel book; it is the story of a kingdom in the making, of a people struggling for liberty and existence, written by a man whose mind and soul are with his subject—a man who played the part of king-maker, but whose personal loyalty and opinions are based upon wide learning, intimate knowledge and unique experience. The book is beautifully written: it retains the colour of the East without being florid, and the whole intricate question of Arabia and Palestine is considered with fairness and judgment. The following passage shows Lawrence's power of description and of making the reader share his sensations:

"... So we wisely marched on, over monotonous, glittering sand; and over those worse stretches, 'Giaan,' of polished mud, nearly as white and smooth as laid paper, and often whole miles square. They blazed back the sun into our faces with glassy vigour, so we rode with its light raining direct arrows upon our heads, and its reflection glancing up from the ground through our inadequate eyelids. It was not a steady pressure, but a pain ebbing and flowing; at one time piling itself up and up till we nearly swooned; and then falling away coolly, in a moment of false shadow like a black web crossing the retina: these gave us a moment's breathing-space to store the new capacity for suffering, like the struggles to the surface of a drowning man. We grew short-answered to one another; but relief came toward six o'clock when we halted for supper, and baked ourselves fresh bread."

In all these travel books, from the days of Mandeville to those of Lawrence of Arabia, the adventurers have usually had some particular aim, dear to their own ambition, if to none other. But there have always been, especially in England and the United States, men who would find no place in their native surroundings, men who shook off convention and responsibility, to seek they knew not what. An outstanding example of this type of restlessness is Lafcadio Hearn, who to all intents and purposes became a Japanese. It was his constant desire to interpret Japan to the western world, and this he achieved by the charm of his style and the interest of his personality. He was successively Roman Catholic, atheist and Buddhist, and he wrote with psychological insight gained from his religious experiences and a delicacy of touch that caught something from the exquisite quality of the Japanese.

THE UNCEASING QUEST

THERE seems no end to travel books, for men constantly follow an unceasing quest. Civilisation cannot change so instinctive a desire in man. The more mechanised city life becomes the more frequent the revolt will be. What it is in man, especially in the Anglo-Saxon, that drives him away from security to look for danger, and often death, cannot

be analysed. Neither the alert mind nor the healthy body is at ease in perpetual luxury : both need change and variety, ease and hardship, peace and danger, life and death. *Two Years before the Mast* for R. H. Dana are excitement and adventure, but a life of it would be drudgery and tedium. With a civilisation such as the present, the lust for travel will continue—will, if it changes at all, increase. Scientists may come to an end of their seeking, may arrive at a final conclusion, but the spirit of man renews itself in each generation, and craves not only novelty and new discovery, but personal experience as a test of endurance. It always seeks a vehicle for self-expression. That is the cause of the travel book, a perpetual cause that is never satisfied and can have no end.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

“GOOD wine needs no bush,” runs the proverb, and similarly tales of travel need neither introduction nor initiation. Hakluyt is as enthralling a companion as T. E. Lawrence, Mungo Park as easy as any modern explorer. Consequently the best plan to pursue is to select from the multitude of travel books those which tell of wanderings of a particular kind in a particular country, and then to read six or eight of them, beginning with the earliest. Thus, a reader interested in African exploration will begin with Mungo Park’s *Travels in the Interior of Africa*, and go on to Sir Richard Burton’s *First Footsteps in East Africa*, James Speke’s *Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, J. A. Grant’s *A Walk Across Africa*, and then sample a contemporary account, such as Julian Huxley’s *Africa View*.

Readers whose imaginations are stirred more profoundly by tales of the sea than those of the jungle will prefer a course of reading beginning with a modern edition of Hakluyt’s *Voyages* and including Dampier’s *Voyage Round the World*, Captain Cook’s *Voyages of Discovery*, and R. H. Dana’s *Two Years Before the Mast*. Captain Marryat’s novel, *Midshipman Easy*, and the novels of Joseph Conrad will please those who like true scenes and stories presented in the lively colours of fiction. The selections which follow are all recognised as noteworthy passages in the great books from which they are taken, and may help as a first standard in estimating the place in English literature of the many books of travel.

GREAT BOOKS OF TRAVEL : SELECTED FAMOUS PASSAGES

RICHARD HAKLUTT : VOYAGES

RICHARD HAKLUTT (1558-1616) was an editor, not an author. One day he went to see his cousin of the Middle Temple and saw on his table a map of the world, a thing in Elizabethan days romantic and ever-changing. The boy fell in love with geography and discovery.

"From the map," he said, my cousin, "brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalm, directed me to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read that 'they which go down to the sea in ships, and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' Which words of the Prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature), took in me so deep an impression that I constantly resolved, if ever I were preferred to the University, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for those Studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me."

Hakluyt took Holy orders and used every opportunity of collecting and preserving accounts of voyages and travels in many languages. "Over against the plays of Shakespeare and his fellows," it has been said, "as their natural counterpart, must be set the "Voyages" of Hakluyt; he who would understand the Elizabethan age, and what it meant for England, must know them both."

The following vivid account of a battle off the Azores, in which the "Revenge" was lost, was given to Hakluyt by Sir Walter Raleigh, the cousin and friend of Sir Richard Grenville.

SINKING OF THE REVENGE

THE L. Thomas Howard with sixe of her Majesties shippes, sixe victualers of London, the Barke Raleigh, & two or three other Pinnases riding at anker neere unto Flores, one of the Westerly Ilands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoone, had intelligence by one Captaine Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer had kept them company three dayes before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advise to my L. Thomas of their approach. Hee had no sooner delivered the newes but the fleete was in sight: many of our shippes companies were on shore in the Ilande; some providing balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging every thing out of order, very light for want of balast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of every shippe sicke, and utterly unserviceable: for in the Revenge there were ninety diseased:

in the Bonaventure, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twenty men beene taken out of a Barke of sir George Careys, his being commaunded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most parte, were in little better state.

The names of her Majesties shippes were these as followeth, the Defiance, which was Admiral, the Revenge Vice-admirall, the Bonaventure commaunded by Captaine Crosse, the Lion by George Fenner, the Foresight by M. Thomas Vavasour, and the Crane by Duffild. The Foresight & the Crane being but smal ships ; only the other were of the middle size ; the rest, besides the Barke Raleigh, commanded by Captaine Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the Island ; were now so soone at hand, as our shippes had scarce time to way their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables and set saile. Sir Richard Grinvile was the last that wayed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had bene lost. The L. Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the winde, which Sir Richard Grinvile not being able to doe, was perswaded by the Master and others to cut his maine sayle, and cast about, and to trust to the sayling of the ship ; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enemye, alleaging that hee would rather choose to die, then to dishonour himselfe, his countrey, and her Majesties shippe, perswading his companie that hee would passe through the two squadrons, in despight of them, and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which hee performed upon divers of the formost, who, as the Mariners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the Revenge. But the other course had bene the better, and might right well have bene answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not be perswaded.

In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great San Philip being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither make way, nor feele the helme : so huge and high cargd was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tuns. Who after layd the Revenge aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also layd him aboard : of which the next was the Admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and pussant shippe commanded by Brittandona. The sayd Philip carried three tire of ordinance on side, and eleven pieces in every tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her sterne ports.

After the Revenge was entangled with this Philip, foure other boorded her ; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoone, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great San Philip having received the lower tire of the Revenge, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted her selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies

of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners ; in some five, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen onely. After many enterchanged volies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the Revenge, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soulders and Musketters, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their owne ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the George Noble of London having received some shot thorow her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force : Sir Richard bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurte, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish shippes great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechlesse for a time ere hee recovered. But two of the Revenges owne company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, affirmed that hee was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, till an houre before midnight ; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by sir Francis Godolphin, of foure other mariners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said sir Francis sent unto master William Killegrue, of her Majesties privy Chamber.

But to returne to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to bord the Revenge, as they were wounded and beaten off, so alwayes others came in their places, she having never lesse then two mighty Gallions by her sides, and aboard her : So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiteene severall Armadas assayed her ; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased : and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grewe our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the Pilgrim, commaunded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the successe : but in the morning bearing with the Revenge, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the Revenge to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight shee had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore & ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, & a weake garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred al was susteined, the voleis, boardings, and entrings of fifteen ships of warre, besides those which beat her at large.

On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron : all maner of Armes and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons ; the Mastes all beaten over boord, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the very foundation or bottome of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fiftene houres fight, the assault of fiftene severall Armadas, all by turnes aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shotte of great Artillerie, besides many assaults and entries ; and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him. (The Revenge not able to moove one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea) commaunded the Master gunner, whom hee knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe ; that thereby nothing might remaine of glory or victory to the Spaniards : seeing in so many houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fiftene houres time, above ten thousand men, & fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall : and perswaded the company, or as many as hee could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none else ; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not nowe shorten the honour of their Nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a fewe dayes.

The Master gunner readily condescended and divers others ; but the Captaine and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them : alleaging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same : and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their Countrey and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one shippe of her Majestie, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves ; they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in holde, three shot under water, which were so weakely stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as shee could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons : the Master of the Revenge (while the Captaine wanne unto him the greater party) was convoyd aboard the Generall Don Alfonso Baçan. Who (finding none over hastie to enter the Revenge againe, doubting least Sir Richard would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the Revenge his dangerous disposition) yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, & the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as wel, as I have said, for feare of further losse and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir

Richard Greenvil ; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the ende of their perill, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the Master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The Master gunner finding himselfe and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not bene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben.

Then the Generall sent many boates aboard the Revenge, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richards disposition, stole away aboard the Generall and other shippes. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bacan to remoove out of the Revenge, the shippe being marvellous unsavorie, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that hee might doe with his body what he list, for hee esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe hee swounded, and reviving againe desired the company to pray for him.

The Generall used Sir Richard with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthinesse, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approoved, to see one shippe turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armadas, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storme, was by the Lion of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron, was Britandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marques of Arumburch. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere one thousand of the enemies, and two speciall commanders Don Luis de sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captaine confesseth, besides divers others of speciall account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascension of Sivil were both sunke by the side of the Revenge ; one other recovered the rode of Saint Michael, and sunke also there ; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is sayd, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not : the comfort that remayneth to his friends is, that hee hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and countrey, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

CAPTAIN COOK : VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK (1728-1779) the explorer, was the son of a farm servant, and at the age of twenty-seven he was mate of a vessel lying in the Thames, when war broke out with France. He decided to forestall the press gang and enlisted in the navy as an able seaman. From that moment his after-success was assured. He attracted notice by the accuracy of his charts, he studied mathematics and mastered astronomical navigation.

The most important of Cook's geographical discoveries was negative. He disproved the existence of a great Southern Continent. Positively, he established modern knowledge of the Southern Pacific, and our maps of it are substantially as he made them. He was a man of strong natural powers of observation, and he gave his attention to the diseases of fever and scurvy that killed a high proportion of sailors on voyages of great length and hardship. An account of his preventive measures was read to the Royal Society. Its service to hygienic science, to the maritime world and to humanity, was recognised.

He lost his life after his discovery of the Sandwich Islands, which he wished to survey fully. He anchored for a fortnight in Hawaii, and the natives were thievish but friendly, and treated Cook with a sort of worship and adoration. He put to sea, but returned in a week, to find the attitude of the natives had altered. Their robberies became bold and insolent, so that it was necessary to punish them. Cook's companion, Captain King, recounts the sequel in the following extract.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK

THE quiet and inoffensive behaviour of the natives having taken away every apprehension of danger, we did not hesitate to trust ourselves amongst them at all times, and in all situations. The officers of both ships went daily up the country in small parties, or even singly, and frequently remained out the whole night. It would be endless to recount all the instances of kindness and civility which we received upon those occasions. Wherever we went, the people flocked about us, eager to offer every assistance in their power, and highly gratified if their services were accepted.

The satisfaction we derived from their gentleness and hospitality was, however, frequently interrupted by that propensity to stealing which they have in common with all the other islanders of these seas. This circumstance was the more distressing, as it sometimes obliged us to have recourse to acts of severity, which we should willingly have avoided, if the necessity of the case had not absolutely called for them.

On the 28th, Captain Clerke, whose ill health confined him for the most part on board, paid Terreeoboo his first visit at his hut on shore. He was received with the same formalities as were observed with Captain Cook ; and on his coming away, though the visit was quite unexpected, he received a present of thirty large hogs, and as much fruit and roots as his crew could consume in a week.

As we had not yet seen anything of their sports or athletic exercises,

the natives, at the request of some of our officers, entertained us this evening with a boxing-match. Though these games were much inferior, as well in point of solemnity and magnificence, as in the skill and powers of the combatants, to what we had seen exhibited at the Friendly Islands, yet, as they differed in some particulars, it may not be improper to give a short account of them. We found a vast concourse of people assembled on a level spot of ground, at a little distance from our tents. A long space was left vacant in the midst of them, at the upper end of which sat the judges, under three standards, from which hung slips of cloth of various colours, the skins of two wild geese, a few small birds, and bunches of feathers. When the sports were ready to begin, the signal was given by the judges, and immediately two combatants appeared. They came forward slowly, lifting up their feet very high behind and drawing their hands along the soles. As they approached, they frequently eyed each other from head to foot in a contemptuous manner, casting several arch looks at the spectators, straining their muscles, and using a variety of affected gestures. Being advanced within reach of each other, they stood with both arms held out straight before their faces, at which part all their blows were aimed. They struck in what appeared to our eyes an awkward manner, with a full swing of the arm, made no attempt to parry, but eluded their adversary's attack by an inclination of the body, or by retreating. The battle was quickly decided, for if either of them was knocked down, or even fell by accident, he was considered as vanquished, and the victor expressed his triumph by a variety of gestures, which usually excited, as was intended, a loud laugh among the spectators. As these games were given at our desire, we found it was universally expected that we should have borne our part in them; but our people, though much pressed by the natives, turned a deaf ear to their challenge, remembering full well the blows they got at the Friendly Islands.

This day died William Watman, a seaman of the gunner's crew, who, with the sincerest attachment, had followed Captain Cook's fortunes for a number of years.

At the request of the king of the island, he was buried on the morai, and the ceremony was performed with as much solemnity as our situation permitted.¹ Old Kaoo and his brethren were spectators, and preserved the most profound silence and attention whilst the service was reading. When we began to fill up the grave, they approached it with great reverence, threw in a dead pig, some cocoa-nuts and plantains, and for three nights afterwards they surrounded it, sacrificing hogs, and performing their usual ceremonies of hymns and prayers, which continued till daybreak.

The ships being in great want of fuel, the Captain desired me, on the 2nd of February, to treat with the priests for the purchase of the rail that surrounded the top of the morai. I must confess I had at first some doubts about the decency of this proposal, and was apprehensive that even the bare mention of it might be considered by them as a piece of shocking impiety. In this, however, I found myself mistaken. Not the

¹ May not this public display of the mortality of their visitors have tended to lessen the exalted ideas which the natives at first seemed to entertain?

smallest surprise was expressed at the application, and the wood was readily given, even without stipulating for anything in return.

Terreeoboo and his chiefs had, for some days past, been very inquisitive about the time of our departure. This circumstance had excited in me a great curiosity to know what opinion this people had formed of us, and what were their ideas respecting the cause and objects of our voyage. I took some pains to satisfy myself on these points, but could never learn anything farther than that they imagined we came from some country where provisions had failed, and that our visit to them was merely for the purpose of filling our bellies. Indeed, the meagre appearance of some of our crew, the hearty appetites with which we sat down to their fresh provisions, and our great anxiety to purchase and carry off as much as we were able, led them naturally enough to such a conclusion. It was ridiculous enough to see them stroking the sides and patting the bellies of the sailors (who were certainly much improved in the sleekness of their looks during our short stay in the island), and telling them, partly by signs and partly by words, that it was time for them to go, but if they would come again the next breadfruit season, they should be better able to supply their wants. On our telling Terreeoboo we should leave the island the next day but one, we observed that a sort of proclamation was immediately made through the villages, to require the people to bring in their hogs and vegetables for the king to present to the Orono on his departure.

The next day being fixed for our departure, Terreeoboo invited Captain Cook and myself to attend him on the 3rd, to the place where Kaoo resided. On our arrival, we found the ground covered with parcels of cloth, a vast quantity of red and yellow feathers tied to the fibres of cocoa-nut husks, and a great number of hatchets and other pieces of ironware that had been got in barter from us. At a little distance from these lay an immense quantity of vegetables of every kind, and near them was a very large herd of hogs. At first we imagined the whole to be intended as a present for us, till Kaireekkea informed me that it was a gift, or tribute from the people of that district to the king; and accordingly, as soon as we were seated, they brought all the bundles, and laid them severally at Terreeoboo's feet, who gave all the hogs and vegetables, and two-thirds of the cloth, to Captain Cook and myself. We were astonished at the value and magnitude of this present, which far exceeded everything of the kind we had seen, either at the Friendly or Society Islands.

The same day we quitted the morai, and got the tents and astronomical instruments on board. The charm of the taboo was now removed; and here I hope I may be permitted to relate a trifling occurrence, in which I was principally concerned. Having had the command of the party on shore, during the whole time we were in the bay, I had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the natives.

I spared no endeavours to conciliate their affections and gain their esteem; and had the good fortune to succeed so far, that, when the time of our departure was made known, I was strongly solicited to remain behind, not without offers of the most flattering kind. When I excused myself by saying that Captain Cook would not give his consent, they

proposed that I should retire into the mountains, where they said they would conceal me, till after the departure of the ships ; and on my farther assuring them that the Captain would not leave the bay without me, Terreeoboo and Kaoo waited upon Captain Cook, whose son they supposed I was, with a formal request that I might be left behind. The Captain, to avoid giving a positive refusal to an offer so kindly intended, told them that he could not part with me at that time, but that he should return to the island next year, and would then endeavour to settle the matter to their satisfaction.

Early in the morning of the 4th of February, we unmoored and sailed out of the bay, and were followed by a great number of canoes. Captain Cook's design was to finish the survey of Owhyhee before he visited the other islands, in hopes of meeting with a road better sheltered than the bay we had just left.

We had calm weather this and the following day, which made our progress to the northward very slow. In the morning of the 6th, having passed the westernmost point of the island, we found ourselves abreast of a deep bay, called by the natives Toe-yah-yah. We had great hopes that this bay would furnish us with a safe and commodious harbour, as we saw to the north-east several fine streams of water. On examination, however, it was found unfit for our purpose.

After encountering some gales of wind with immaterial damage, on the 8th, at day-break, we found that the foremast had given way. This accident induced Captain Cook to return to Karakakooa Bay. On the 10th, the weather became moderate, and a few canoes came off to us, from which we learnt that the late storm had done much mischief, and that several large canoes had been lost. During the remainder of the day we kept beating to windward, and before night we were within a mile of the bay ; but not choosing to run on while it was dark, we stood off and on till daylight next morning, when we dropt anchor nearly in the same place as before.

We were employed the whole of the 11th, and part of the 12th, in getting out the foremast, and sending it, with the carpenters, on shore. As these repairs were likely to take up several days, Mr. Bayly and myself got the astronomical apparatus on shore the 12th, and pitched our tents on the morai, having with us a guard of a corporal and six marines. We renewed our friendly correspondence with the priests, who, for the greater security of the workmen and their tools, tabooed the place where the mast lay, sticking their wands round it as before. The sailmakers were also sent on shore, to repair the damages which had taken place in their department during the late gales.

Upon coming to anchor, we were surprised to find our reception very different from what it had been on our first arrival ; no shouts, no bustle, no confusion ; but a solitary bay, with only here and there a canoe stealing close along the shore. The impulse of curiosity, which had before operated to so great a degree, might now, indeed, be supposed to have ceased ; but the hospitable treatment we had invariably met with, and the friendly footing on which we parted, gave us some reason to expect that they would again have flocked about us with great joy on our return.

We were forming various conjectures upon the occasion of this extraordinary appearance, when our anxiety was at length relieved by the return of a boat which had been sent on shore, and brought us word that Terreoboo was absent, and had left the bay under the taboo. Though this account appeared very satisfactory to most of us, yet others were of opinion that the interdiction of all intercourse with us, on pretence of the king's absence, was only to give him time to consult the chiefs in what manner it might be proper to treat us. Whether these suspicions were well founded, or the account given by the natives was the truth, we were never able to ascertain. For though it is not improbable that our sudden return, for which they could see no apparent cause, and the necessity of which we afterwards found it very difficult to make them comprehend, might occasion some alarm; yet the unsuspicious conduct of Terreoboo, who, on his supposed arrival the next morning, came immediately to visit Captain Cook, and the consequent return of the natives to their former friendly intercourse with us, are strong proofs that they neither meant nor apprehended any change of conduct.

Toward the evening of the 13th, however, the officer who commanded the watering party of the *Discovery* came to inform me that several chiefs had assembled at the well near the beach, driving away the natives, whom we had hired to assist the sailors in rolling down the casks to the shore. He told me at the same time that he thought their behaviour extremely suspicious, and that they meant to give him some farther disturbance. At his request, therefore, I sent a marine along with him, but suffered him to take only his side-arms. In a short time the officer returned, and on his acquainting me that the islanders had armed themselves with stones, and were grown very tumultuous, I went myself to the spot, attended by a marine, with his musket. Seeing us approach, they threw away their stones, and on my speaking to some of the chiefs, the mob were driven away, and those who chose it were suffered to assist in filling the casks.

Soon after our return to the tents, we were alarmed by a continued fire of muskets from the *Discovery*, which we observed to be directed at a canoe that we saw paddling toward the shore in great haste, pursued by one of our small boats. We immediately concluded that the firing was in consequence of some theft, and Captain Cook ordered me to follow him with a marine armed, and to endeavour to seize the people as they came on shore. Accordingly, we ran toward the place where we supposed the canoe would land, but were too late; the people having quitted it, and made their escape into the country before our arrival; but the goods stolen had been recovered.

During our absence a difference of a more serious and unpleasant nature had happened. The officer who had been sent in the small boat, and was returning on board with the goods, which had been restored, observing Captain Cook and me engaged in the pursuit of the offenders, thought it his duty to seize the canoe, which was left drawn up on the shore. Unfortunately this canoe belonged to Pareea, who arriving at the same moment from on board the *Discovery*, claimed his property with many protestations of his innocence. The officer refusing to give it up, and being joined by the crew of the pinnace, a scuffle

ensued, in which Pareea was knocked down by a violent blow upon his head with an oar. The natives, who were collected about the spot, and had hitherto been peaceable spectators, immediately attacked our people with such a shower of stones as forced them to retreat with great precipitation, and swim off to a rock at some distance from the shore. The pinnacle was immediately ransacked by the islanders ; and but for the timely interposition of Pareea, who seemed to have recovered from the blow, and forgot it at the same instant, would soon have been entirely demolished. Having driven away the crowd, he made signs to our people that they might come and take possession of the pinnacle, and that he would endeavour to get back the things which had been taken out of it. After their departure he followed them in his canoe with a midshipman's cap, some other trifling articles of the plunder, and with much apparent concern at what had happened, asked if the Orono would kill him, and whether he would permit him to come on board next day ? On being assured that he should be well received, he joined noses (as their custom is) with the officers, in token of friendship, and paddled over to the village of Kowrowa.

When Captain Cook was informed of what had passed, he expressed much uneasiness at it, and, as we were returning on board, ' I am afraid,' said he, ' that these people will oblige me to use some violent measures ; for (he added) they must not be left to imagine that they have gained an advantage over us.'

Next morning, the 14th, at daylight, I went on board the *Resolution* for the time-keeper, and in my way was hailed by the *Discovery*, and informed that their cutter had been stolen during the night from the buoy where it was moored.

When I arrived on board I found the marines arming, and Captain Cook loading his double-barrelled gun. It had been his usual practice whenever anything of consequence was lost at any of the islands in this ocean, to get the king or some of the principal earees on board, and to keep them as hostages till it was restored. This method, which had been always attended with success, he meant to pursue on the present occasion.

It was between seven and eight o'clock when we quitted the ship together ; Captain Cook in the pinnacle, having Mr. Phillips and nine marines with him, and myself in the small boat. The last orders I received from him were, to quiet the minds of the natives on our side of the bay, by assuring them they should not be hurt ; to keep my people together, and to be on my guard. We then parted ; the Captain went toward Kowrowa, where the king resided, and I proceeded to the beach. My first care on going ashore was, to give strict orders to the marines to remain within the tent, to load their pieces with ball, and not to quit their arms. Afterwards I took a walk to the huts of old Kaoo and the priests, and explained to them as well as I could the object of the hostile preparations, which had exceedingly alarmed them. I found that they had already heard of the cutter's being stolen, and I assured them, that though Captain Cook was resolved to recover it, and to punish the authors of the theft, yet that they, and the people of the village on our side, need not be under the smallest apprehension of suffering any evil from us. Kaoo asked me with great earnestness if Terreeoboo was to be

hurt? I assured him he was not; and both he and the rest of his brethren seemed much satisfied with this assurance.

In the meantime Captain Cook having called off the launch, which was stationed at the north point of the bay, and taken it along with him, proceeded to Kowrowa, and landed with the lieutenant and nine marines. He immediately marched to the village, where he was received with the usual marks of respect, the people prostrating themselves before him, and bringing their accustomed offerings of small hogs. Finding that there was no suspicion of his design, his next step was to inquire for Terrecoboo, and the two boys, his sons, who had been his constant guests on board the *Resolution*. In a short time the boys returned along with the natives, who had been sent in search of them, and immediately led Captain Cook to the house where the king had slept. They found the old man just awoke from sleep; and after a short conversation about the loss of the cutter, from which Captain Cook was convinced that he was in nowise privy to it, he invited him to return in the boat, and spend the day on board the *Resolution*. To this proposal the king readily consented, and immediately got up to accompany him.

Things were in this prosperous train; the two boys being already in the pinnace, and the rest of the party having advanced near the waterside, when an elderly woman, called Kanee-kaba-reea, the mother of the boys, and one of the king's favourite wives, came after him, and with many tears and entreaties, besought him not to go on board. At the same time two chiefs, who came along with her, laid hold of him, and insisting that he should go no farther, forced him to sit down. The natives, who were collecting in prodigious numbers along the shore, and had probably been alarmed by the firing of the great guns, and the appearances of hostility in the bay, began to throng round Captain Cook and their king. In this situation, the lieutenant of marines observing that his men were huddled close together in the crowd, and thus incapable of using their arms, if any occasion should require it, proposed to the Captain to draw them up along the rocks close to the water's edge; and the crowd readily making way for them to pass, they were drawn up in a line at the distance of about thirty yards from the place where the king was sitting.

All this time the old king remained on the ground with the strongest marks of terror and dejection in his countenance; Captain Cook, not willing to abandon the object for which he had come on shore, continuing to urge him in the most pressing manner to proceed; whilst on the other hand, whenever the king appeared inclined to follow him, the chiefs, who stood round him, interposed, at first with prayers and entreaties, but afterwards having recourse to force and violence, insisted on his staying where he was. Captain Cook, therefore finding that the alarm had spread too generally, and that it was in vain to think any longer of getting him off without bloodshed, at last gave up the point, observing to Mr. Phillips, that it would be impossible to compel him to go on board without running the risk of killing a great number of the inhabitants.

Though the enterprise, which had carried Captain Cook on shore, had now failed and was abandoned, yet his person did not appear to

have been in the least danger, till an accident happened which gave a fatal turn to the affair. The boats, which had been stationed across the bay, having fired at some canoes that were attempting to get out, unfortunately had killed a chief of the first rank. The news of his death arrived at the village where Captain Cook was, just as he had left the king and was walking slowly toward the shore. The ferment it occasioned was very conspicuous; the women and children were immediately sent off, and the men put on their war mats, and armed themselves with spears and stones. One of the natives, having in his hands a stone and a long iron spike (which they called a pahooa), came up to the Captain, flourishing his weapon by way of defiance, and threatening to throw the stone. The Captain desired him to desist, but the man persisting in his insolence, he was at length provoked to fire a load of small shot. The man having his mat on, which the shot was not able to penetrate, this had no other effect than to irritate and encourage them. Several stones were thrown at the marines, and one of the earees attempted to stab Mr. Phillips with his pahooa, but failed in the attempt, and received from him a blow with the but-end of his musket. Captain Cook now fired his second barrel loaded with ball, and killed one of the foremost of the natives. A general attack with stones immediately followed, which was answered by a discharge of musketry from the marines and the people in the boats. The islanders, contrary to the expectations of every one, stood the fire with great firmness; and before the marines had time to reload, they broke in upon them with dreadful shouts and yells. What followed was a scene of the utmost horror and confusion.

Four of the marines were cut off amongst the rocks in their retreat, and fell a sacrifice to the fury of the enemy; three more were dangerously wounded, and the lieutenant, who had received a stab between the shoulders with a pahooa, having fortunately reserved his fire, shot the man who had wounded him just as he was going to repeat his blow. Our unfortunate commander, the last time he was seen distinctly, was standing at the water's edge, and calling out to the boats to cease firing and to pull in. Whilst he faced the natives none of them had offered him any violence, but having turned about to give his orders to the boats, he was stabbed in the back and fell with his face into the water. On seeing him fall, the islanders set up a great shout, and his body was immediately dragged on shore and surrounded by the enemy, who, snatching the dagger out of each other's hands, shewed a savage eagerness to have a share in his destruction.

Thus fell our great and excellent commander! After a life of so much distinguished and successful enterprise, his death, as far as regards himself, cannot be reckoned premature, since he lived to finish the great work for which he seems to have been designed, and was rather removed from the enjoyment, than cut off from the acquisition of glory. How sincerely his loss was felt and lamented by those who had so long found their general security in his skill and conduct, and every consolation under their hardships in his tenderness and humanity, it is neither necessary nor possible for me to describe, much less shall I attempt to paint the horror with which we were struck, and the universal dejection and dismay which followed so dreadful and unexpected a calamity.

JAMES BOSWELL:
JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) is the greatest Biographer in the world. He met Johnson when he was twenty-three and Johnson fifty-four. He sought him out from admiration, and friendship sprang up between them. Johnson sincerely loved Boswell, and Johnson was the wisest and the best of men. Macaulay, on the other hand, had contempt for him. If to know and to admit what one feels is culpable, then Boswell may be blamed. He once said to Johnson that he sometimes felt mean about tips and asked if he ever did. "Yes," replied Dr. Johnson, "but I never tell it."

He was of aristocratic Scottish birth. He went to the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Utrecht as a student of law, and travelled widely in Europe. He met Rousseau, Voltaire and Paoli of Corsica. He returned and became an advocate of the Scottish Bar when he was twenty-six. He visited Johnson frequently between the age of thirty-two and forty-four. He was called to the English Bar when he was forty-six, and at fifty-one, in the year in which he published the life of Johnson, he became Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.

Boswell had long wished that Dr. Johnson should visit Scotland. Martin's "Description of the Western Islands of Scotland" had excited a wish in Johnson, when he was very young, to visit the Hebrides, and on finding a companion in Boswell, "whose acuteness would help my inquiry and whose gaiety for conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel in countries less hospitable than we have passed," he set out in 1773, when he was sixty-four and Boswell thirty-three.

In the following passage Boswell gives a lively account of a visit he paid with Doctor Johnson to the island of Rasay.

VISIT TO AN ISLAND HOME

WE got into Rasay's carriage, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high, and was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust, black-haired fellow, half naked, and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song, the chorus of which was "*Hatyn foam foam eri*," with words of his own. The tune resembled "*Owr the muir amang the heather*." The boatmen and Mr. M'Queen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar, and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church, (Malcolm said, he would come to it,) and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.

Here I was strongly struck with our long projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being realised. I called to him, "We are contending with seas"; which I think were the words of one of his letters to me. "Not much," said he; and though the wind made the sea lash considerably

upon us, he was not discomposed. After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, and in the sound between it and Rasay, which extended about a league, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it.—JOHNSON. "This now is the Atlantick. If I should tell at a tea table in London, that I have crossed the Atlantick in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger!" He then repeated Horace's ode,

*Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeō—*

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried over-board into the sea, and lost. This was the first misfortune that had befallen us. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that "there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat"; but then he remarked, "that, as Janes the naturalist had said upon losing his pocket-book, it was rather an inconvenience than a loss." He told us, he now recollected that he dreamt the night before, that he put his staff into a river, and chanced to let it go, and it was carried down the stream and lost. "So now you see (said he) that I have lost my spurs; and this story is better than many of those which we have concerning second sight and dreams." Mr. M'Queen said he did not believe the second sight; that he never met with any well attested instances; and if he should, he should impute them to chance; because all who pretend to that quality often fail in their predictions, though they take a great scope, and sometimes interpret literally, sometimes figuratively, so as to suit the events. He told us, that, since he came to be minister of the parish where he now is, the belief of witchcraft, or charms, was very common, insomuch that he had many prosecutions before his session (the parochial ecclesiastical court) against women, for having by these means carried off the milk from people's cows. He disregarded them; and there is not now the least vestige of that superstition. He preached against it; and in order to give a strong proof to the people that there was nothing in it, he said from the pulpit, that every woman in the parish was welcome to take the milk from his cows, provided she did not touch them.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion; a fine verdure about it,—with a considerable number of trees;—and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. Our boatmen sung with great spirit. Dr. Johnson observed, that naval musick was very ancient. As we came near the shore, the singing of our rowers was succeeded by that of reapers, who were busy at work, and who seemed to shout as much as to sing, while they worked with a bounding activity. Just as we landed, I observed a cross, or rather the ruins of one, upon a rock, which had to me a pleasing vestige of religion. I perceived a large company coming out from the house. We met them as we walked up. There were Rasay himself; his brother Dr. Macleod; his nephew the Laird of M'Kinnon; the Laird of Macleod; Colonel Macleod of

Talisker, an officer in the Dutch service, a very genteel man, and a faithful branch of the family; Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, best known by the name of Sandie Macleod, who was long in exile on account of the part which he took in 1745; and several other persons. We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Rasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. The laird of Rasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his island of Rasay, and that of Rona, (from which the eldest son of the family has his title,) and a considerable extent of land which he has in Sky, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue: and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that, in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate.

It was past six o'clock when we arrived. Some excellent brandy was served round immediately, according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day. They call it a *scalch*. On a side-board was placed for us, who had come off the sea, a substantial dinner, and a variety of wines. Then we had coffee and tea. I observed in the room several elegantly bound books and other marks of improved life. Soon afterwards a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. Rasay himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Sandie Macleod, who has at times an excessive flow of spirits, and had it now, was, in his days of absconding, known by the name of *M'Cruslick*, which it seems was the designation of a kind of wild man in the Highlands, something between Proteus and Don Quixotte; and so he was called here. He made much jovial noise. Dr. Johnson was so delighted with this scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by, while we danced, sometimes in deep meditation,—sometimes smiling complacently—sometimes looking upon Hooke's *Roman History*,—and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald M'Queen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him. He was pleased with M'Queen, and said to me, "This is a critical man, sir. There must be great vigour of mind to make him cultivate learning so much in the isle of Sky, where he might do without it. It is wonderful how many of the new publications he has. There must be a snatch of every opportunity." Mr. M'Queen told me that his brother (who is the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers of the parish of Snizort,) and he joined together, and bought from time to time such books as had reputation. Soon after we came in, a black cock and grey hen, which had been shot, were shewn, with their feathers on, to Dr. Johnson, who had never seen that species of bird before. We had a company of thirty at supper; and all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance.

Thursday, 9th September.—At breakfast this morning, among a profusion of other things, there were oat-cakes, made of what is called *gradaned* meal, that is, meal made of grain separated from the husks, and toasted by fire, instead of being threshed and kiln dried.—This seems to be bad management, as so much fodder is consumed by it. Mr. M'Queen however defended it, by saying, that it is doing the thing much quicker, as one operation effects what is otherwise done by two.

His chief reason however was, that the servants in Sky are, according to him, a faithless pack, and steal what they can ; so that much is saved by the corn passing but once through their hands, as at each time they pilfer some. It appears to me, that the gradaning is a strong proof of the laziness of the Highlanders, who will rather make fire act for them, at the expence of fodder, than labour themselves. There was also, what I cannot help disliking at breakfast, cheese : it is the custom over all the Highlands to have it ; and it often smells very strong, and poisons to a certain degree the elegance of an Indian repast. The day was showery ; however, Rasay and I took a walk, and had some cordial conversation. I conceived a more than ordinary regard for this worthy gentleman. His family has possessed this island above four hundred years. It is the remains of the estate of Macleod of Lewis, whom he represents.—When we returned, Dr. Johnson walked with us to see the old chapel. He was in fine spirits. He said, “ This is truly the patriarchal life : this is what we came to find.”

After dinner, M’Cruslick, Malcolm, and I, went out with guns, to try if we could find any black-cock ; but we had no sport, owing to a heavy rain. I saw here what is called a Danish fort. Our evening was passed as last night was. One of our company, I was told, had hurt himself by too much study, particularly of infidel metaphysicians, of which he gave a proof, on second sight being mentioned. He immediately retailed some of the fallacious arguments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. Infidelity in a Highland gentleman appeared to me peculiarly offensive. I was sorry for him, as he had otherwise a good character. I told Dr. Johnson that he had studied himself into infidelity.—JOHNSON. “ Then he must study himself out of it again. That is the way. Drinking largely will sober him again.”

Friday, 10th September.—Having resolved to explore the island of Rasay, which could be done only on foot, I last night obtained my fellow-traveller’s permission to leave him for a day, he being unable to take so hardy a walk. Old Mr. Malcolm M’Cleod, who had obligingly promised to accompany me, was at my bedside between five and six. I sprang up immediately, and he and I, attended by two other gentlemen, traversed the country during the whole of this day. Though we had passed over not less than four-and-twenty miles of very rugged ground, and had a Highland dance on the top of Dun Can, the highest mountain in the island, we returned in the evening not at all fatigued, and piqued ourselves at not being outdone at the nightly ball by our less active friends, who had remained at home.

My survey of Rasay did not furnish much which can interest my readers ; I shall therefore put into as short a compass as I can, the observations upon it, which I find registered in my *Journal*. It is about fifteen English miles long, and four broad. On the south side is the laird’s family seat, situated on a pleasing low spot. The old tower of three stories, mentioned by Martin, was taken down soon after 1746, and a modern house supplies its place. There are very good grass-fields and corn-lands about it, well-dressed. I observed, however, hardly any inclosures, except a good garden plentifully stocked with vegetables, and strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c.

On one of the rocks just where we landed, which are not high, there is rudely carved a square, with a crucifix in the middle. Here, it is said, the Lairds of Rasay, in old times, used to offer up their devotions. I could not approach the spot, without a grateful recollection of the event commemorated by this symbol.

A little from the shore, westward, is a kind of subterraneous house. There has been a natural fissure, or separation of the rock, running towards the sea, which has been roofed over with long stones, and above them turf has been laid. In that place the inhabitants used to keep their oars. There are a number of trees near the house, which grow well ; some of them of a pretty good size. They are mostly plane and ash. A little to the west of the house is an old ruinous chapel, unroofed, which never has been very curious. We here saw some human bones of an uncommon size. There was a heel-bone, in particular, which Dr. Macleod said was such, that if the foot was in proportion, it must have been twenty-seven inches long. Dr. Johnson would not look at the bones. He started back from them with a striking appearance of horror. Mr. M'Queen told us, it was formerly much the custom, in these isles, to have human bones lying above ground, especially in the windows of churches. On the south of the chapel is the family burying-place. Above the door, on the east end of it, is a small bust or image of the Virgin Mary, carved upon a stone which makes part of the wall. There is no church upon the island. It is annexed to one of the parishes of Sky ; and the minister comes and preaches either in Rasay's house, or some other house, on certain Sundays. I could not but value the family seat more, for having even the ruins of a chapel close to it. There was something comfortable in the thought of being so near a piece of consecrated ground. Dr. Johnson said, "I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion" ; and he kept off his hat while he was within the walls of the chapel.

The eight crosses, which Martin mentions as pyramids for deceased ladies, stood in a semicircular line, which contained within it the chapel. They marked out the boundaries of the sacred territory within which an asylum was to be had. One of them, which we observed upon our landing, made the first point of the semicircle. There are few of them now remaining. A good way farther north, there is a row of buildings about four feet high : they run from the shore on the east along the top of a pretty high eminence, and so down to the shore on the west, in much the same direction with the crosses. Rasay took them to be the marks for the asylum ; but Malcolm thought them to be false sentinels, a common deception, of which instances occur in Martin, to make invaders imagine an island better guarded. Mr. Donald M'Queen, justly in my opinion, supposed the crosses which form the inner circle to be the church's land-marks.

The south end of the island is much covered with large stones or rocky strata. The laird has enclosed and planted part of it with firs, and he shewed me a considerable space marked out for additional plantations.

Dun Can is a mountain three computed miles from the laird's house. The ascent to it is by consecutive risings, if that expression may be used

when vallies intervene, so that there is but a short rise at once ; but it is certainly very high above the sea. The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky ; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky, over against it. We went up the east side of Dun Can pretty easily. It is mostly rocks all around, the points of which hem the summit of it. Sailors, to whom it was a good object as they pass along, call it Rasay's cap. Before we reached this mountain, we passed by two lakes. Of the first, Malcolm told me a strange fabulous tradition. He said, there was a wild beast in it, a sea-horse, which came and devoured a man's daughter ; upon which the man lighted a great fire, and had a sow roasted at it, the smell of which attracted the monster. In the fire was put a spit. The man lay concealed behind a low wall of loose stones, and he had an avenue formed for the monster, with two rows of large flat stones, which extended from the fire over the summit of the hill, till it reached the side of the loch. The monster came, and the man with the red-hot spit destroyed it. Malcolm showed me the little hiding-place, and the rows of stones. He did not laugh when he told this story. I recollect having seen in the *Scots Magazine*, several years ago, a poem upon a similar tale, perhaps the same, translated from the Erse, or Irish, called *Albin and the Daughter of Mey*.

There is a large tract of land, possessed as a common, in Rasay. They have no regulations as to the number of cattle. Every man puts upon it as many as he chooses. From Dun Can northward, till you reach the other end of the island, there is much good natural pasture unincumbered by stones. We passed over a spot, which is appropriated for the exercising ground. In 1745, a hundred fighting men were reviewed here, as Malcolm told me, who was one of the officers that led them to the field. They returned home all but about fourteen. What a princely thing is it to be able to furnish such a band ! Rasay has the true spirit of a chief. He is, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

There is plenty of lime-stone in the island, a great quarry of free-stone, and some natural woods, but none of any age, as they cut the trees for common country uses. The lakes, of which there are many, are well stocked with trout. Malcolm caught one of four-and-twenty pounds weight in the loch next to Dun Can, which, by the way, is certainly a Danish name, as most names of places in these islands are.

The old castle, in which the family of Rasay formerly resided, is situated upon a rock very near the sea. The rock is not one mass of stone, but a concretion of pebbles and earth, so firm that it does not appear to have mouldered. In this remnant of antiquity I found nothing worthy of being noticed, except a certain accommodation rarely to be found at the modern houses of Scotland, and which Dr. Johnson and I sought for in vain at the Laird of Rasay's new-built mansion, where nothing else was wanting. I took the liberty to tell the Laird it was a shame there should be such a deficiency in civilised times. He acknowledged the justice of the remark. But perhaps some generations may pass before the want is supplied.

H. W. BATES : NATURALIST ON THE AMAZON

HENRY WALTER BATES (1825-1892), author of "*The Naturalist on the River Amazon*," after being an apprentice to a hosier and a clerk, left England at the age of twenty-three to become an explorer and naturalist on the Amazon. He and his friend of four years, A. R. Wallace, a schoolmaster, set out on a trading ship with almost no money, but with the hope of earning by collecting specimens largely and selling duplicates on their return. Wallace returned after four years, but Bates after eleven. They parted to explore separate districts after two years.

Bates was a scientist of importance. He was not only a great collector, but he had philosophic insight and delighted Darwin by "one of the most remarkable and admirable papers" he had ever read, a paper on the phenomenon of mimicry. For the general reader the book is a permanent record of strange travel. He is gripped from the beginning and can see the tropical scene before him.

On the night of his leaving the country of the Amazon Bates had more vivid impressions of England than any that had come to him in eleven years of absence. He was leaving a country of perpetual summer, the equator, "where the well-balanced forces of nature maintained a land-surface and climate that seemed to be typical of mundane order and beauty, to sail towards the North Pole, where lay my home under crepuscular skies." He found how "incomparably superior is civilised life, where feelings, tastes, and intellect find abundant nourishment, to the spiritual sterility of half-savage existence, even though it be passed in the garden of Eden," and yet he believed that under the equator alone would the perfect race of the future attain to the complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth.

The following extract describes how Bates and his friend spent their days collecting insects and other specimens in the tropical forest.

DAILY LIFE IN THE TROPICS

WE now settled ourselves for a few months' regular work. We had the forest on three sides of us ; it was the end of the wet season ; most species of birds had finished moulting, and every day the insects increased in number and variety. Behind the rocinha, after several days' exploration, I found a series of pathways through the woods, which led to the Una road ; about half way was the house in which the celebrated travellers Spix and Martius resided during their stay at Pará in 1819. It was now in a neglected condition, and the plantations were overgrown with bushes. The paths hereabouts were very productive of insects, and being entirely under shade were very pleasant for strolling. Close to our doors began the main forest road. It was broad enough for two horsemen abreast, and branched off in three directions ; the main line going to the village of Ourem, a distance of fifty miles. This road formerly extended to Maranhã, but it had been long in disuse and was now grown up, being scarcely passable between Pará and Ourem.

Our researches were made in various directions along these paths, and every day produced us a number of new and interesting species. Collecting, preparing our specimens, and making notes, kept us well

occupied. One day was so much like another, that a general description of the diurnal round of incidents, including the sequence of natural phenomena, will be sufficient to give an idea of how days pass to naturalists under the equator.

We used to rise soon after dawn, when Isidoro would go down to the city, after supplying us with a cup of coffee, to purchase the fresh provisions for the day. The two hours before breakfast were devoted to ornithology. At that early period of the day the sky was invariably cloudless (the thermometer marking 72° or 73° Fahr.); the heavy dew or the previous night's rain, which lay on the moist foliage, becoming quickly dissipated by the glowing sun, which, rising straight out of the east, mounted rapidly towards the zenith. All nature was fresh, new leaf and flower-buds expanding rapidly. Some mornings a single tree would appear in flower amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform green mass of forest—a dome of blossom suddenly created as if by magic. The birds were all active; from the wild-fruit trees, not far off, we often heard the shrill yelping of the Toucans (*Ramphastos vitellinus*). Small flocks of parrots flew over on most mornings, at a great height, appearing in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals; their bright colours, however, were not apparent at that height. After breakfast we devoted the hours from 10 a.m. to 2 or 3 p.m. to entomology; the best time for insects in the forest being a little before the greatest heat of the day.

The heat increased rapidly towards two o'clock (92° and 93° Fahr.), by which time every voice of bird or mammal was hushed; only in the trees was heard at intervals the harsh whirr of a cicada. The leaves, which were so moist and fresh in early morning, now become lax and drooping; the flowers shed their petals. Our neighbours, the Indian and Mulatto inhabitants of the open palm-thatched huts, as we returned home fatigued with our ramble, were either asleep in their hammocks or seated on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk. On most days in June and July a heavy shower would fall some time in the afternoon, producing a most welcome coolness. The approach of the rain-clouds was after a uniform fashion very interesting to observe. First, the cool sea-breeze, which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere would then become almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness would seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds would appear in the east and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon would become almost suddenly black, and this would spread upwards, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meantime all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower-petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Towards evening life revives again, and the ringing

uproar is resumed from bush and tree. The following morning the sun again rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed ; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day. The days are more or less like this throughout the year in this country. A little difference exists between the dry and wet seasons ; but generally, the dry season, which lasts from July to December, is varied with showers, and the wet, from January to June, with sunny days.

It results from this, that the periodical phenomena of plants and animals do not take place at about the same time in all species, or in the individuals of any given species, as they do in temperate countries. Of course there is no hybernation ; nor, as the dry season is not excessive, is there any summer torpidity as in some tropical countries. Plants do not flower or shed their leaves, nor do birds moult, pair, or breed simultaneously. In Europe, a woodland scene has its spring, its summer, its autumnal, and its winter aspects. In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year : budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf shedding are always going on in one species or other. The activity of birds and insects proceeds without interruption, each species having its own separate times ; the colonies of wasps, for instance, do not die off annually, leaving only the queens, as in cold climates ; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly. It is never either spring, summer, or autumn, but each day is a combination of all three. With the day and night always of equal length, the atmospheric disturbances of each day neutralising themselves before each succeeding morn ; with the sun in its course proceeding midway across the sky, and the daily temperature the same within two or three degrees throughout the year—how grand in its perfect equilibrium and simplicity is the march of Nature under the equator !

R. H. DANA: TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

RICHARD HENRY DANA (1815-1882) was the American author of a sea-classic. "The 14th of August was the day fixed upon," he says, "for the sailing of the brig 'Pilgrim' on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the Western coast of North America. As she was to get under way early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea rig, with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life and by a long absence from books and study, with work and exercise in the fresh air, a weakness of the eyes which had obliged me to give up my duties, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure."

He sailed before the mast for two years, enduring the hard life of a sailor, storms, monotony and change of scene. On the last night he experienced what he afterwards discovered to be a not unknown state of feeling. "A year before, while carrying hides on the coast, the assurance that in a twelvemonth we should see Boston made me half wild ; but now that I was actually there, and in sight of home, the emotions which I had so long anticipated feeling I did not find and in their place was a state of very nearly entire apathy." Afterwards, Dana became a famous maritime lawyer as well as an author.

The following extract describes his first sight of the Coast of California.



NH del & Sculp. XXIV

We came to anchor in the spacious bay of Santa Barbara.



JANUARY 14th, 1835, we came to anchor in the spacious bay of Santa Barbara, after a voyage of one hundred and fifty days from Boston. As it was January when we arrived, and the middle of the south-easter season, we came to anchor at the distance of three miles from the shore, in eleven fathoms water, and bent a slip-rope and buoys to our cables, cast off the yard-arm gaskets from the sails, and stopped them all with rope-yarns. After we had done this, the boat went ashore with the captain, and returned with orders to the mate to send a boat ashore for him at sundown. I did not go in the first boat, and was glad to find that there was another going before night ; for after so long a voyage as ours had been, a few hours seem a long time to be in sight and out of reach of land.

The day was beautiful, and so warm that we wore straw hats, duck trousers, and all the summer gear. As this was midwinter, it spoke well for the climate ; and we afterwards found that the thermometer never fell to the freezing-point throughout the winter, and that there was very little difference between the seasons, except that during a long period of rainy and south-easterly weather, thick clothes were not uncomfortable.

The large bay lay about us, nearly smooth, as there was hardly a breath of wind stirring, though the boat's crew who went ashore told us that the long ground-swell broke into a heavy surf on the beach. There was only one vessel in the port—a long, sharp brig of about three hundred tons, with raking masts, and very square yards, and English colours at her peak. We afterwards learned that she was built at Guayaquil, and named the *Ayacucho*, after the place where the battle was fought that gave Peru her independence, and was now owned by a Scotchman named Wilson, who commanded her, and was engaged in the trade between Callao and other parts of South America and California. She was a fast sailer, as we afterwards perceived, and had a crew of Sandwich-Islanders on board. Beside this vessel, there was no object to break the surface of the bay. Two points ran out as the horns of the crescent, one of which—the one to the westward—was low and sandy, and is that to which vessels are obliged to give a wide berth when running out for a south-easter ; the other is high, bold, and well wooded, and has a mission upon it, called Santa Buenaventura, from which the point is named. In the middle of this crescent, directly opposite the anchoring ground, lie the Mission and town of Santa Barbara, on a flat plain, but little above the level of the sea, covered with grass, though entirely without trees, and surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of mountains, which slant off to the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. The Mission stands a little back of the town, and is a large building, or rather collection of buildings, in the centre of which is a high tower, with a belfry of five bells. This place being plastered, makes quite a show at a distance, and is the mark by which vessels come to anchor. The town lies a little nearer to the beach, about half a mile from it, and is composed of one-storey houses built of brownish clay or mud, and lightly plastered, with red tiles on the roofs. I should judge that there were about a hundred of them ; and in the midst of them stands the Presidio, or fort, built of the same materials, and apparently

but little stronger. The town is finely situated, with a bay in front, and an amphitheatre of hills behind. The only thing which diminishes its beauty is, that the hills have no large trees upon them, they having been all burnt by a great fire which swept them off about a dozen years ago, and they had not yet grown again. The fire was described to me by an inhabitant as having been a very terrible and magnificent sight. The air of the whole valley was so heated that the people were obliged to leave the town and take up their quarters for several days upon the beach.

Just before sundown, the mate ordered a boat's crew ashore, and I went as one of the number. We passed under the stern of the English brig, and had a long pull ashore. I shall never forget the impression which our first landing on the beach of California made upon me. The sun had just gone down ; it was getting dusky ; the damp night-wind was beginning to blow, and the heavy swell of the Pacific was setting in, and breaking in loud and high "combers" upon the beach. We lay on our oars in the swell, just outside of the surf, waiting for a good chance to run in, when a boat, which had put off from the *Ayacucho*, came alongside of us, with a crew of dusky Sandwich-Islanders, talking and hallooing in their outlandish tongue. They knew that we were novices in this kind of boating, and waited to see us go in. The second mate, however, who steered our boat, determined to have the advantage of their experience, and would not go in first. Finding, at length, how matters stood, they gave a shout, and taking advantage of a great comber which came swelling in, rearing its head, and lifting up the sterns of our boats nearly perpendicular, and again dropping them in the trough, they gave three or four long and strong pulls, and went in on top of the great wave, throwing their oars overboard, and as far from the boat as they could throw them, and, jumping out the instant the boat touched the beach, they seized hold of her, and running on each side, soon had her up high and dry upon the sand. We saw, at once, how the thing was to be done, and also the necessity of keeping the boat stern on to the sea ; for the instant the sea should strike upon her broadside or quarter, she would be driven up broadside on, and capsized. We pulled strongly in, and as soon as we felt that the sea had got hold of us, and was carrying us in with the speed of a race-horse, we threw the oars as far from the boat as we could, and took hold of the gunwales, ready to spring out and seize her when she struck, the officer using his utmost strength, with his steering-oar, to keep her stern on. We were shot up upon the beach like an arrow, and landed high and dry. We picked up our oars, and stood by her, ready for the captain to come down.

Finding that the captain did not come immediately, we put our oars in the boat, and, leaving one to watch it, walked about the beach to see what we could of the place. The beach is nearly a mile in length between the two points, and of smooth sand. We had taken the only good landing-place, which is in the middle, it being more stony toward the ends. It is about twenty yards in width from high-water mark to a slight bank at which the soil begins, and so hard that it is a favourite place for running horses. It was growing dark, so that we could just distinguish the dim outlines of two vessels in the offing ; and the great

seas were rolling in in regular lines, growing larger and larger as they approached the shore, and hanging over the beach upon which they were to break, when their tops would curl over and turn white with foam, and, beginning at one extreme of the line, break rapidly to the other, as a child's long card house falls when a card is knocked down at one end. The Sandwich-Islanders, in the meantime, had turned their boat round, and ran her down into the water, and were loading her with hides and tallow. As this was the work in which we were soon to be engaged, we looked on with some curiosity. They ran the boat into the water so far that every large sea might float her, and two of them, with their trousers rolled up, stood by the bows, one on each side, keeping her in her right position. This was hard work ; for besides the force they had to use upon the boat, the large seas nearly took them off their legs. The others were running from the boat to the bank, upon which, out of the reach of the water, was a pile of dry bullocks' hides, doubled lengthwise in the middle, and nearly as stiff as boards. These they took upon their heads, one or two at a time, and carried down to the boat, in which one of their number stowed them away. They were obliged to carry them on their heads to keep them out of the water, and we observed that they had on thick woollen caps. "Look here, Bill, and see what you're coming to !" said one of our men to another who stood by the boat. "Well, D—," said the second mate to me, "this does not look much like college business, does it ? But it is what I call '*head work*.'" To tell the truth, it did not look very encouraging.

After they had got through with the hides, the Islanders laid hold of the bags of tallow (the bags are made of hide, and are about the size of a common meal-bag), and lifted each upon the shoulders of two men, one at each end, who walked off with them to the boat, when all prepared to go aboard. Here, too, was something for us to learn. The man who steered shipped his oar and stood up in the stern, and those that pulled the two after-oars sat upon their benches, with their oars shipped, ready to strike out as soon as she was afloat. The two men kept their places at the bows ; and, when at length a large sea came in and floated her, seized hold of the gunwales, and ran out with her till they were up to their armpits, and then tumbled over the gunwales into the bows, dripping with water. The men at the oars struck out, but it wouldn't do ; the sea swept back and left them nearly high and dry. The two fellows jumped out again ; and the next time they succeeded better, and, with the help of a deal of outlandish hallooing and bawling, got her well off. We watched them till they were out of the breakers, and saw them steering for their vessel, which was now hidden in the darkness.

The sand of the beach began to be cold to our bare feet ; the frogs set up their croaking in the marshes, and one solitary owl, from the end of the distant point, gave out his melancholy note, mellowed by the distance, and we began to think that it was high time for "the old man," as the captain is commonly called, to come down. In a few minutes we heard something coming towards us. It was a man on horseback. He came on the full gallop, reined up near us, addressed a few words to us, and receiving no answer, wheeled round and galloped off again. He

was nearly as dark as an Indian, with a large Spanish hat, blanket-cloak or serapa, and leather leggings, with a long knife stuck in them. "This is the seventh city that ever I was in, and no Christian one neither," said Bill Brown. "Stand by!" said John, "you haven't seen the worst of it yet." In the midst of this conversation the captain appeared; and we wended the boat round, shoved her down, and prepared to go off. The captain, who had been on the coast before, and "knew the ropes," took the steering oar, and we went off in the same way as the other boat. I, being the youngest, had the pleasure of standing at the bow, and getting wet through. We went off well, though the seas were high. Some of them lifted us up, and, sliding from under us, seemed to let us drop through the air like a flat plank upon the body of the water. In a few minutes we were in the low, regular swell, and pulled for a light, which, as we neared it, we found had been run up to our trysail gaff.

Coming aboard, we hoisted up all boats, and, diving down into the forecabin, changed our wet clothes, and got our supper. After supper the sailors lighted their pipes (cigars, those of us who had them), and we had to tell all we had seen ashore. Then followed conjectures about the people ashore, the length of the voyage, carrying hides, etc., etc., until eight bells, when all hands were called aft, and the "anchor watch" set.

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT (1868-1912), the explorer, lost his life in the Antarctic at the age of forty-four. He reached the South Pole on January, 1912, with four other men, and on their way back to the ship they perished. Their vessel waited for another winter and when it was possible, search was made and the tent and the bodies of four men were found only eleven miles from safety.

Scott entered the Navy at seventeen and was a commander at thirty-two. In the same year he organised the National Antarctic Expedition which was absent for four years. On his return he was appointed Captain. He published "*The Voyage of the Discovery*" in the following year, and in 1910 sailed again for the Antarctic. He kept a journal which was found and edited by Leonard Huxley. A short account of his personality and his early life has been written by his close friend, Sir James Barrie. His record is among the noblest and most moving stories of discovery. The following passage, which reveals the manner of man he was, is taken from the end of his journal, as arranged by Leonard Huxley.

BRAVE MEN MEET DEATH

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake ; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense—40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frost-bites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Dépôt. We leave here our theodolite, a camera and Oates' sleeping-bags, diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with us or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the dépôt. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday ; had to stop marching ; wind N.W., force 4, temp. - 35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out *nearly*.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night ; woke and felt done on the march ; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know ! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—This alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night,

and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15 miles from the depôt and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and 40° temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depôt for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depôt with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

Last entry.

For God's sake look after our people.

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